

# The RED BOOK Magazine

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## Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

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## Important

NOTHING more socially important has ever been offered by a magazine than the two series of articles now being published in this periodical. From the confessional intimacy of his judge's chambers, Judge Ben B. Lindsey writes of the amazing cases brought to him, to the end of offering evidence of the creation in America today of a new moral code. From her high place in New York's most fashionable and exclusive society, Mrs. Philip Lydig is writing with amazing candor of the futility of fashionable life. Turn to page 44 of the present issue, and read Judge Lindsey on "The Moral Revolt," then turn to page 68 and read what Mrs. Lydig, writing from first-hand knowledge, says of "The Tragedy of Gilded Youth." By such outstanding, human articles is the Drama of Fact made to supplement the Drama of Fiction in this magazine.

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# Highlights

By COLONEL ROY F. FARRAND, INF. RES.

Secretary, Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

IT would take far more than this page to tell just how and why the real military school accomplishes its results, but there are certain high lights I want to stress, and some popular misconceptions I wish to correct.

In the matter of discipline, I find that when one uses this term, the average mind immediately thinks of punishment. Discipline is not punishment, nor is it related to it. Discipline, according to the Standard Dictionary, is "Mental and physical training," which definition, in my opinion, is only two-thirds descriptive of a good military school where discipline becomes in every sense mental, physical and *moral* training. In its application, it is merely a natural course of orderly procedure to which every lad willingly subscribes. Out of this discipline grows a natural respect for law and authority, and a love of good order and systematic procedure which he takes with him into later life.

Sometimes the impression seems to prevail that a large part of a lad's time at military school is spent in drill. This is far from correct. Habits of concentration, accuracy, mental alertness and quickness of decision are developed under a good drill master much more rapidly and naturally than they are in any class-room or laboratory, but the time spent in actual drill is no greater than that spent on any other required subject. The military school depends for its greatest results, not upon the time devoted to drill, but upon the fact that for twenty-four hours of every day its students are living in a military atmosphere. This means an atmosphere of organized and systematized industry, good order, co-operation and enthusiastic accomplishment.

There has been much agitation in the public press of late and many misconceptions created by uninformed, if well-intentioned, persons over certain militaristic dangers that are supposed to lurk in the application of military principles to the education of our youth. I have reserved for the last an emphatic denial of any such tendencies in the system under which I was trained, and in the promotion of which I have spent more than thirty years of my life.

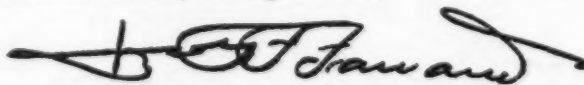
I believe it most natural for the wide-awake, vigorous, imaginative and healthy American boy to be interested in and, in many cases, fascinated by the romantic appeal of soldiering, but my experience has been that the most effective way to cure such romantic tendencies is to give that same boy his fill of military training. In no other way can he learn so effectively that war is a disastrous and horrible prospect. In no other way can he learn that soldiering is just ninety-odd per cent hard work.

When I was a small boy I developed an almost romantic interest in the harp. It was the instrument of song and story, it had a tremendous background of history, poetry and romance, and, most interesting of all, the fascination of mystery. I occasionally saw one at a distance in some symphony orchestra, but I think I never even touched the strings of a harp until after I was through college.

I made up my mind that, as that pleasure had been denied me, I would if possible realize it in my daughter; so before any attempt was made at beginning her musical education, I purchased a harp. It stood during her childhood where at any time her baby fingers could touch the strings, and I told myself that surely it would cast its spell upon her and that, when the proper time came, she would become its ardent devotee.

But she didn't. When she reached the age for music lessons, I found myself buying her a piano, and I had learned another lesson about the working of the human mind. To me, the harp was mystery and romance, to her it was a commonplace.

And so it is with the youth who is surrounded for four impressionable years by the atmosphere and industry of a military school. He has enjoyed it, yes, but it has become a commonplace. Do not worry, anxious mother, about his suddenly turning militarist.



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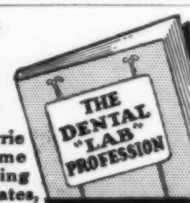
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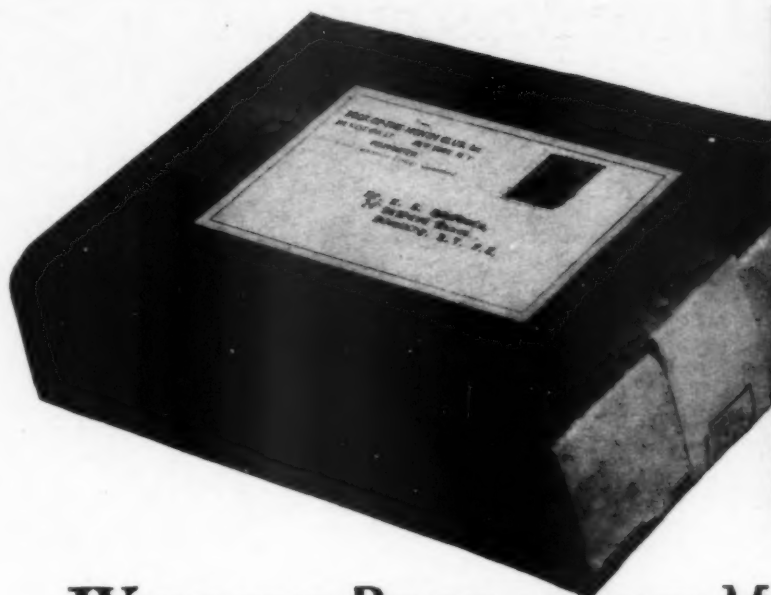
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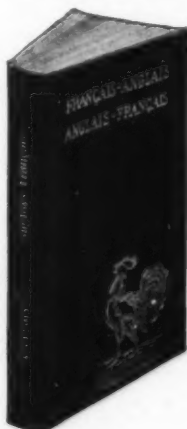
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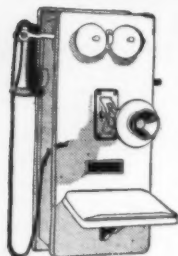
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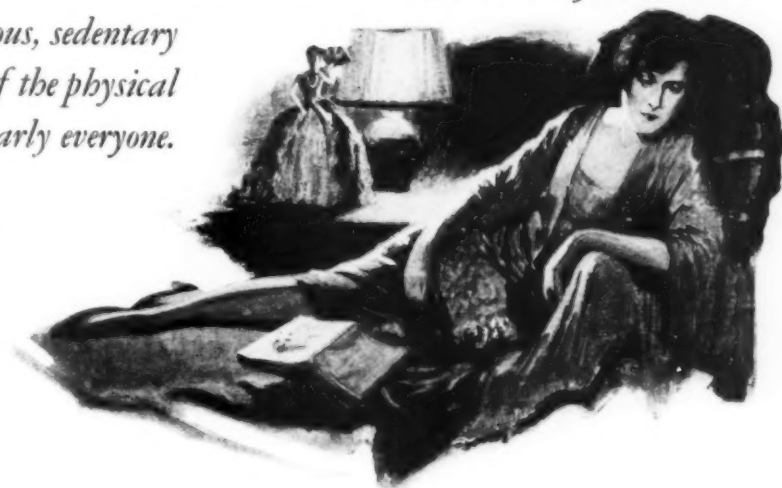
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# Auto-Intoxication . .

*. . a Twentieth Century Trouble*

*It is the result of a nervous, sedentary life—It takes some part of the physical and mental vigor from nearly everyone.*

*Do you have an "off-day" when for no apparent reason, you feel listless and dull? A day when you are snappy and irritable? When you are tired, even though you have slept soundly? When it's an effort to put your mind on some petty problem? Auto-Intoxication is the cause of thousands of such days!*



What generation ever had the material things with which we are so abundantly blessed today? What people ever had their labors lightened by such wonderful inventions? We do not walk, we ride in motor cars; we press a switch, and a task is done.

We are spared physical strain but we have more mental problems. We live on our nerves—we rest ourselves badly. We eat too much rich food, but we starve ourselves of exercise. Relief from hard work we have achieved, but we have paid too much for it when we let our comforts damage our health.

We are no longer simple-lived, normal human beings. We no longer function as simply and easily as we should. All too often, food remains within us for more than 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons and causing intestinal toxemia, or as it is more popularly called, Auto-Intoxication.

## ***How does Auto-Intoxication affect our lives?***

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. These poisons of waste induce a feeling of lassitude, of sudden fatigue, of drowsiness after meals. They are responsible, not alone for many intestinal derangements, but also for their bad secondary effects upon the central nervous system. For while

they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject irritable and tired.

"It is not uncommon," says one authority, "for people who have been in a semi-neurasthenic state for years to become entirely well after the intestinal conditions have been corrected." (This was written in a chapter on Auto-Intoxication.)

## ***Few of us are free from this modern trouble***

It is the exceptional person who, in these times, is free from Auto-Intoxication, a trouble which could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.

Sal Hepatica prevents stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct way to combat intestinal toxemia, or Auto-Intoxication.

For the best results are accomplished

by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effect of salines in solution. The osmosis arising from the use of Sal Hepatica effectually clears the lower end of the small intestine and all of the large.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts directly and promptly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in combating this condition, where the first step always is to cleanse the intestines thoroughly of the poisons of waste that cause so many of our modern ailments. You ought to have Sal Hepatica in the house always.

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York



# Sal Hepatica



**SAL HEPATICA** has been the standard saline for 31 years. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in all drug stores. Buy the large size for economy.





ELEANOR BOARDMAN  
*Film Star*

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise, Los Angeles



ALICE BRADY  
in "*The Bride of the Lamb*"

Photograph by Irving Childs, New York



ANNA ROBÉNNE  
in "*A Night in Paris*"

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York





MARY McALLISTER  
*Film Star*

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise, Los Angeles



KATHLENE MARTYN

*Film Star*

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff, New York



KAY ENGLISH  
in "Ziegfeld's American Revue of 1926"  
Photograph by De Mirjan Studios, New York





The years of satisfying, quiet service recorded by Fisher Bodies testify to the long-lived staunchness and superior quality of their construction. On cars in every price division, the Body by Fisher presents unexcelled value and safety

# FISHER BODIES

G E N E R A L



M O T O R S

# As to Truth

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth



IT was a pleasant evening, and the soap-boxers were out shouting their gospel in the market-place.

"And that, my friends," rasped a perspiring orator, "is God's own truth."

On the opposite corner stood a preacher of an opposing faith. He held a little black book closed over his fingers and thumped with it on the back of his car as he roared: "And that, my friends, is God's—solemn—truth."

So sure are we that we know Truth to be our own familiar friend with whom we break daily bread! So glibly do we quote her. So fiercely do we rush to her defense. As though Truth needs or heeds our gesture as she goes her way supreme in her power and right! Pitying us, comforting us, in each opening leaf and flower, inspiring and challenging us in every lightning-flash and splashing raindrop, she calls: "Come, follow me. You can neither bind nor hold me. Follow me, and I will lead you to beauty eternal."

Truth, you remember, was swathed in the mists of a mystic veil. She gleams through ancient fairy-tales and abides in the eyes of childhood, as elusive and alluring, as shimmering and lovely, as the wing of a

bird. Powerful as the arm of God, she sweeps forward, carrying world-weary men from everlasting to everlasting. But who has seen her face? Who can say without misgiving: "Truth dwells with me?"

"There are many things in life, of course," said the very young man to the very old one, "that we do not feel quite certain about, but some we can be sure of. Death, for example. Death is final. When you're dead, you're dead. Finished. Done. Gone."

"Maybe for you, but not for me. To me death is purely relative. Your mother speaks to me in each posy in the garden. Burbank will always smile at me from each knot of potato bloom. For me the angel rolls the stone away. I can see how one might feel dead, specially if one had done nothing much to feel alive about; but for me, I go on. Truth lives on and on, and there is some of truth in me, so I go on."

Truth dwells wholly with none. She moves ahead beckoning to newer revelations. Brooding over a universe, no limited space could bind her infinite proportions. We must be content to see truth flow free and to follow her on the wings of faith. We can believe, but we may not know.

# The Great Tomorrow

by Edgar A. Guest

Decorated by Arthur E. Becher



What was is done. To live too long  
With things accomplished is to die.  
Today needs men of purpose strong  
To brave the tasks it will supply.  
So small and trivial seems the past;  
It is the future that is vast.

It was so little, after all—  
The cheer of yesterday is stilled.  
So quickly do night's curtains fall  
Upon the day with splendors filled  
That ere we realize it comes—  
That sound of morning's stirring drums.

What though you conquered yesterday?  
Death has not come to end your tale.  
New tasks confront you down the way,  
And are you not afraid to fail?  
The rose which blossoms once must bear  
New blooms tomorrow, just as fair.

There is a never-silenced call  
For courage in the hearts of men.  
Success has come—night's shadows fall;  
But one must rise to work again.  
The thing accomplished merely leads  
The way to more and greater deeds.





# LES PARFUMS COTY

*Internationally  
favoured*

*O*deurs that live within the senses they quicken — "Paris" — with its light, joyous fragrance expressing the essence of feminine allure. L'Origan — still the supreme perfume of the world, rich, luxurious, splendid. Chypre — the breath of flame in fragrance, pagan, tempestuous. Emeraude — with its gleam of ecstasy, exultant yet of languorous tenderness — These, above all, are the loveliest perfumes the world has to offer.

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON  
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## Flushed—Radiant, Alluring

—Here the sweet charm of natural loveliness that surpasses every other type of beauty. The simple rule in skin care, noted below, is bringing it to thousands—follow it in this way:

**G**OOD complexions are too priceless for experiment. Proved rules and proved soaps are best and safest.

Just remember that before Palmolive came women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only: to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

**O**NLY the girl or woman, who can reveal natural skin loveliness, can justly claim true beauty.

For that reason, natural ways in skin care hold supreme sway everywhere today. Proved ways in skin care are alone followed by the woman who seriously wishes to care properly for her skin.

Leading skin specialists of the world urge the following simple rule. It's been proved effective times beyond number. Famous beauty experts employ it. More naturally clear complexions are credited to it probably than to any other method known.

### *The rule and how to follow it for best results*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But

never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### *Avoid this mistake*

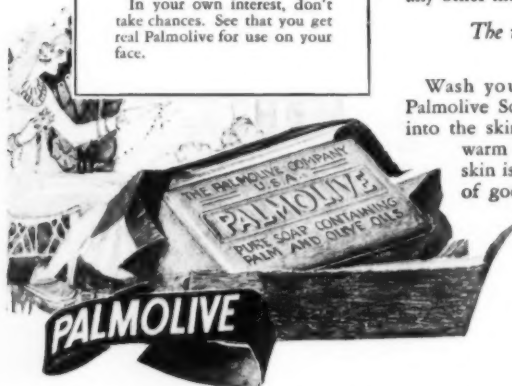
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

### *Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

Retail Price **10c**

# The RED BOOK Magazine

November 1926 • Volume XLVIII • Number 1

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

## A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

### Accidents

By BRUCE BARTON

I ONCE lived beyond my means for a week without any cost to myself. A business man took me on a visit to his plants in various parts of the country. We traveled in a private car.

One night he told me his story.

He was graduated as an engineer and "happened" to get a job in a little industry which was so new and uncertain that nobody else wanted the job. He "happened" to believe in the industry, and so he saved money, borrowed more and bought stock. The industry "happened" to make such a success that it was coveted by a gentleman who was forming a merger. He bought out my friend for several million dollars.

The gentleman knew all about financing but nothing about management. Looking around for a president, his gaze "happened" to alight on my friend. Under my friend's direction the merger has "happened" to prosper and is now numbered among our biggest industries.

"So you see it has been just a succession of accidents," my friend said.

But on that trip I observed the way in which fortunate "accidents" are made to happen. It is this way: You get up at seven o'clock, and breakfast, and leave the car at eight-thirty so as to be in the office of the local manager at eight-forty-five. You work there all day, digging into records, examining

complaints, settling problems, making plans. You dine at seven-thirty with some of the department heads, and spend the evening in serious discussion about the company's business. You get back to the car about eleven o'clock; next morning you wake up in another city to do the same thing all over again.

"At La Rochelle," says a quaint old French memoir, "a rumor spread among the populace that a certain chandler possessed some mandragora for magical ends. The King sent some one at midnight to the man's house to buy a candle. The chandler duly got out of bed and supplied him with one. 'There!' said the King next day. 'There's your mandragora! This fellow loses no chance of making a deal, and that's the way to grow rich.'"

Doubtless that chandler considered the midnight sale as a lucky "accident." He and my friend the big executive would get on well together. But their speed is a little too swift for me.

I have decided to travel in a lower, instead of in a private car, and to close up shop a little earlier, even if some of the fortunate "accidents" pass me by. But having adopted this course, it is *not* my privilege to kick because I fail to grow rich. Many more fortunate "accidents" would happen to me if I kept open longer hours.





## To men who breakfast on nails!

THIS gentleman's before-breakfast temper, resulting from baths with sinker-soap, *used* to give his wife the impression that his favorite breakfast menu would be a rasher of crisp nails and a couple of hard-boiled padlocks on toast.

The temper would develop by stages. No sooner would our optimist exert his first strenuous effort at lather-culture than the shy here-and-there soap would flee his grasp and scuttle to the vast uncharted tub-bottom, defying recapture.

Now notice the change. How beneficent the smile! How charmingly effective the neat little

wing arrangement, registering virtue and loving-kindness. Nails and padlocks are no longer on our gentleman's menu—the grace of his company at breakfast is now matched only by the engaging softness of his three-minute eggs.

This magic was achieved by wifely intelligence cooperating with a cake of the rich-lathering, quick-rinsing white soap that floats. Men who have changed to this soap for their morning baths tell us that they never knew before what a jubilant luxury bathing could be. *You can always find Ivory when you want it—at the grocery or in the tub.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

### IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE · IT FLOATS

OUR Department of Feminine Economics recommends especially to wives: A cake of dainty new round-edged Guest Ivory for the saving price of 5 cents. Why not be extravagant, and buy 3 cakes at once?

With her hand between their lips, she pushed him away. He looked down at her, smiling. "Coquetterie infernale!" he murmured.

# Children of Divorce

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Not since Mr. Johnson's conspicuously successful novel "The Salamander," in which the "gold-digger" was for the first time revealed to most of us, has he written with more penetration and understanding of smart society than in the remarkable novel which has its beginning here. Nor has this magazine ever published a more distinguished or engrossing work of fiction.

MRS. CHASTAINE at eleven o'clock in the morning was still in the hands of her maids. There was a slight furrow between her eyebrows where lines should not be encouraged. She had been worrying over a decision for two days, and worry in any form was the one thing she tried to put from her, for worry brings wrinkles around the eyes.

She had finished her morning cup of coffee (without sugar) and her two pieces of dry toast. She had looked through the morning papers and noted that the list of her house-guests was correctly reported. Two magazines of the month carried her latest photographs—a little blurred in the reproduction, but fairly satisfactory at that. Josephine was drawing the curtains to permit just the right amount of softened light, avoiding the strong glare which is so disillusionizing. The lavender-grays of her Louis XV bedroom were now soft and velvety as the interior of a jewel-box. Hedda, who had previously removed the harness to which Mrs. Chastaine submitted each night, to preserve the smooth white surface of her forehead and the soft contours of her throat, was waiting at the bedside with her slippers and wrapper. Hedda was unique; a mar-

velous hand at massage, and really an artist in the use of creams and lotions.

The warmth of the June morning reached her, perfumed by the scent of geraniums in the window-boxes. Still Mrs. Chastaine was preoccupied. It was a word she would have chosen. She disliked to acknowledge any other mood.

"There is no way out of it. I must have my own daughter to dinner," she thought. "If I don't ask her at once, people will talk."

Particularly Mrs. DeLancey with her sharp, intuitive eyes and her busy tongue. Still, just at that moment it was very embarrassing to have Jean around, Jean in her radiant youth and her undeniable twenty-two years. Mrs. Chastaine had been having a most exciting flirtation with the Marquis de St. Polle. Quite different from the slap-dash, catch-as-catch-can cave-men, or the sentimental timidities of American admirers. More complex, more exciting, a thrill of real danger to it that was stimulating. With Jean present, certain youthful coquetties would be difficult to maintain—absurd even. The trouble was, the Marquis was as old as she would like to look—not more than thirty-three or perhaps thirty-four.

She threw back the billowing pink silk coverlet and put forth her little feet to be slipped in delicate, furry creations that were renewed every two weeks. She descended the two velvety steps of the platform on which stood the bed of a famous courtesan whose gilded escutcheon still was raised above the damask curtains by a cloud of tumbling Cupids. She went into the bathroom and down two marble steps where a bath, perfumed and not too hot, was awaiting her in a gorgeous blue and gold shell with orchids trained at the sides—a bath a Roman lady of the decadence might have used, the walls of black marble with gold encased mirrors.

She would have to do it. It was provoking but inevitable. But how? She sank into the fragrant, warm water with a sigh of content. She had stayed up too late the night before. She did not feel quite so young this morning.

Perhaps it would be best to have a large dinner party, forty-five or fifty. A family party would be awkward, embarrassing, even to Jean. A large party—that would be better. Jean could be down the table well out of the range of difficult comparisons. Or perhaps there could be two tables; one in the breakfast-room for the younger crowd. That would be more amusing for them too. They would enjoy it more by themselves. This solution seemed such a happy one that, quite pleased, she emerged from her bath to be dried and powdered and perfumed by Hedda with a light friction that left her skin tingling.

That done, she called in Miss Minton, her social secretary—her second mother, in fact—and gave directions to call up two or three hostesses to bring their guests over. For that night? Yes. Informal? Naturally—forty to fifty. And notify the housekeeper to make the necessary arrangements.

HER thoughts free of this momentous decision, she began to consider the question of dress. First, however, she went into the little drawing-room which was part of her private apartments and assured herself that the Marquis was on the esplanade below, waiting, with eyes faithfully upraised. She rewarded him with a little flutter of her hand, smiled and passed into her dressing-room, which was her own personal museum. There were hat closets and shoe closets, with a hundred pairs of multi-colored slippers regimented on the shelves. Her *lingerie* was displayed in glass cases. There were glove-boxes and separate wardrobes for her sport clothes, her tea-gowns, and her evening dresses. Quite an interesting display, which guests visited as they visited the hothouses and the model dairies. She indicated her selection for the morning, the afternoon and for dinner, and returned to her dressing-table, where Josephine began to arrange her hair.

The Marquis de St. Polle in response to her signal had been ushered into the sitting-room. A screen had been discreetly drawn before the open door, and across it, from time to time as she finished her dressing, she kept up a light conversation. He was quite the most amusing man around. She had stolen him from Mrs. DeLancey, which added of course to her appreciation. He was very wild—women and gambling. Most aristocrats were like that, who scorn the vulgar contacts of trade! He had been quite reckless a few nights before and lost a great deal of money. She had come to the rescue, of course—foreigners understood such things. . . .

He was a man of the world, who had a great reputation for his successes among women. It provoked her curiosity. How annoying after all, that Jean should turn up just then. She had

always had a fear of her daughter's approaching rivalry—something ominous suspended over her head—inevitable. The younger generation knocking at the door, imperiously young and not to be denied. She had not read Ibsen but she knew what that fear could mean; and the Marquis was really quite enamored, if you could ever be sure of what these Frenchmen thought.

Her friends gave her a dozen lovers, but this was not exact. She had had only three; the first, a blunder when she still lacked experience; the second, a royal personage on a visit—an episode which had flattered her vanity and left her disillusioned. The third she believed in,—as it was necessary to believe the things she pretended to be,—an Englishman she had met in Rome, killed during the war with her photograph in his pocket. She referred to him, as soon as confidences followed the first flirtations, as the great romance of her life. His pictures were on her dressing-table, in uniform covered with decorations. She dramatized him to dramatize herself, to see herself as "*une grande amoureuse*." Besides, it was extremely serviceable. It suggested how deeply she could love if—

At the bottom she had only a need to be loved, to be adored in different ways by different men at the same time. That, and to be protected from worry. She was neither cruel nor ungenerous nor envious at heart. She knew that she had sensibilities and a conscience. She had worried a great deal as to what would become of her first husband when he had permitted her to divorce him after her first sentimental escapade. She had seriously worried over what he would become deprived of her, and she was only consoled when disillusionized by his immediate re-marriage. She had worried about Jean at first. It was a dreadful thing for a young girl to be so independent, to set up a separate establishment. Such dreadful things do happen. Suppose she should run away with a distinctly inferior person, an adventurer; or become dreadfully wild and get talked about like Clarice Coster and Kitty Flanders. She worried because she had a conscience, because she preferred never to hurt anyone.

LIFE had been presented to her as a beautiful garden to play in. She had wandered through it delicately like one of the dainty, make-believe shepherdesses whom Watteau had improvised. Not much money in the beginning, not many luxuries, but everything in the family sacrificed to her in a fond faith in her destiny. She had fallen in love with Leonard Waddington the first day that she had visited the great place on Long Island, the wide lawns and towering trees, the greenhouses and the farms, the private dock and the steam yacht, the vast new house with swarming servants. If only he had not been of a jealous disposition! That had been the whole trouble between them. He had wanted her for himself with a selfish Eastern covetousness, and she belonged to the world. Mr. Chastaine, Jim Chastaine, was not exciting, but he had no foolish exigencies—the English unemotional attitude toward marriage, inherited from his mother and developed at Eton and Oxford.

She made no mistakes with him. She had no desire for two divorces—one was all right. Every family had its divorce nowadays, but two—that required a certain amount of defensive explanation. She avoided former errors. She played up to him, flattered him. Once in the first year he had objected to a certain man's attentions. She had sacrificed him at once, offering up his head to her husband, smiling. He had been rather surprised, undeniably pleased. Since then he had no objections, knowing that she would sacrifice anything at his demand. Men were queer. He ate a great deal and he drank a great deal and she saw to it that neither appetite was neglected. He hunted, gambled and roamed over the world—he was in Africa at present—an English squire, heavy, good-natured and indifferent. She never asked embarrassing questions. Only, when he was at home, she pretended occasionally to be a little jealous of some attractive woman, a public comedy which deceived no one, regarded as a matter of good form.

SHE gave a last look in the mirror, rose and, humming to herself, appeared at the door, a vision of orchid-mauves and pinks, as the Marquis de St. Polle was training his mustache before the mirror.

"Was I very long?" she asked, giving him her hands. He kissed them both several times well above the wrists, while he searched curiously under the wide brim of her garden hat, marveling at her believed youth.

"I adore having my hands kissed," she said, with a lingering look. "Miss me a little?"

He pretended to be greatly irritated.





He rolled over and came to a sitting position. "Hello, it's you!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"Ah, you know you have a way of keeping people waiting—oh, but a way! My poor neck is so stiff, horribly stiff, waiting there below, looking up at you."

He had soft hands, soft caressing tones to his voice, soft melting looks in his almond eyes.

"Poor boy, you shall be rewarded!"

She glanced back toward her room, listened a moment with a finger on her lips, and then offered her cheek.

"There—one only."

He kissed her under the little ear, but when holding her close

in his arms, he sought to continue to her lips, she interposed her hand, malice laughing in her eyes: "So early?"

"So provoking!"

With her hand between their lips, she pushed him gently away. Too experienced to resist, he looked down at her, smiling good-humoredly. "*Coquetterie infernale!*" he murmured.

They descended to the formal gardens by flights of marble stairs to where the long, slender tulips nodded to their passing.

"If the husband weren't only so immortal! What a charming châtelaine you would make!"

"Five years! Good Lord!" He stopped awkwardly. "I say, your father and mother aren't dead?"  
 "Divorced, and married again, you see."

"You mean it, Philippe?"

He sighed delicately, and, being thoroughly convinced on that point, gave her a look that satisfied her.

"He adores me as only a Frenchman or a Latin can adore!" she thought, with a sympathetic pressure of her hand.

"If it were possible!" he continued, moodily. "*Hélas! C'est la vie!* But you know I must think of serious things—oh, but very serious! It is time, my dear. As you say, the bell, it has rung."

"Now, you are going to spoil my whole day!" she exclaimed petulantly.

"You must find me a rich wife, my dear."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Miss Waddington—she is really your daughter?" he asked after a moment. "Of your first husband surely—not yours? Yes? It is extraordinary."

"I was a child when I married," she answered, frowning.

"Yes, yes, I can well believe that. You know I find her quite charming; the grand manner—*beaucoup de race*."

"Jean is very distinguished," she agreed, enthusiastically.

"And you let her live like that, alone?"

"The younger generation, independent," she explained hastily. "It's quite the thing nowadays."

"Now, there you are," he said suddenly, laughing a little to cover his seriousness while he watched her, covertly. "Why don't you give her to me as a wife?"

Mrs. Chastaine stopped, aghast.

"Oh, Philippe, you could do that!"

He smiled ironically.

"It is done, you know." But she shuddered at the suggestion.

"Horrible!"

"*Petite bête*, I was only teasing," he said, alertly. As they were alone and sheltered, he put his arm around her. "So you care a bit, eh—more than you want me to suspect?"

As she was in a panic at this intrusion of her daughter into her Eden and desperately resolved to resist, she felt that in fact she did care, tremendously, desperately, almost as she had once cared before—in the great love of her life. Only, when they came back, a little self-conscious, to join the returning guests, she felt singularly depressed and out of spirits. The writing on the wall was before her. Why on earth had she invited Jean to dinner? Why? How could it be avoided? When you belonged to the world, you had to bow to the world. Your own daughter; you simply had to invite your own daughter to dinner!

## Chapter Two

TWO days before the chance meeting with her daughter which had occasioned Mrs. Chastaine so many maternal perplexities, a group of young girls were gathered on the long green slope that rose in gradual undulations to the ivy-clad terraces,



the slated roofs, the old-fashioned window-boxes filled with scarlet geraniums, under the drooping elms which gave a touch of solidity, a note of calm, a quaintness of charm to the old Arbuthnot home in the Berkshires. On the tennis court flashes of gold, flashes of white, gay scarfs whipping around slender bodies in rapid passage. Under a spreading green-and-white striped Deauville umbrella, in cushioned *chaises longues*, four exotic flowers in indolent relaxation: Clarice Coster, Henriette Ranney, Kitty Flanders and Mrs. Lancaster, a bride of the year; splashes of random sunlight on the soft lawn, diaphanous, exquisitely dressed, vivid in color as the filmy butterflies that fluttered occasionally above the reclining bodies. From the tennis court a shout:

"Set's over. Anyone want to cut in?"

"Clarice wont. She thinks exercise makes her legs fat. I've got to go soon," said Henriette Ranney, plump, athletic, invincibly good-natured.

"Excuse me." Miss Coster, delicately swathed in lavender veils, raised a feeble hand in protest. "I'm deliciously comfortable and Christine is in the midst of a gorgeous scandal."

"Who about?"

"The Galbraiths at Palm Beach."

"Old stuff."



"Go on, Christine, do. I'm all excited." Clarice Coster, thin, pale, anemic, with lemon-colored hair, an alabaster complexion, languid, passive, glanced at the tea-table and at Brothers the butler. "Anything fit to drink?"

"Cocktail?" said Kitty Flanders, the hostess.

"I'm literally exhausted. Spring fever. I've got to be bucked up."

"Doze away, Clarice, and don't interrupt," remarked Henriette Ranney, good-naturedly. "You've got a lot of fast work to do this week-end."

"If only some one exciting—and permanent—would turn up. Delicious cocktail."

She closed her eyes, drew her arms under her head and yielded to the warmth stirring in the maple tops.

"Please give me all the filthy details."

Half a dozen cars—landaus, a high-powered racer, runabouts with special bodies—were parked on the roadway beyond hedges of slim larkspur, pale purple, azure-tinted, lavender and white Canterbury bells at their feet. Below, a sheet of furrowed water, green slopes with a dozen great houses half hidden in foliage, the unbroken forests of the rolling Berkshire Hills, a glimpse of sheer gray rock, a thread of white smoke growing like a magic vine against the blue purity of the sky. In the air something so

clear, so tremulous, so light, that the green world, like a blown bubble, floated through the infinite in delicate abandonment.

"What a day for a romance," exclaimed Kitty Flanders, "—and not a man in sight!"

"American men are all in trade, my dear." Clarice Coster drew a long breath. "Imagine what you could do with a day like this at Deauville!"

"Cheer up, the week-end is almost here."

"I shall marry a fascinating foreigner for my second husband and live abroad," said Kitty Flanders, picking up a little wire-haired fox-terrier and dangling him by its tail.

"Kitty, stop torturing Dingo."

"I'm only flirting with him—besides, he likes it." With a sudden heave she deposited him on Clarice Coster, who sat up with a scream.

"Kitty, you're impossible," said Mrs. Lancaster, laughing. "Clarice will repeat that remark and your eligibility will be ruined."

"I certainly shall," said Clarice Coster with a vindictive look.

"No, you wont, darling." Kitty raised an admonitory finger. "We know a little too much about each other to start anything."

She camped down on the lawn, legs crossed, with a generous display of pretty stocking and knee, and resorted to her vanity



case. She was blonde, as the Scandinavians are blonde, with pale yellow hair and eyes like the sky when a white haze dilutes the blue; roguish, defiant eyes, masked under narrow slits, an impertinent nose, and lips perpetually parted over her brilliant little teeth.

"Darling, I adore your lipstick. Divine color. Where did you unearth it?"

"Disreputable duchess at Monte Carlo last winter. Don't fear! I'm not going to lend it to you. My lips I share with no woman." She gave a shrug of her shoulders and drew a coral line. "What shocked you, Christine? My second marriage? Is it possible you're still in love with your husband?"

"Henriette, box her ears for me."

"Christine, don't mind her. Tell me some more scandal," said Clarice, returning to her cushions. "Do you suppose Eileen suspects?"

"What every friend will tell her? Of course she does. Besides, she was never in love with Jim Galbraith."

"One marriage leads to another," interjected Kitty. "The sooner you realize that, Clarice, the quicker you'll get your second."

"The conversation is getting disreputable. I'm going," said Henriette Ranney, rising and stretching her arms in feline languor. "Give my love to Jean when she comes."

"Is Jean Waddington coming up?"

"Motoring. I expect her at any moment."

"Staying with you or at her mother's?"

"Don't make me laugh, Clarice. Here, of course."

"Does Mrs. Chastaine know?"

Kitty Flanders shrugged her shoulders.

"She won't die of it."

HENRIETTE departing, the conversation became somewhat freer. "Kitty, you shocked her. Henriette is rather old-fashioned," said Mrs. Lancaster, who had availed herself of the opportunity to try the coveted lipstick.

"Henriette is a dear old dodo. She'll be a fat old maid, and mother all our children."

"Not with her money, darling," said Clarice Coster, languidly.

"I suppose she has antiquated ideas about matrimony—death do us part. Funny, isn't it?" Kitty reflected.

"Are we going to Mrs. DeLancey's on Saturday night?"

Kitty broke into a laugh.

"Of course we're going. Everybody's going. Hasn't everyone been discussing it for weeks and vowing they couldn't go? I take off my hat to Mrs. DeLancey. She certainly puts it over, and up here in the conservative, blue-blood Berkshires too!"

"She's an adorable wretch. Besides, who knows anything definite?"

"Fifteen or twenty millions help."

"But she's so brazen about it."

"That's where she's clever," said Christine Lancaster. "If Charlie misbehaves and I have to console myself—no sneaking about back alleys for me. I'll do just as she does. Out in the open. It startles the fuzzy old-timers so. Leaves them gasping, and while they are reeling from the shock—invite them to dinner."

"With plenty of champagne."

"By the way, my dear," said Mrs. Lancaster, turning her Spanish eyes on Clarice Coster, "if you want to be invited to Palm Beach next winter, don't try any of your tricks on the Marquis de St. Polle."

"Really, is that serious?"

"You should hear Mary DeLancey on the subject. Mrs. Chastaine took him away from her, you know."

"He makes love beautifully," Clarice Coster smiled reminiscently.

"Well, remember my warning."

The party from the tennis court joined them, flushed and clamoring for refreshment. At this moment, around a clump of young maples, an open Ford, piled high with baggage, came chugging noisily up to a steaming stop, among the group of patrician cars.

"It's Jean!"

With a rush of skirts Kitty went flying across the lawn, followed more leisurely by one or two of her companions.

"My dear, it's a Ford!" exclaimed Mrs. Lancaster.

"That ought to finish Mrs. Chastaine," said Clarice Coster, rising with an effort. "Selfish old pig!"

"Perhaps it isn't her fault."

"Well, independence is one thing, but if I had to live alone,

you can jolly well believe I'd make them pay through the nose. Ridiculous! Hello, there's a man with it! Pleasant time he must have had."

Kitty, meanwhile, had sprung from the step into the arms of her friend with an enthusiasm that shook the car.

"Jean, you darling!"

"Kitty, for heaven's sake, be careful. You'll upset us."

"Don't care. I just must eat you up. Let me look at you. You've shingled your hair. Take off your hat."

"Give me time! Lift me out—my back's broken. Kitty, this is Mr. Daggett. He must be dead too." She glanced with a touch of amusement at a tall, spare man of thirty-three or -four, steady-eyed and lean of face. "Really, it's nice of you to force a smile like that. He's had a dreadful experience traveling with an independent woman. Loaded a trunk—changed a tire—picnic lunch, and you know how men loathe that! Well, we're here. Thought we were going to blow up. Mr. Daggett, don't you think you might take off the cap and let it cool off? Oh, and don't worry, Kitty will deliver you in style at the Ranneys'. Let me out, Kit—I'm suffocating."

"Suffocating, nothing!" said Kitty, when she had sprung lightly to the ground with a flash of green. "Jean Waddington, you're always the most provokingly cool person in the world. Look at you now—you look as though you had stepped out of tissue paper! Take off your hat."

"My hair's mussed."

"My dear, who's the man? Anyone who will stand what you've put him through must be madly in love."

"Look at him." She glanced at Daggett, who having freed the cap was ruefully sponging from his coat the sudden spurt of steam which had drenched it. "Madness is not in his nature. That's the nice part of him."

"Brain stuff?"

"Yes. In the district-attorney's office. Poor fellow! I have given him a rough ride. Be a dear and get him something cool to drink. And send him over to the Ranneys'. I want a tub and a chance to gossip. I haven't seen you for ages."

Despite the heat and dust of the ride which had perceptibly wilted the rather stiff dignity of her companion, she looked cool and slender as a young bay tree. The trim cut of her dress, green and fresh as the first unfolding leaves of spring, revealed the graceful length of line from shoulder to knee which was her distinction.

When the others came up, she greeted them with a certain restrained dignity, without effusion or exaggeration, but with a reticence that had in it a charm of sincerity, reticence that remained always a little apart in the midst of a crowd.

Ten minutes later, the party dispersing, the two girls went to their rooms.

### Chapter Three

THE Arbuthnot place, where Kitty lived with her grandmother, (with occasional visits to her father and his new family transplanted to the Riviera) had a rangy, shaded comfort that gave instantly a suggestion of home. The two girls, cousins *à la mode de Bretagne*, had adjoining bedrooms. Kitty, in all stages of undress, flitted back and forth, keeping up a running chatter. Jean, fresh from her bath, lay in a heap of filmy pillows, her long slender arms pendant, a peach-colored negligee open at her throat. The oval of her face was lifted by the dark, upward-flowing mass of tea-brown hair; a clear forehead, a full and sensitive underlip; a face often touched with a look of introspective melancholy that gathered in the dark, deep-set eyes—heavily shaded beneath, like dusky reflections. Later on, in Paris when her vogue had been established, a Frenchman compared her eyes to two black moons, and though there was some sentimentality in this, the aptness was unforgettable.

Kitty, with some display of Rue de la Paix *lingerie*, camped down determinedly.

"What about this Daggett person? He interests me. How long have you known him?"

"About a month."

"Like him?"

"Very much."

"In love?"

"Not a bit."

Candid and convincing.

"You must be very sure of him to promenade him like this."

Jean smiled.



A sudden rush of steps, a flurry of skirts, a woman catching her in her arms. "My beautiful daughter!"

"It's a fair test, isn't it?"  
 "The same old Jean—indifferent as the ice-maiden. Nothing new then to tell me? No heavy lover?"  
 "None."  
 "You wouldn't tell me if you had."  
 "How about you?"  
 "Oh, on again, off again—Finnegan!"  
 "Harum-scarum!"  
 "Hook 'em but can't land 'em. Not the right ones. That's me." She said it petulantly, camped Turkish fashion, a sudden frown of discontent in her madcap eyes. "My dear, it's the first husband that's the hardest nowadays."

Jean laughed amusedly at the petulant frown on the intriguing little face.

"Tell me about your trip abroad."

"Are you ever going to treat me seriously?"

"I am. What about Cannes and your stepmother?"

"About as gay as a morgue. We're the same coloring. Father is loyal to blondes. He seems boozily contented. She's better than the second, though. Better style. Remember the lavender lady who brought me to the convent?"

Jean nodded.

"I remember. Pale and insipid."

"She ran off with an Australian. Lives in London. Father

Larrabee towered above them from the back of a roan hunter; hot, dusty, grinning with delight at the trick he had performed.



was quite cheerful about it. The present Mrs. Flanders must have been rather wicked. When our styles didn't clash she was amusing. Anyhow she made Father raise my allowance to get rid of me. Thanks for small favors."

Jean looked at her gravely, passing her hand over the pale yellow hair.

"Why do you go back at all?"

"Why?" She shrugged her shoulders, which she did frequently. "I needed the money, my dear. Oh, it wasn't so bad. Cannes is a fascinating sink of iniquity. Lots of wicked, interesting men—until they discovered I hadn't any money. I'd love to live there all the same."

"And your mother? Did you see her?"

Kitty's face clouded.

"In Paris—yes. A week. Couldn't stand more than that. Brought back those awful days after the convent. The same old bounders living off her—only worse. Don't ask me. I don't see how she goes on living. Wonder why she does!"

"Don't talk about it."

They lay a moment in each other's arms.

"I came near running down to the convent."

"I don't think I could do that," Jean said slowly, with a reminiscent expression.

"Oh, there were amusing things about it as you look back."

"Amusing!"

"Well, it was amusing. Remember our first bath?"

"You didn't think so then."

"Rather not. I wanted to kill myself."

"I think I hated every day I spent there."

Kitty sat up, staring at her.

"You never said so!"

"No—and after you left—" The deep black eyes stared back somberly into the past. "What a prison it was!"

"Are you going to call on your mother?" Kitty asked suddenly.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, just for form's sake."

Jean reflected a moment, shook her head.

"No, I wouldn't do it just for that."

"You're right. After all, what's the use?"

She sprang up, her mood all frivolity again.

"Time to tub. All the same, Jean, you must admit Mrs.





Chastaine is a wonder. She doesn't look a day over twenty-five. How does she do it? Small women have an advantage. Encouraging to me. May I try your bath salts? Jasmine, aren't they? She must be forty-four at least."

"Possibly."

"But really she is radiantly beautiful. You know she is."

"Very beautiful."

"At the bottom now, haven't you a sort of sneaking admiration for the way she keeps up?"

"Go to your bath. You'll catch cold."

Kitty, peeping around the bathroom door, laughed.

"After all, what of it! Parents are a thing of the past. I dare say we'll be the same."

"Speak for yourself."

"Oh, if we were the only ones—but we're not. Society is organized differently now. What's home, and who cares to stay in it when you have one? Look at Clarice and Hortense Miller. They've got all the parents in the world. Much good it does them. Home? Do you think people marry to have children nowadays? Rubbish! Does anyone believe that love is going to last forever?"

"Kitty, you're talking nonsense."

"Well, I expect to be married two or three times at least. The man doesn't exist I'd live with more than three years. And then—"

"What book have you been reading now?"

"Mean old thing!"

Kitty, meeting Jean's laughing eyes, stamped her foot and disappeared. The next moment she was splashing in the bathtub.

"Is this the result of her trip abroad? I wonder?" Jean, a little disturbed, went to the window and stood looking down the valley. Something in the distant line recalled to her the Florentine hills, the convent of the Santissima Annunciata and the days of her childhood's exile.

Kitty's voice floated from the bathroom:

"Jean, by the way—are you listening?"

"What now?"

"A surprise for you. An old beau of yours is coming up. Guess who."

The hand at the window curtain dropped suddenly.

"Well, who?"

(Continued on page 138)

# The MORAL

By JUDGE BEN B.

Out of the stories of real life told him in the intimacy of his chambers, Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, has built up a philosophy of social conduct that found expression in his book, "The Revolt of Modern Youth."

IN THAT BOOK his fearless candor attracted to it the attention of clergymen of every denomination, of lawmakers and of outstanding judges. And now it is the purpose of Judge Lindsey in a series of articles written for this magazine [of which this is the second] to carry on the work so ably begun in that epoch-making book.

As was stated in connection with this magazine's publication of his first article, the end most earnestly desired is that these articles, as they appear month after month, might be placed in the hands of every young man and woman, every husband and wife, and every father and mother, in the land. Were this possible, there would unquestionably arise a new understanding of moral problems on the part of adults and a new sense of social responsibility on the part of the nation's youth. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

It is in this spirit that Judge Lindsey will write and that his articles are being presented in this magazine.

I STOPPED not long ago at a hotel in an important Midwestern city where another Denver man whom I shall designate as E— was also staying. I knew him well; and rather early in the morning I dropped in at his room.

For a time we chatted of this and that. Presently I went to the window to take in the fine view that it commanded.

Near that window was a dresser; and on the dresser was the usual early morning litter: a collar, a comb, a razor, and other items that would normally be there—together with others that would normally be quite somewhere else than on the dresser of a man a thousand miles from wife and home. Several hairpins, for instance, and a long-toothed comb in which a few strands were visible, shining like gold threads there in the morning sun.

I looked away as quickly as I could, but our eyes met, and he grinned sheepishly.

"I own up, Judge," he said. "I know you wont peach—or preach."

"You can be at ease on that score, E—," I said. "But what's the trouble? I would have said that among all the married couples I know, you and your wife would be about the last to have such a thing happen as this. I have always thought of your marriage as showing that marriage isn't, after all, a failure, other evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. And you disclose this to me!"

His eyes followed mine back to the dresser and for a moment we regarded it in thoughtful silence.

"You see—it's beautiful," he said at last, obviously referring to those threads of gold.

"Yes," I replied, "but what I'd like to know is how long it will take, at this rate, before you and your wife and two fine children—who have an equity in the integrity of their home—appear in my court with business to transact."

"We'd be there right away if my wife were to find this out," he admitted. Then he added with vehemence: "I love and worship her, but would she believe it if she knew about this? Never!"

"There is a line in the Marriage Service of the Church of England," I observed, "that has been partly expurgated from the Marriage Service of the Book of Common Prayer in this country. In substance, if my memory serves me, it runs: 'With my body I thee worship; and with all my worldly goods I thee endow'—or something like that. A fine, specific use of language, don't you think? I once heard a high-bred American woman say of it that she thought it indecent; but if marriage is to mean that, then we ought to be specific about it in our own minds, should we not? And if it is to mean something different, then we ought to be specific about that—also."

"True enough," he said gloomily, "but it's hard to switch from one angle to the other. It's been a wrench for me; and it would be impossible for my wife. And yet I think I'm right. I do worship her—with all of me. But in love you deal with infinity. I rob her of nothing when I go with this girl. And as for all my worldly goods, why, she has everything in the way of material comfort and provision that money can buy; and I have not violated the spirit of the agreement there, unless the dog-in-the-manger philosophy enters in. Of course I have violated the letter of the agreement. I admit that. But the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life. I repeat, I rob her of nothing."

"Do you love the girl?"

"I love my wife," he answered. "As for the girl, why, that depends on what you mean by 'love.' I like her; and if she had more mental capacity I might come nearer to loving her. But even then she would not usurp the place held by my wife, because one reacts toward individuals individually and uniquely. There is no duplicating in one woman the love one feels toward another woman. That is why this talk about exclusiveness in

# REVOLT

## LINDSEY

love seems to me a lie, a jealous lie. . . . No, I don't 'love' this girl in any deep or vital sense. We could part tomorrow and never see each other again, and we would feel no more regret than one feels ordinarily when separated from a person one is fond of. I simply like her. She attracts me. I enjoy taking her out to dinner and to the theater. That's innocent enough, isn't it? Well, I have been completely *en rapport* with her, and for the same reason.

"For the life of me, I can't find any rational reason against it. We took what heaven gave, and we found it good; but society would step in and defile this beautiful thing by calling it unclean. . . . Damn it, Judge, I won't stand for it!"

"She and I have enriched each other's lives. I am more of a man than I was, and she is more of a woman than she was, because of it. People enrich each other by *knowing* each other, don't they? When you really *know* people, you know their emotional responses, the real color of their hair, the lights in their eyes. One knows these things emotionally, and by experiencing them, but they can't be experienced completely without sex. They can't be grasped merely by the mind. And if society requires of such understandings between men and women that they must stop short of complete expression, then that nips in the bud what, in many instances, should be permitted to grow. No exchange short of the complete exchange—no merely mental exchange—can suffice."

"If your wife heard you," I observed, "she would say that such remarks, if applied to her, would be the philosophy of the ideal husband."

"They would apply to her if she'd let them," he declared, beginning to pace the room furiously. "But she'd say: 'I want all of you, and if there is more of you than I've realized, then I want that too. If I can't use the surplus, no one else shall.'"

"She would deny the existence of the surplus," I said. "She would say that you were dissipating your energies, and that the essence of love is its exclusiveness."

"Quantitative thinking," he retorted; "as if one measured love in a bushel! I've done no wrong, I tell you. I have a right to think for myself, and I'm going to do it. I guess I know what goes on inside of me."

"You are a rare one if you do," I observed. "Does all this upset you inside? I ask because I have a belief that your subjective mind plays hob with you when you violate the habits and fears it was bred to."

He laughed. "At first it made a wreck of me," he confessed. "I felt like a criminal. It was as if I had committed murder or robbed a house. But I'm getting over that; and I'd be over it completely if my wife knew—and approved what I'm doing. If I could only tell her!"



*There is no more forceful speaker in America than Judge Lindsey, on any subject that engages his mind; and no subject of greater general social import has ever been taken up by him than that of these articles.*

"I take no sides in these matters," I said. "And my questions are less intended to express disapproval than to draw you out. I'd be interested to know how this situation came about."

He lit a cigarette and sat down. "It will be a relief to tell you. Here's the way I see it—honestly, Judge. Margaret and I had reached a humdrum condition of life. Sex was humdrum. I didn't realize this, but she did; and she resented it, as a woman will, because she interpreted it to mean that I didn't care for her as I once did. She didn't realize that it was merely human; and daily habit may deaden sensibility. Or, if she did realize it, she felt that where she was concerned such a thing should not happen."





*Judge Lindsey in the library of his Denver home. Mrs. Lindsey's portrait in inset. It is here that Judge and Mrs. Lindsey with their little daughter spend their happiest hours.*

"She felt that the glow of our courting days had passed, that we had settled down to an arrangement from which all romance and beauty had fled. And she said so; and of course that created the very lack of romance and beauty of which she complained. My vehement denials did no good. She didn't believe me.

"The result was a strained atmosphere in our home, with periodic outbreaks of exasperation from her, which storms I weathered as best I could.

"You can't force love, you know, Judge, and you can't force the active manifestations of sex. The more pressure she applied, the deader I became. Fear, anxiety, the sense of strain, and the consciousness that I was in a false position, all conspired to inhibit me. She, being, as you know, an exceptionally intelligent person, realized all this with her mind, but that didn't serve to control the instinctive something within her that impelled her to sting like a gadfly when her resentment came to the surface.

"Then, of course, she began, without meaning to, to look for causes of offense. It was a defensive measure, I suppose, as it tended to justify her in her own eyes. And when one looks for causes of offense in this life, one finds them. Little faults in me that had formerly had her indulgence became enormously significant. Mostly they were fresh evidence that I had ceased to love her as a normal woman wants to be loved, wanted and courted.

"I could see how she felt, but the element of compulsion which she had introduced into the situation, without meaning to, had put me under an evil spell.

"We had violent quarrels, during which she would nearly drive me to frenzy, nagging and prodding me with her tongue. And then, under that abnormal tension, the quarrel would end in tears, and for a time after that we would seem

to understand each other better and be happy in each other again.

"I have come to the conclusion, Judge, that when a woman lashes out at a man with her tongue, the way Margaret did at me, she is obeying a very profound biological impulse—and a very effective one; for those hours of misery did seem to have the effect of bringing us together. The trouble was, it didn't last. Usually within a week we'd have it all to do over again.

"Finally she began to wonder if there wasn't some other woman in my life, who was taking from her the love I would otherwise have given her. I don't know how long she had been wondering about this, but presently she openly speculated about it.

"I want particularly to call your attention to the fact that up to that time there was no other woman and that I had never contemplated such a thing—save perhaps as most married men, I suppose, are at times tempted by women they meet casually and fancy they might like to know better—thoughts they are careful to hide from their wives. At least I hid them from mine. She wouldn't understand it in a million years."

He paused in bitter silence.

"Don't be absurd, E—," I said. "You ought to know better than to underestimate her intelligence like that. That's a lot bigger insult to her than any *liaison* could be. The trouble is you've never been brave enough to tell her the truth. It's a pity she can't hear this conversation. Why in the world don't you tell her the exact truth? Why, man, she's a wonderful woman; she has a wonderful mind and a big heart. She'd understand!"

He raised his hands despairingly. "Yes, she's wonderful. Mentally she's remarkable. Sometimes she makes me feel pretty small in comparison. But damn it, Judge, she's a woman! Moreover, her whole background and training have blinded her to just this sort of thing, though they



PROF. M. V. O'SHEA

*—writing from the University of Wisconsin, of Judge Lindsey's book "The Revolt of Modern Youth," of which the present series is a continuation, says: "It is an extraordinary book. It treats difficult problems . . . but no sensible person can make any objection to anything in the book, because it is written in such a generous and sympathetic and helpful way."*

have opened her eyes to a lot of other things. What goes on inside of me is simply outside of her ken. I'm sure of it. If she could read my mind, she'd be shocked beyond anything she could put in words. And besides, Judge, this is a one-sided business. I'd have to do all the confessing. *She* hasn't anything to confess. Why, she's like Cæsar's wife; she's a sort of an unapproachable Diana. She's as chaste as Lucrece. And if I owned up, she'd be judge and jury in one. How can I possibly combat a prospect like that?"

"Perhaps she isn't so oppressively good as you think," I said. "At least let's hope so. I believe she's human, and you ought to know it for sure. Anyhow, go ahead with your story."

He resumed: "It was Margaret herself who put the idea of other women into my head. She suggested it by her accusations, and I suddenly found myself contemplating it. I think a lot of women do this, and virtually drive their husbands to it."

"And some husbands?" I queried. "Do they drive their wives the same way?"

"I suppose so. But I never thought of such a thing in connection with her. I've never seen the least evidence that other men attract her. I have no doubt, however, I could put the idea into her head by saying to her such things as she has said to me."

"At any rate, the notion grew in my mind. I had an instinctive feeling that it might be the way out. So I fell in with this girl, Judge. She used to work in my office."

"Now, Judge, I come to the heart of the matter. You can believe it or not; but a very curious thing happened when I took the step. It was, of course, a fresh and unusual experience, and after the first shock of fear and doubt, and what I may call remorse, was over, it seemed to rehabilitate me. It carried over into my relations with my wife; it seemed as if I had come back to her with the attitude of mind of which time and habit had robbed me."

"Margaret is now happy. She has spoken repeatedly of the change in me. Naturally I have ventured no explanations. I am rather surprised that she hasn't asked more questions. But she is apparently perfectly happy, and she seems to have gotten over the notion that I have transferred my affections from her to some one else. If she has any secret theory about it, I imagine it is to the effect that I may have done so for a time, but that I have now come back to her. Which is exactly opposite to the facts. Think of the irony of it, Judge! What would she say if she knew to what she owes her present happiness?"

"And so you are satisfied?" I asked.



*Judge Lindsey delivering his eulogy of Luther Burbank at the funeral services of the great scientist held at Santa Rosa, California. By the radio the Judge's words were carried around the world, and from the furthestmost lands he has received messages of praise.*

"Satisfied! Certainly not! See the situation I'm in! I must lie and go on lying for the rest of my life. I have to make a business of concealment. Even at that she is likely sometime to stumble on the truth. And then her humiliation, her hurt pride, and her feeling that she was not able to hold me—not attractive enough to compete with other women and with Youth—all that. Can't you imagine what would happen? She'd diagnose me and herself and the situation completely wrong."

"So fear dogs my steps. I carry a weight in my heart. I can't reason this away. Subjective habit, as you say!"

"As far back as I can remember, I have been taught that what I am now doing is wrong, a heinous sin. I don't believe that; and yet I'm haunted by a feeling of internal anxiety from which I think nothing could wholly relieve me except my wife's knowledge and understanding. And I know that is a large order to place with any woman, educated to the traditional code of society in these matters. What do you think of it?"

"I can't say that I see anything unusual in your case," I answered, "unless it is your desire to confide in your wife. As for the subjective conflict within you, I have known many instances of that."

"Of course this talk about a man being able to love two women at the same time is old stuff. They all say that. Many men say it can be done, and most women say it can't. Perhaps it is a matter of individual temperament."

He frowned slightly.

"I didn't say I loved two women at once," he retorted. "I think you are trying to draw me out. I don't love this girl. I like her. She's a pleasant companion; it is pleasant and lovely to be with her. Why demand that our play together take on the seriousness and weight of a lifetime passion? Neither of us wants that. So what's the harm, Judge?"

"Is she of age?" I asked.

He assured me she was.

"You have no call to show your judicial teeth," he added. "Besides, this is a private and personal matter, as I see it, between her and me. It concerns nobody else, neither our neighbors nor the law."

"I interfere in people's lives as little as I can," I replied, "and you need fear nothing of the sort from me. As to having it out with your wife, of course you know her better than I do; and I don't presume to advise you on that point. In general, however, I think truth is a fine thing if you can get people to understand it. Most of us, unfortunately, regard facts as very offensive things. You'll have to use your own judgment. But—don't underestimate your wife's intelligence and good sense. If you do underestimate it, that may account for part of the trouble you have had. Try telling her."

"And if she forbids this affair to go on?"

"Take a chance on her," I urged. "Maybe you and she can build a practicable scheme of living out of the wreck. Now, that would be interesting, wouldn't it?"

But he shook his head. "A foolish risk," he said. "The situation is too one-sided. I've done all the sinning. . . . Still, almost thou persuadest me—almost!"

Though the conversation ended there, the incident did not. Months later I chanced to meet Mrs. E—. Her hair was black, not golden; but it had a fine sheen of health and beauty. She had keen brown eyes, a fine forehead, a firm, sweet mouth, and a width of jaw that indicated vitality and energy. Mrs. E— is a graduate of a world-known women's college in the East. Among the many splendid women I have met, she stands out as possessing what I consider a distinguished intellect. I shall long remember my talk with her as one of the most remarkable experiences I have ever had among the many that have come my way. I have had conversations with distinguished men, many of them leaders in the thought of this nation; and some of these have expressed with skill and with fine logic ideas which I have found stimulating and suggestive. But what I am about to recount came from a quiet, high-bred Denver woman. I shall set it down as faithfully as my memory of the occasion will permit. Let me explain in this connection that the conversations I recount in these articles are necessarily reduced to their significant essentials. It would be impossible in a reasonable space to recount the details of talks which, in their accomplishment, often occupied hours of time, and repeated interviews. Digging the truth out of people is sometimes a slow business, and I want the reader to understand that these cases as I tell them usually develop far more swiftly than did the actual events on which they are based. I think such foreshortening of the picture is proper and necessary, but I want the reader to understand it.

The talk between Mrs. E— and myself turned at first on some phases of my work in which she was interested, and it drifted toward the subject of marriage, as I meet up with it in my domestic relations work. I let it drift because I was curious to find out if I could what would be this woman's response if her husband should take his courage in his hands and tell her the truth, as I am satisfied all husbands and all wives should do if they are—both of them—intelligent enough to line up facts, and evaluate them. Not all persons are so qualified, but it seemed to me that the E—s were. People who are sufficiently intelligent to understand the truth are entitled to it. But the truth may wreck others lacking intelligence to cope with it.

I cited to Mrs. E— a typical case of marital infidelity,

sufficiently like that of her own husband to serve as a test of her way of thought in such matters.

She heard me through in silence. "Should he tell her?" I concluded. "Suppose you were the woman! Would you get his point of view?"

"If I were the woman," she said slowly, "I think I would understand, and that I might put up with the situation, though I would not like it."

"But would that be understanding?" I asked. "Wouldn't such a grudging concession merely be a source of fresh trouble? Could he be happy in his *liaison*? Wouldn't he have to drop it—and wouldn't the second state be worse than the first?"

She shook her head. "I see that. But it's a lot to ask, a lot to expect."

"Might such a woman not feel," I continued, "that her husband's faith in her understanding and sympathy was rather a compliment, and pretty conclusive evidence that he valued his relations with her so highly that he was willing to take tremendous chances with them in order to have them on a sound basis of mutual understanding?"

"That question rather strikes home," she said. "You see, Judge—" She paused, faltered, and then went on: "I—I have reason to think that Henry is indulging in just such an affair as you have described. He doesn't dream I suspect it. Perhaps on the whole it is better that he doesn't tell me. I might not be able to weather it. That is why I have not been able to bring myself to investigate and find out. I lack the courage, I guess."

"Still," I suggested, "you would feel that the truth, if he produced it, would be in a sense a tribute to you. You'd respect him if he told it."

She nodded. "I think I am hoping in the back of my mind, that he will. In the meantime, I only suspect this affair; and I am not letting it come between us. We have been quite happy lately."

"Why do you suspect it?"

She shrugged. "Intuition, I guess. Little indications. And—well, he seems to care more for me, for one thing."

I held my breath, afraid even to look up for fear my face might betray me.

"It sometimes makes me feel," she went on, "that if he knew that I knew about it, and that if I could convince myself and him that I grudged him and the possible other nothing that they might find in each other, then he would love me beyond measure, he would care for me beyond anything he could express—far more than he could care for

any other woman, no matter how intimate a friendship he might have had with her.

"Do you see what I mean, Judge? Does it sound shocking? I fear I put it clumsily; for I'm groping in the dark, and I don't quite know what I mean myself. All I know is that I have these ideas at times, and that I'm torn by this conflict between my reason and my emotions—the emotions natural to any woman when some other woman intrudes."

"I think what I mean is this: that love is never delivered on demand, and that the true way to get it is to claim nothing and demand nothing, and simply to welcome it as a gift, arbitrarily bestowed by the giver. After all, sex as sex is a more or less meaningless and worthless thing. What gives it meaning and emotional value is the love back of it—and love is by no means synonymous with sex, though we often use the word as if it were. And so I think sometimes that if I could make him love me first of all, not as a woman but as a human being, because he found me truly sweet and lovable, then his desire for me would follow; and if his desire were conceived in that fashion, it would be a truly wonderful, constant and permanent thing, would it not? And of course it works both ways. I naturally love him primarily for what he is as a person; and my desire for him—as a man—must spring from that, and be conditioned by that, if it is to be real and spiritually fruitful."

"One thing that has made me think this might be so is that even the release I suspect him of having taken for himself seems to have made him care more for me. I think he feels that I no longer restrict him and deprive him of something his nature may crave—not sex, you know, but human intimacies. Things



Underwood & Underwood

ROGER N. BALDWIN

—of the American Civil Liberties Union, says of Judge Lindsey's earlier work, "*The Revolt of Modern Youth*," of which the present articles are virtually a continuation: "You have punctured our sham morality with a mass of evidence so humanly put that it must convince anyone with a mind at all open to reality."





This illustrative photograph specially posed by court attachés and friends of Judge Lindsey.

*It is in this manner that the Judge's cases are presented to him in the intimate privacy of his chambers.*

are better between us now than they have been in years. If this can happen as a result of his summarily and secretly *taking* his freedom, how much greater would be the result if he had not had to *take* it? Suppose that we *both* gave, without stint?

"I have heard you say, Judge, that marriage should, ideally, mean the union of one man and one woman. Is that your conception of marriage?"

"Emphatically," I said.

She nodded. "I think that is right. That is the way marriage should be. But it begins to come to me, Judge, that Henry and I have not been attaining a genuinely monogamic marriage by the ways we were taught, the ways of exclusiveness. I begin to think that these outsiders who may enter into his life, or who might, I suppose, enter into mine, don't necessarily enter into our marriage, or become a factor within it, or in any way disrupt it, or share it with us, or otherwise come between us. Love remains in that sense truly exclusive—a thing which we two possess between us—a unique communion in which no third person could share. I begin to think that the only way outsiders could rob us of this would be for one or both of us to forbid them to come in. If one does that, they may break in, like thieves, and rob us of each other.

"I don't know whether there is any soundness in these notions; but they may interest you because they are what I am thinking about—and I know you are tolerant toward people and their thoughts."

"I'm tolerant toward them so long as they try to think," said I. "And I try even to be tolerant toward those who don't."

She smiled somewhat wistfully.

"I am at least trying," she said. "But though it all sounds very plausible and convincing, Judge, theories and feelings are two different things. I *theorize* bravely, but I don't know how far I dare trust myself in *doing*. It is what one *does* that

counts—not how one speculates and philosophizes. But the *doing* is dangerous. I feel as if I were on the edge of a precipice with my eyes blindfolded."

"You won't get very far with all this, Mrs. E—," I answered, "so long as you and your husband conceal your thoughts from each other."

"Now, your husband probably wishes he might talk honestly with you, just as you would like to talk honestly with him—if you could get over your fear of each other, and particularly if he could get rid of his fear of you. Men commonly believe that women can't possibly get the masculine point of view in these matters. But I think that is nonsense. You have just demonstrated it."

"Let me make one suggestion. Sometime draw your husband into a general conversation about these matters, and express some of the views you have been putting to me. Do it in a wholly impersonal fashion."

"But can a woman talk impersonally?" she asked.

"Certainly, if she sees the desirability of it,"

I replied. "The trouble is that they generally don't. Let me make another suggestion: Between intelligent persons who owe each other the truth and are capable of making facts definitive, concealment is the worst form of infidelity I know of; and both you and your husband seem to have been guilty of that. Society puts no stigma on such infidelity, but it is none the less deadly. It shuns the truth because it distrusts it, and thinks it may be a lie. This attitude is due to fear; and fear is death. Remember, too, that since jealousy is fear, jealousy too is death. Now, one other thing. Would you have anything to confide in him?"

She laughed. "I see the point, Judge. I almost wish I had. It would put us on a level. I suppose it wouldn't do for me to fabricate a sin. It's the solemn truth that I was once—well, tempted. I don't think (Continued on page 126)



ALBERT E. WIGGAM

—the famous biologist and author, says of Judge Lindsey's work, "The Revolt of Modern Youth," which the present articles are carrying forward: "Judge Lindsey's book is one of the most useful books of this generation."

Illustrated by  
John Held, Jr.

# One Strike and Out

By

Robert C.  
Benchley



MR. PETERS would have liked baseball had it not been for its supporters. In fact, that was his chief complaint against life as a whole; there were too many people connected with it. Mr. Peters had done all that he could to remedy the general congestion, but he was working single-handed, with the possible exception of a helping hand now and then from an influenza epidemic, and one man can't do much against the whole world.

His baseball attendance was limited to once in the early season when one goes to a baseball game out of an atavistic urge on a warm spring day, to hear a bat crack, and once during the World Series, if possible. The latter excursion was usually a business one, because the president of the Mt. Hermon Paper-box Company liked to go, and Mr. Peters, in so far as it was consistent with his personal dignity, liked to keep the president of the Mt. Hermon Paper-box Company in a good humor.

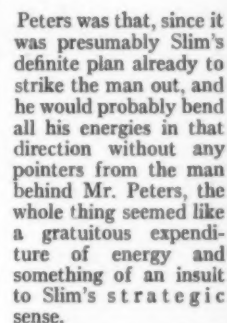
It was thus that we find Mr. Peters, clad for the first time this fall in his light-weight overcoat with last spring's theater stubs and peanut-nubbins in the pockets, milling about with the crowd around the turnstiles at what the sporting-writers seem to feel to be one of the "crucial" games. Several of the more untrammelled American citizens were giving evidence of their birthright of freedom by wedging their animal spirits through the gates in high fettle, and Mr. Peters was jammed against the wall with a force which reminded him, as in a flash, of his antipathy to animal spirits in a crowd, something which he always seemed to forget between crowds. Caught in the swirl of a squad of slightly stewed fans who were out for a good time even if they barked their shins in getting it, Mr. Peters would have turned about and gone home then and there if such a thing had been possible. But the merry-makers would have none of it, and he was carried on, willy-nilly, to the portals of the arena, cursing to himself at the great, boyish spirit of America at play.

In the stands the crowd was already keyed up to a high pitch of excitement. The batteries were warming up, and flies were being batted out and caught with a skill which would be considerably reduced in the actual performance. Mr. Peters felt the old thrill chasing up and down his spine as he took his seat. Perhaps things were going to be all right after all.

His first indication that things were *not* going to be all right, and that before the sun set over this gay diamond he would probably have the blood of another fellow-human-being on his hands, came as the pitcher wound up to welcome the first batter of the visiting team. It was at this tense moment that Mr. Peters'

IT was to be expected that sooner or later Mr. Peters would witness a game in the World's Series, so here is his nephew's faithful report of it. "I shall never accompany Uncle to a game again, even though I was four seats from him," he says. "My nerves would not stand it. In addition, on this particular occasion I had a small wager on the losing team."





"Atta-boy, Slim! Strike him out now!"

fact was that Mr. Peters hated to have anyone yell in his ear.

Mr. Peters turned and looked at the man. He was small and red-faced and gave no evidence of ever having been nearer a baseball than he was at the present moment. He was accompanied by his wife.

The next, unfortunately, was a strike, which called forth a triumphant volley much louder and more offensive than his protests had been.

Now, it was quite certain that Slim had not "got 'im goin'." The next two balls were called bad, and the batter trotted to first. Mr. Peters gloated in his heart. Perhaps this would shut that guy up.

But no. The fact that his advice and predictions had all gone wrong made no impression at all. Indeed, he persisted in a sort of blind jubilation:

There was only one method known to Mr. Peters of expressing disapproval, short of actual murder. It was, at best, a weak gesture. It was to turn and look disgustedly at the offender. This Mr. Peters did.

Now, Mr. Peters looking disgustedly was not a sight calculated to inspire terror. You might smile pleasantly back at him, or you might ignore him entirely. But you would not stop what you were doing. The red-faced man took it simply as an invitation to conversation.

"Am I right or wrong, buddy?" he asked of Mr. Peters.

There was nothing much that could be answered to this; so Mr. Peters turned away. He had one more method left. He would postpone that as long as possible for the sake of the president of the Mt. Hermon Paper-box Company.

But the red-faced man still had some one to talk to him. His wife was there. And she had stood this mystifying procedure out on the diamond just about as long as she could.

"Did he get a run?" she asked.





The red-faced man laughed scornfully. "No, no! He just got to first base," he explained.

"What does that count?"

"That doesn't count anything. He just gets to first; that's all."

"Well, that's good to do, isn't it?"

"Sure, it's good to do. It's— *Atta-baby!* 'At's pitchin' 'em!"

Slim had developed unexpected form and secured a strike on the second batter.

"What did they change the score up on the board for, if it didn't count anything?"

"They didn't change the score. They just changed the number of the batter. Each bat— *Atta-boy, Slim!* Well, well, this is an easy one! Come on, now!"

At this point the batter hit out a neat single which advanced his predecessor to second and left the red-faced man with all his work to do over again.

"Never mind, Slim," he yelled. "Take yer time, take yer time! You've got 'em goin' now!"

This aroused another highly articulate fan, four rows in front, to a retort.

"Goin' where? Ter first?" he called back to Mr. Peters' neighbor.

This unexpected opposition was a little too much for the red-faced man's mental processes, so the best that he could counter with, on the spur of the moment, was: "Oh, yeah?"

Feeling the inadequacy of this as a retort, he put a little thought on the matter and within half a minute had evolved:

"So's yer old man!"

It was now the other contestant's turn to say: "Yeah?"

There had been a slight ripple of laughter at the red-faced man's witticism, just enough to give him the idea that he had made quite a *mot*.

Crazed with success, he continued:

"And thanks for the buggy-ride!"

This went very big, and although his wife made several ineffectual attempts to hush him up, it was easy to see that he was off on an afternoon of repartee.

The fact that his favorite side was rapidly being swamped under a landslide of hits and runs seemed to make no impression on him at all. He had turned his attention from the diamond to his antagonist four rows in front, and was conducting what he felt was a highly successful campaign.

To refresh himself, he had purchased a bag of peanuts and a bottle of sarsaparilla with a straw in it. In case his wife wanted any of the peanuts, he left the bag on his knee and she could help herself. She availed herself of this opportunity on an average of once every fifteen seconds, and behind Mr. Peters' ear, when it was not deafened by the shouted sallies of the red-faced man, there arose a steady and voracious crackling of nut-shells and a concurrent munching of nuts, than which there was only one thing more maddening to Mr. Peters, and that was the open-mouthed chewing of gum. This the red-faced man at once proceeded to add to the rest of his activities.

Between munches at peanuts, the wife attempted a few more questions on the essentials of baseball.

"How many are out now?" she munched.

Between chews at his gum the husband offered such replies as he could without losing the thread of his verbal battle with the man in front.

"None out yet," he chewed.

"He just struck at the ball," she persisted.

"Yeah, but he's got two more strikes before he's out."

"Two more? I thought you said it took three?"

"I did. He's had one. He's got two— *Atta-baby!* He's out!"

"But he had only two strikes."

"I was wrong before. He must have had two on him. He's out now, all right." (To his antagonist:) "What about that, Brother?"

"It's about time," replied Brother, without straining himself.

"Yeah? Well, wait a minute and you'll see another."

"Yeah? Well, I'm waiting."

"All right. You aint seen *nothing* yet, Brother!"

"I seen three runs come in."

"Yeah? Well, the game's young yet."

"Yeah? So's yer old man."

This left the red-faced man practically without a rejoinder; so he shuffled his feet preparatory to buying a new bag of peanuts from the boy, upsetting his bottle of sarsaparilla, which he had stood up, half full, on the floor at Mr. Peters' back. As the warm liquid began seeping through on Mr. Peters' hip and down the side of his leg, he realized that the time had come for action. Never, since the time he ate opposite a Frenchman in the dining-car, had his nerves been so jangled. He could not quite figure out, however, just what the method should be. He had so many dandy ways, and yet he still hated to embarrass the president of the Mt. Hermon Paper-box Company. The president of the Mt.

Hermon Paper-box Company was less an old friend than a valued one—particularly valuable at the moment, as a large order hung in the balance, an order involving discounts of magnitude if it were offered and accepted.

Fortunately, within five minutes, a batter cracked a foul into the stands in the general direction of Mr. Peters' seat. Fouls had been cracked here and there at intervals all the afternoon, but until now none had soared toward Mr. Peters. Heretofore he had not particularly desired a foul to soar toward himself. But now, with the foul approaching, Mr. Peters' mind functioned with lightning speed. Moreover, this particular foul in the moment of its coming seemed to Mr. Peters to be a manifestation of Divine Providence, and further proof of the ancient allegation that the Lord always looks out for His own. The ball sped on its way;

the crowd arose in a body, several of the more optimistic calling out, "I've got it," when they hadn't at all. Nobody quite saw where it went, but when the excitement had subsided, and people began to sit down again, it was discovered that the red-faced man was prone on the floor, with an ugly welt over his temple. He was carried out by the ushers, and the game went on. A search was made for the ball which had done this horrid damage, but it could not be found. It was one of the mysteries of the season.

Mr. Peters' theory was that the man had burst a blood-vessel and hit his head in falling. And that seemed as good as any.





# The Logger

By

Arthur Mason

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

The logger sprang behind the main-mast. Bang! went the shot.

"A HOY! *Raker*, ahoy!" came the hail. "Here's five men for you!"

"Are they awake?"

"No-o. You'll have to hoist them aboard!"

"Then row them alongside, and be damned smart about it!"

The bark *Raker* lay at anchor in Tacoma harbor. Her masts, like tall naked trees, loomed up against the coming gray of a March morning. Five shanghaied men were quickly taken on board.

Four of them came up from the boat easily, limp as rags from the crimp's dope. The fifth was harder to handle. A running bowline was slung around his middle:

"Hoist away!"

"Gar blyme, 'e's a whale, 'e is."

"Pull with a will, men, or I'll step in amongst you!"

"Ya-ha-hee, ya-ha-hee, ya-ha-he-e-e!"

"Belay! Drag him forward to the fo'c'stle till he comes to! And stand by to heave short on the anchor!"

Arthur Mason has sailed the seven seas since, at fourteen, he ran away from his Ireland home at Ballywoodin. Today he holds a master's ticket for any tonnage in sail or steam. And he knows loggers, from frequent contact with them in the Northwest of trees and timber. Just now he is in the *Riviera*, writing the story of his boyhood.

As the crimp crawled up over the side of the bark to receive his blood-money for the shanghaied men, the mate called to him:

"Say, is that last fellow a sailor?"

"You know me," answered the crimp. "I touch nothing but the best."

"Well, he don't trim like a sailor. That's why I asked you."

An hour later the *Raker* was being towed to the open sea, and at noon she was clear of Cape Flattery with all sail set and heading off-shore, close-hauled. The weather was gray, the wind coming light out of the southeast, and a lumpy swell was making in from the westward. It was a dangerous time of year for a ship to be close to the coast, and for that reason every rag of canvas was crowded on to the *Raker*.

The mate was a six-footer with broad shoulders and hamlike hands, and a voice that ran shivers through the crew. A fighting man, he was; he could whip a crowd of sailors single-handed.

"Bosun," he called, "is them five sailors on deck yet?"



The crew, astounded, shouted at one another: "He's

"Four of 'em is, sir," replied the bosun.

"Where's the other one?"

"He refuses to budge."

"What?" The lungs of the mate wheezed. "Bring him out on deck! Did you hear me?"

The bosun, who looked as if the winds of the ocean had blown straight down and flattened him out, answered quickly:

"Aye-aye, sir. I heard you." He waddled forward to the fore-castle, shook the new sailor, who was lying in a bunk, and shouted:

"Come on deck, man. You wouldn't be cuddled in here if you knew the mate, that you wouldn't! Come now, show a leg and avoid a beating."

The shanghaied man groaned and rolled back the dirty blanket from his head. His eyes stared wildly, searching the fore-castle.

"Where am I?" he asked. His voice sounded sluggish.

"You'll learn that soon enough," answered the bosun. "Up on deck with you now, before it's too late. You're a sailor, aint you?"

"What are you talking about?" said the man, sitting up in his bunk, now quite awake. "I aint no sailor—I'm a logger. How did I get here?"

A roar from the mate filled the fore-castle. "Bosun, aint that man coming up on deck? I'll be stepping down there in a minute. Do you hear me?"

"I do, sir. He's coming now." The bosun helped the logger

to his feet. "Hurry, man! Get up there before he gets down here!"

The logger crawled up the ladder to the deck. He felt the roll of the bark and sniffed the air. His eyes shifted to the white swelled sails.

He looked at the man called "mate." "I don't belong here," he declared. "I'm a logger. Something has happened that shouldn't. I want to get back where I belong—back to the woods and the rivers. You've made a mistake in taking me on your ship."

The mate looked the logger over as he might a new spar. He was a hard-looking fellow, was the logger—long, lanky and muscular, with steel-gray eyes and double jaws.

"See here," said the mate, laying his hand on the logger's shoulder, not in any gentle way, "while you're on this ship, you're a sailor! I don't give a damn what you've been. It's what you are now that counts. And let me tell you something to begin with: I don't want you to run, nor I don't want you to walk; but when I gives an order, you fly—hear me, fly!"

The wind from the sea was bringing back color to the logger's face, and the pupils of his eyes were shrinking to normal. As he drew in a lungful of air, he realized what had happened to him: he had been doped and shanghaied. But what was he to do now? He could handle himself on a raft of logs. There was not a man who could roll him off a log; and furthermore, he had never met a logger on river drives who could make him cry, "Enough."





standing on it, man! He's standing on it, I tell you!"

"Take your hand off my shoulder," he said. His jaw-muscles simmered from his chin to his ears. "I'm not a sailor, nor am I going to be one, for you or anybody else."

Instantly the mate slapped the logger on the mouth.

"You'll be a sailor before I get through with you!" he said, clenching his red fists. "And, damn you, I'll teach you to 'sir' me when you speak." With that he rushed the logger, determined to finish him up in a hurry. He had a way of putting the rabbit-wallop on sailors, that took all the fight out of them. He reached over to clout it onto the logger, but the logger sidestepped, and smashed the mate on the jaw with a right hook. It was a powerful wallop, and the mate staggered back against the bulwark rail. The crew gathered around. The logger stood his ground. The mate, conscious of all eyes on him, even to the captain, rolled up his sleeves preparing to do a clean job. He was going to whip this logger if he had to kill him to do it; discipline at all costs! He advanced cautiously, and as soon as he was within measured distance, he jumped like a wildcat. The logger went down, the mate on top, tearing him to pieces. So it seemed to the four men who had been shanghaied with the logger as they stood huddled together, shivering, watching the fight. They had one advantage over the logger; they were sailor beachcombers, and they knew ships. The bosun called to the crew: "Get to work, men. The fight is over. You can see what to expect if you start anything on this ship."

But the fight was not over. The wiry log-driver and the mate commenced to roll on the deck, their legs now fighting, their hands clutched on each other's throats. Across, and up and down the deck they rolled, their lungs wheezing for air. No one dared interfere. The captain kept to the poop-deck. He was sure of his first mate, who never lost a fight. The grappling men slid and slammed against the fore-hatch, the mate butting the logger's head against the combings. In so doing he lost his grip on the logger's throat. The logger thrust his feet on the body of the mate and kicked himself free, rising to his opponent.

"I'll kill you!" roared the mate as he ran to the five-rail and grabbed a belaying-pin. In a flash the logger jerked off his torn coat, but the mate was upon him. *Bang!* came the belaying-pin down on the logger's head. It sounded squashy. To the amazement of the onlookers, the logger didn't fall. His knees bent a bit as he wheeled in a circle. Then he straightened up and deliberately spat in the mate's face. For a moment the mate looked bewildered. He had struck him a blow that was enough to kill any ordinary man—but there stood the logger, defying him!

"Come on, damn you!" said he.

Then the mate aimed at the logger's jaw, sure that this blow would bring him down. The crew looked away sickened, listening for the thud. But the logger's leg shot out, and like the deer that kicks to kill the rattlesnake, he kicked. The mate fell to the deck like a closing jackknife. The logger jerked the belaying-pin

out of his hand and pitched it overboard. Then he leaned against the rail, inhaling and exhaling loudly.

The mate painfully lifted himself to hands and knees and crawled on all fours aft to the cabin.

"Look out for yourself now," the bosun warned the logger.

"I will," came the answer as the logger stepped over to the middle of the deck. He was on guard for an attack from a new quarter. In a few moments the mate came swaying out of the cabin, revolver in hand. The crew scattered like scud in the sky. The logger, light on his feet as a kite, sprang behind the mainmast. *Bang!* went the shot. It missed him. A shout came from the poop-deck. "None of that, Mr. Terrip! None of that! Put that revolver away! Do you hear me?"

"Aye-aye, Captain!"

The mate walked back to his cabin, defeat indicated in the slow movement of him—defeat and bitter humiliation.

ASHORE, the crew would have crowded around the logger, shaking his hand; but here at sea, and aboard the *Raker*, their fear of punishment at the hands of the mate cowed them and drove their instinct for a square deal out of their bee-nest brains.

The logger, tuned now to the roll of the bark as to a log he might ride in the rapids, walked forward and demanded water to wash himself. He got it. He was offered food, but the last dregs of the crimp's dope prohibited this. He contented himself with a mug of black coffee. As he drank it slowly, his eyes rested on the timber lands of Vancouver Island, which were still in sight.

Four o'clock that afternoon there came a change in the weather. The wind hauled to the southwest, and it began to blow. The mate walked forward. As his eyes settled on the logger sitting on the fore-hatch, he purred like a lynx.

"Clew up the royals!" he shouted. "And haul down the staysails and flying jib!" His voice had a vicious snap.

The bosun spoke to the logger: "Come on, lend a hand here."

The logger rose to his feet and took hold, doing what he could, pulling on the royal clewlines and staysail downhauls. The bark now felt the lump in the ocean. Long rolling waves were coming with the wind.

"We're in for it," the bosun remarked to an old sailor.

"Aye, we are, with the wind from this quarter." The same old sailor, when he got the logger's ear, whispered: "Keep your eyes open, young feller."

When the light sails were made fast, the bark was put about and braced sharp up on the starboard tack. The outline of the land was still visible, dangerously close. It was a question now of how much canvas the *Raker* could carry to sail her away from a lee shore. The captain showed signs of strain as he walked to the poop. "Keep the luff of the to'gallant-sail lifting!" he shouted to the helmsman.

By six o'clock that evening the wind had increased to gale force, while seas, heavy and cold, were spilling on the decks. Destruction Island was hard on the lee. The bark was put about again and headed away close-hauled to the north'ard and west'ard under upper topsails and reefed spanker. Then the daylight went away with a scare. Black it looked, with not a star showing.

The logger sheltered himself under the lee of the galley. He was cold and wet, without rubber boots or oilskins. The crew stood humped together under the weather bulwark rail. At nine o'clock the main upper topsail was carried away, and the roar of loose canvas thundered through the bark.

"All hands on deck!" The voice of the mate rasped against the gale as he let go the topsail halyards. "Aloft with you, all of you, and save what's left of the sail!" He counted them and cursed them as their bodies flattened against the rigging. "Where's that damned logger?" he bellowed. "Does he think to get out of this? I'll show him! I'll finish him, once and for all!" The resentment of the morning was concentrated into the oaths that flew into the storm. Only the second mate was with him on the main-deck. The captain stood aft by the man at the wheel.

He pulled off his long oilskin coat and buttoned it around the main lower topsail sheet, that it might not blow or wash away. Then he walked forward, heedless of the pitch of the bark or the slippery decks. He found the logger. "Get up on that yard, damn you!"

The logger heard and knew the voice. "I'm not a sailor," he answered, defiant in spite of his chilled bones.

The mate jumped on him with an oath. "Don't tell me that again! Here's where I make a sailor out of you—right here and now!" He grabbed for the logger's throat. Quick as a flash the logger swung an uppercut and staggered him. They clinched, the

mate's teeth grinding viciously. Out to the middle of the deck they fought, trying to cave in each other's ribs. Then a sea came over and washed them into the lee scuppers.

The second mate hurried across the deck. He could see the scupper water being flayed, as he distinguished through the blackness of the night, two struggling forms against the white-painted bulwarks. He could do nothing. The logger and the mate were up on their feet now. The second mate made out the form of the smaller man, the logger, as he heaved the mate away from him. Just then the bark gave a long, low lurch to loo'ard, the lee rail going down under water. The mate, slung by powerful arms, slid with the lurch of the bark over the rail and into the ocean. A strangled cry came from the sea: "*H-e-l-p!*"

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" yelled the second mate. His voice reached aloft to the crew on the yard. The captain ran from the poop to the main-deck. The crew came down from the yard emergency style, but nothing could be done to save the drowning man in that whirlpool of wind and water. The bark was unable to tack in that sea. As it was, she was making too much leeway toward the land, and the master was torn with anxiety.

All gathered around the second mate as he cried excitedly:

"The logger heaved the mate overboard! I seen it with my own eyes!"

The captain was horrified. As the second mate rallied the crew to overpower the logger, the captain commanded: "Bring him aft to the lazarette. He'll hang for this night's work!"

The second mate, followed by the crew, searched the deck until they found the logger sheltered as before in the lee of the galley. They crowded around him.

"Come peacefully," the second mate called to him, as if he were coaxing a wild animal toward a trap.

"Keep away from me, all of youse!" There was still fight in the logger's voice.

"Get him, men, get him!" the crew were urged on.

He knocked several of them down before he was finally pinned to the deck. They carried him aft to the poop. By the aid of the binnacle light the captain looked at the helpless man. He was tightly held, and his face was battered and bleeding.

"You killed the mate!" the captain roared. "And you'll hang for it when we make the land!" Then to the crew: "Put him down the lazarette, and bend a new main upper topsail. Hurry, men, hurry! There's not a moment to lose!"

They threw him into the lazarette as if he were nothing more than a bit of dunnage. The bosun saw to it that the small hatch was fastened with a strap-iron clamp.

"It's a bad fix he's in, so he is," said the old sailor as the crew turned away. "I wouldn't want to be in his shoes."

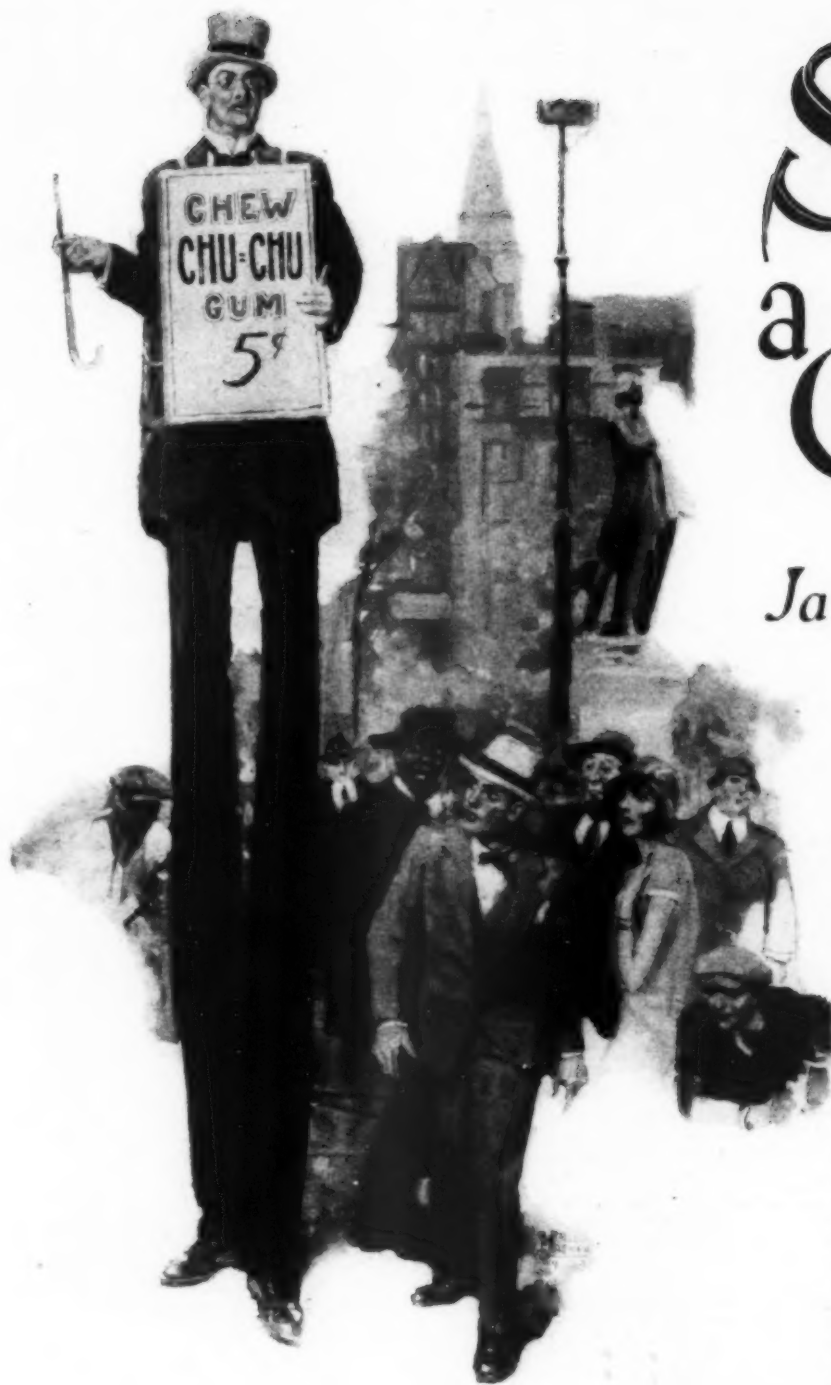
"Nor me," sounded a subdued murmur.

THE gale increased. It seemed to know no limits in its bursting gushes. The fore upper topsail and the spanker blew away, and the seas belted the bark on her beam ends. She was drifting toward the west coast of Vancouver Island. There was no help for it; she was drifting on a lee shore. Canvas couldn't stand the strain.

Down in the lazarette, where a man couldn't stand straight, cramped as it was with coils of rope, paint-pots, planks and old junk, the logger sat hunched on a coil of rope. He could hear the howl of the wind, feel the thrash of the sea, and the bilgy smells nauseated him. As the trunk of him swayed with the pitch of the bark, his thoughts scurried up and down and around, like the hungry rats about him. He tried to realize what had happened to him in the past thirty-six hours. Yes, he had finished with the log-drive on the Cle Elum River; he had gone to Tacoma; a wad of money he had had, too, and he had spent it freely, as all loggers do. He remembered going into a place where he'd heard an accordion playing; men were singing, and drinks passed freely. The rest was a blank until he woke up on board the *Raker*.

Things had happened swiftly since then. He groaned with disgust. The cuts on his neck and face smarted. He shivered with cold. He rose to his feet to stretch his aching limbs, and bumped his head on the deck above. He fell back with a groan onto the coil of rope. As he lay there, the captain's words recurred in his ears like a drum-beat: "You'll hang for this night's work!" He believed it. They were nothing but a pack of hell-hounds, yapping for his life! There was not a man on the ship, he thought, that wouldn't swear against him. His stomach revolted at the cramped airless quarters; he didn't care what happened to him.

Then he felt the bark strike. The grinding jar of it bounced him out of the coil of rope. Shouts and cries came from the deck above as the ship seemed to turn (Continued on page 104)



# Stilts a and Complex

By  
*James Hopper*

Illustrated by  
*Ralph Pallen Coleman*

IT was on Broadway that I met him—that part of Broadway, lined with theaters, cinema houses and clothing stores, which is just above Times Square. For a moment already the behavior of the sidewalk multitudes ahead had announced the coming of something unusual. Faces were breaking into smiles; noses were going up in the air. Mine too went in the air—and then something singular happened: The high buildings abruptly telescoped; the people on the sidewalks became Lilliputians; the very taxicabs flattened out.

All this was because suddenly I had been thrown into the toils of Mr. Einstein's relativity law. Everything had become small because I was looking at something large which should not have been so large. And that was a man. A giant was coming down Broadway with enormous strides—not a mere circus giant, but one at least eighteen feet high: so tall that by turning his head he could have glanced through second-floor windows of the façades that he passed, so tall he could have gone up to the high-perched theatrical signs and read them as the ordinary man reads his newspaper. Across his chest was a placard advertising Chu-Chu Gum.

"He's on stilts," I thought. "Just an ordinary man on stilts."

And on stilts he was. But the stilts were so cunningly concealed in the great canvas trousers which covered his real legs and also their wooden extensions, down to the huge artificial feet, that he seemed a homogeneous whole, and the effect a most troubling one. I ranged myself near the curb to see him pass. For a moment, with his height above me, I felt myself crushed down till my chin seemed only about twelve inches from the pavement—then he was by, going on down the street, which successively shrunk in sections to his presence, and then rebounded to full size.

But in that moment, gazing upward, I had seen in the man something as rare as his phenomenal proportions: I had seen his face, and it was the face of a happy man—of a perfectly, ab-

RECENTLY we printed Mr. Benét's story of a college boy who was too tall, and the great crisis of the young giant's life was pictured. Here, then, is the other side of the shield, told by Mr. Hopper with a fine perception of the possible general application of his hero's "complex," for probably most of us undergo at times, if not constantly, such a mental strain as Hildebrand succumbed to.



surdly happy man. Ingenuously and idiotically happy! Wearing a bit the expression of a small boy with a slowly dissolving bit of candy in his mouth—obtained by not altogether regular means.

My eyes followed him. He strode along with his wide, leisurely steps, his glance far ahead, ecstatic and rapt, one ear lowered a little as if he were listening to some gentle bubbling within his heart; and now and then he dropped upon the throng of little fellows fermenting about his feet a look extraordinarily eloquent of benevolence and good-will.

There was no doubt about it. That man up there on his stilts was pleased as Punch. That man up there, advertising Chu-Chu Gum, loved his neighbor and liked himself.

I had gone on my way and my business, still pondering over this strange expression of absolute happiness, when suddenly I realized I had caught something else about the face on stilts which should have astonished me. It was a feeling that I had seen it before, that it was familiar to me. Somewhere, sometime, I had *known* that face. Not the expression on it—nothing as complete had I ever seen—but the face itself, the features, the eyes, the nose, the mouth. Certainly sometime, somewhere, I had known that face.

But where, but when? My slothful memory refused to tell me. All day, as I went about, I puzzled over this, and evening found the puzzle unsolved. All evening I thought and thought, sometimes but a thin partition between me and the answer, and when I went to bed, took the problem to bed with me. Into my dreams I must have taken it, for in the middle of the night I awoke with the solution. That face which I had seen today, gliding along at the height of second-story windows, was the face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand of Elm Harbor! It was the face of "Shorty" Hildebrand, head of the Department of Mathematics at the University of Elm Harbor!

But that could not be—how absurd! The face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand could not be above stilts on Broadway advertising Chu-Chu Gum. The face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand must be of course in Elm Harbor: in the bosom of his family in Elm Harbor; breakfasting with his family—wife, son and two daughters; lunching with his family; dining with his family; asleep beneath the family roof, with his family. Or at his classes at Elm Harbor—Mathematics Sixteen A Three, Transcendental Functions Three X, and so forth. That is where the face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand must be!

Yet it *was* the face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand that I had seen today on Broadway, above stilts and a placard advertising Chu-Chu Gum. Not the expression of the face of the Professor—the face of the Professor had never worn such an expression—but the face itself—the features—the eyes, the nose, the mouth—the face, in short.

But it *couldn't* be!

I had some brief to know that face. When a little shaver, I used to steal off to watch its owner—not then a professor—play football. He was about five feet four in height, and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds; he looked like a cube, and the cube was of lead. This was in the days of heavy mass plays and turtle-backs and wedges. On the defense, he was always played right up behind the line. Whenever the other side opened up a hole in the line, he stepped forward into the hole—and the wedge, the mass, the turtle-back, whatever it was, went up in air completely shattered, like a geyser. They called him "Shorty" but also "Dynamite."

LATER it had appeared that whilst he was thus so busy filling holes, he had been also a frightful dig. The Department of Mathematics took him in upon his graduation. He became a Fellow, then a professor. By the time I entered Elm Harbor as a freshman, he was head of the Department—though we still called him "Shorty," the fame of his gridiron days being still about him like a halo. During my four years at Elm Harbor, and the extra year which I had attended by special invitation, I had seen a good deal of him not only in his professorial capacity, but also, more intimately, in his charming home, in the midst of his charming family.

And today I had seen him on stilts, advertising Chu-Chu Gum. Of course that could not be. He was at Elm Harbor. He was there at his courses; he was there in his home.

But now, athwart my passionate denials, a doubt began to filter. This came of a vague memory—of a vague memory of something which I had read—in a newspaper sometime—a newspaper read on a train. A train—now I had it.

It was something I had read in a newspaper on the train which in 1917 was taking me to the transport which was to take

me to France. That is why I was not remembering any better. Nothing I had read on that trip had remained well in my mind. But now the thing was slowly coming to the surface like a dim negative under the developer.

Now I had it! In that newspaper, on the train which was taking me to France, I had read something about Professor Aloysius Hildebrand. I had read of some scandal about him. Now I knew. The Professor had disappeared; that was it.

In that paper, full of war news, the account of the Professor's disappearance had been brief. But one of the details I now remembered very clearly. Before leaving, the Professor had written a note which later had been found on his work-table. And that note had been:

*"To Hades with it all!"*

I remembered it all now perfectly. Then perhaps it *was* Professor Aloysius Hildebrand I had seen today on Broadway advertising Chu-Chu Gum!

I COULD hardly wait till morning, and morning found me on Broadway. In the clear light of the new day, I again began to doubt. All morning the doubt stewed, with no chance of being resolved, for along Broadway the man on stilts failed to appear. He patrolled the street, it seemed, only in the afternoon, when the full crowds were out. Afternoon found me back at my station, and at length I was rewarded. The man on stilts was coming—coming down the street, gigantic and benign, full of earthly good-will and inward content—almost chuckling, like a child being borne on the shoulders of his father.

But even now I could not make up my mind. I followed him up and down the street, and now he was Hildebrand, now he was not. For one thing, the face I was seeking to analyze, perched so high, was far from me. And then upon it was that expression of childish complacency which certainly I had never seen on the face of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand. Yet the features seemed to be his—yes, they seemed to be his. It was he—no, it couldn't be he—yet it was—but it *couldn't* be—I vacillated and could come to no conclusion. And thus for three days, for three afternoons during which, neglecting my work, I accompanied his gigantic patrol, running behind him, and around, peering upward toward his high-perched face, looking, I suppose, like a little dog frisking about its master.

It was at the end of the third afternoon that inspiration came to me. When, at five o'clock, he knocked off for the day, and leaving Broadway, took along a side-street, I followed, keeping at a distance. I saw him halt before the building of a well-known advertising agency—his employers, evidently. Along the high façade a tall ladder stood, all ready for him. He strode up to it, and by the simple expedient of stepping out of his trousers (the huge canvas ones: he wore, of course, his own garment beneath), he abandoned the stilts for one of the ladder's upper rungs. He descended the ladder: as he reached the sidewalk I was there to greet him. "How do you do, Professor Hildebrand!"

He gave me a very cold and very glassy stare.

"You're Shorty Hildebrand!" I cried.

If such a compact figure as his could be said to writhe, his writhed.

"Come," I went on, "do not behave thus toward an old friend! I mean you no harm—no harm whatsoever. If it is discretion you wish, discretion you shall have."

He stood silent, looking down at his feet, evidently considering. When he raised his eyes to me, there was in them the faint sparkle of a smile. "Very well," he said. "Come with me to my rooms; they are near."

His "rooms" proved to be one—in what I judged to be a cheap, actors' boarding-house. He was not boarding, however, for in a corner was a small gas-stove, and on a small table near it were the cup and saucer and the crumbs of the morning breakfast. The rest of the room—a narrow army cot was along one wall—was nearly all taken up by a much larger table littered with papers upon which I saw signs of abstruse calculations. "Yes," he said, noting that my eyes rested there, "I still amuse myself a little with this stuff. My work"—he threw a gesture toward Broadway, roaring over there—"takes only my afternoons, and leaves me what is called leisure."

Absent-mindedly he stepped to the small table, washed the cup and the saucer in the wash-basin, brushed the crumbs to the floor and returned to me. "Never fear," he said, almost threateningly. "I am going to tell you everything."

"I am not one of those fools who fear to analyze themselves," he went on. "I analyze myself—moderately. Lately I have come



"Why, the poor dear!" she cried. "Is that what was the matter! But why did he not tell me?"

to the conclusion that it would do me good to tell some one my story. Tell it *once*—that is enough—to some one. Well—you are the one. You've done it yourself—it is not my fault that you should force yourself on me. Now that you have done it, you shall listen. But do not preen yourself over this rôle of confidant. You are simply an instrument. I am making use of you, being a believer in the new psychology and knowing that by this one revelation I am freeing myself once for all of the peril of some possible complex. I expect, of course, utter discretion. I wish no news of me to go—out there." And he threw another vague gesture, this time in the opposite direction from Broadway, westward—toward Elm Harbor, I suspected.

"You can count on me," I promised. "I will be like the tomb."

He stepped to the windowsill, which seemed to be his cooler, and returned laden. "Here are crackers; here is cheese," he said, "and here are six bottles of beer—supervolsteadian. Let us eat, let us drink."

We ate and we drank; and the blessed food, and the blessed liquor, turned to sunshine in our veins, and mellowed us, till we were all ready for communication between man and man—which seldom otherwise happens.

"It's all because I am so cursed short!" he abruptly began, and with amazing ferocity.

"Short?" I said stupidly. "What do you mean, short?"

"Short! So absurdly, ridiculously short! Short—short," he snorted with mounting exasperation. "Short—cut down—hammered down! Short—short—short!"

I sat there, immensely surprised. As far as I knew, we had never thought of him as short. It was the beam of him that drew the eye, not the length—or lack of it. It was always laterally we had considered him, not longitudinally—the width of his shoulders, the depth of his chest. And then, at the university, his reputation of football hero had still been with him. It is true that we called him "Shorty," but that had been a mark of respect and affection, a precious badge of honor when one

considers it came from students and was applied to one handicapped by the fact of being a professor—and of mathematics, at that.

And yet, all of that time—his present words showed it—he had—well, here was another exemplification of one of the eternal truths: that we know very little about our neighbors.

"That's why I fought so much when a boy at school," he announced, still very fiercely.

"You fought—when at school?" Somehow this was not at all the idea I had borne of his childhood.

"All the time," he said with heavy satisfaction. "Every day. I licked a kid a day. You see, I was already short. I felt short all of the time—so I had to do something about it, had to do something to feel less short. I pitched into a kid every day."

"An exciting life!" I murmured.

"Of course," he explained. "I did not quite understand what it was all about—not then. I do now. They were all paying for something, you see. For something which was not their fault—I realize it now—but for which something, some one, had to pay—I mean Nature's niggardliness in its vertical treatment of me. Thus only could I keep up the barometer of my morale. I had to lick one every day. Any day whose fading sun saw me without some little comrade's scalp at my belt was to me a wretched day. I had to lick one every day. And I did!" he concluded in a voice which, gradually rising, had now reached a trumpet tone.

He paused for a minute, but I could see that he was still rumbling within, and when he started again, it was with unabated fierceness. "And that is why I later played football!" he cried, gnashing his teeth like the late Theodore Roosevelt. "The only reason. I loathe that stupid sport of grinding physical violence invented for the convenience and the glory of solid-skulled morons—I detest it. But I had to show people, I had to show them! Well—I did."

His tone dropped for the moment to one of dreamy reminiscence. "You see three, four long suckers—six-footers—coming at you through a hole in the line. You fill the hole—and they go up in the air—the four long suckers. An ecstasy fills your soul."

"They certainly went up in the air," I murmured.

He shot at me a quick glad look. "Thus," he said, "I managed to pass my childhood and my youth with a modicum of comfort, in spite of my handicap, the outrage perpetrated upon me. On the whole, I can say it was a happy childhood, that it was a happy youth. It was only afterward that things began to go wrong."

He paused, and then after a while he sighed. "The great mistake I made, of course," he said, "was to go in for mathematics."



He was pacing to and fro now. He stopped; his eyes fell upon the papers—full of figures—littering his table; he remained standing there, gazing down.

"It was, after all, a natural mistake," he resumed in a saddened voice. "I did have a rather amazing facility for abstruse calculations; I knew that here was a line in which I could excel—and it had become indispensable to me to excel, to hold the plaudits of the mob. When a boy at school, they would cry: 'Look out—he can lick Lee Lucas!'—Lee Lucas being a young bully who had furnished me with one of my first resounding triumphs. 'Look out—he can lick Lee Lucas!'—I loved that. Later, on the

football field, they had dubbed me Dynamite. 'Dynamite Hildebrand!'—I loved that. And now I dreamed of obtaining a like distinction in the new field into which my professors were urging me.

"This fitted, too, with my natural disposition, which is a studious and a gentle one. Always I had been naturally gentle. When, at school, suddenly I hit some little chum in the nose, it was regretfully, and only because the health of my soul utterly demanded it. And I loved the retired, the cloistered life, the impalpable and rapt adventures of the spirit.

"I was being offered a fellowship. I fell—I accepted. I became a Fellow, then successively an instructor, and then a professor—in mathematics.

"I was a fool!" he cried.

He was again walking to and fro like a caged lion; at the end of each of his paces, as he turned, he threw a fulminating glance upon me.

"Mathematics!" he growled. "Mathematics—bah! Mathematics—bah, I say. Take you, for instance. Are you aware of the fact that through a chain of rigorous mathematical deduction I have proved that both Newton and Einstein are wrong? You are not; nobody is. Do you know that I laid the foundation of a new geometry based on the assumption of the existence of a





"And the co-eds were always coming to me after lectures—tall, willowy co-eds."

fifth dimension? You do not; nobody does, except some of my brother mathematicians—and they're all knockers—frightful knockers. No, I had mistaken my career. I should have gone in for something rough-neck—been a prize-fighter, a politician, a preacher. When, a little boy, I hit some small friend in the ear, everybody heard about it; when, quarterback on the field, I sank my head right up to the spine into some long full-back's stomach, it was to the thunderous applause of multitudes. Now when through month upon month of midnight oil-burning toil I achieved some extraordinary and brilliant mathematical discovery—what did it get me—what did it get me—what did it get me, I say? Nothing! Absolutely nothing!

"I sank back into an opaque obscurity. That which I had so valiantly fought off during my childhood and adolescence now confronted me eye to eye—what that imbecile Freud has called an inferiority complex. Every day I felt shorter and shorter, while about me everyone grew taller and taller. You'll admit that this is an idiotic country. It seems to be breeding for length. Every child grows longer than his parent.

"When I was in a crowd, elbows were always being stuck into my face.

"I was not living on the campus then, but crossed the river on the ferry every morning to go to my lectures. It was my custom to stand on the lower deck—and they would be all around me, like silly tall pines—pines with elbows. They shut out my view; they shut out my air; they'd continually be sticking their

elbows into my face. Just standing there full of self-satisfaction and sticking their elbows into my face. I suddenly landed on one of them one morning. He was surprised. He didn't know he had been sticking his elbow into my face. I had just been standing there, content with himself and paying no attention to me, which meant, of course he had been sticking his elbow into my face. I landed on him fairly hard, he almost went over the rail. Afterward I had to invent some plausible explanation. I said that he had stepped on my foot and that my foot had a corn. But my foot had no corn and he hadn't stepped on my foot; he'd stuck his elbow in my face!

"Then there were the co-eds. They were always coming to me after lectures for consultation and elucidation—tall,

willowy co-eds. I'd try to sit it out on them—to remain at my desk. But sooner or later the invincible urge of a natural courtesy would force me to my feet. I remember especially one of these intellectual dears; she was called Emmy-Lou and she was six feet six, more or less. She'd bend away over, and place her ear near my mouth—how I hated that girl!

"And then—I'm normal, of course—"

"Of course!" I chimed in.

He evidently had been in no need of this backing, and threw me a rather unamiable glare.

"I began to fall in love," he continued.

"Which is perfectly natural," I again interrupted, moved by that asinine wish to say something, which sooner or later overcomes the otherwise model listener. (Continued on page 115)

# We Live but Once

By  
Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by Will Foster

**N**O one could be more familiar at first hand with the early background of the present novel than Mr. Hughes himself, for he is living amid the scenes that he so vividly describes, in one of Los Angeles' loveliest houses, a Persian palace built for him, and now one of the houses pointed out by conductors of the "seeing the city" cars.

## The Story So Far:

**V**ALERIE Dangerfield had tried to rid herself of this shopgirl interest in a handsome stranger, that had obsessed her ever since she had glimpsed his face, with its strange shadow of sadness, as she was dining with her friend Lucy Livingston at the Samarkand. But he had somehow struck an unsuspected chord of interest—a suspended chord that cried for resolution.

In her excitement she forgot discretion and whispered:

"Lucy, did you notice the man who sat just back of me?"

"The one you were piking off in the mirror so cleverly?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, no, not particularly. Nice eyes, nice nose, pathetic mouth; shows taste in ties, has a good tailor, broad shoulders, graceful table-manners—but I didn't notice him especially. Why?"

"I want to meet him. Go get somebody to present him to you—then you introduce him to me."

"Well, I like that! Pick up your own, my dear!"

So that was that, till a little later she met him at a musicale, and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly little overdressed wife, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent, they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. All that night they sat side by side in the storm-girt islet of the car. When daylight and cleared skies woke them from a doze, they found the crippled car unmovable, and were forced to trudge side by side up the muddy road toward their destination. What, they wondered forebodingly, would Blair's wife Amy say? And what would she suspect? And yet there had been nothing—nothing, that is, except one kiss tempted from Fleming once when Valerie had slipped near the cliff-edge and he had caught her.

A camping fisherman provided them with breakfast; his tent afforded Valerie shelter wherein to bathe and to change her bedraggled apparel; and his little car conveyed them the remaining distance to the cottages of the Arrowhead resort—and to Amy.

And there fortune surprised and favored them. For Amy was out strolling with the Englishman Jimmy St. John; Valerie inadvertently and unobserved came upon them foolishly philandering. And Valerie laughed as she glimpsed the Flemings through her

window and saw that Mrs. Fleming felt in no position to attack Blair and Valerie for their adventure. (*The story continues in detail:*)

**S**UDDENLY Valerie's laughter stopped short, as she realized that Blair Fleming and his wife were together now.

She could see them in the crass realism of their old intimacy. She had heard Mrs. Dorr say that Amy's things had not been picked up yet. She was sure that Amy was one of those women whose neatness is all for others—pure altruism.

The fanatics for order are apt to be very plain and precise in their costumes, satisfying an inner conscience. But the prosperity of Amy's exquisiteness was in the beholder's eye. She had probably dressed in a hurry lest she keep her Jimmy St. John waiting. Her nightgown—or her gaudy pajamas; she probably wore the daintiest trousers and the frilliest of blouses—and all the other garments she had taken off or taken out to consider, were doubtless disposed about the room as if a small cyclone had had the arranging of them.

Among her disjunct wardrobe Blair Fleming doubtless stood, in trousers and undershirt, probably, one side of his face in eclipse under a cloudy lather, a razor in one hand, his big arms bare and muscular. Valerie knew her the strength of those arms.

Amy almost certainly came in pouting, picked something off a chair, and tossing it to the floor, sank down and waited in a guilty defiance for Blair to begin the cross-examination.

Valerie had roomed at school with just such girls, and they all behaved exactly alike.

It was odd that the thought of Amy and Blair in their domestic informality should annoy Valerie so much. What business was it of hers? How else could husband and wife dwell together? Yet somehow it struck her as crudely indecent. Somehow she did not blame the man. One expected a man to go about in all sorts of costume, or next to none. He must take his home as he finds it, and let the wife manage it.

She wondered what they were saying. She hoped Blair would not risk losing the upper hand by goading Amy to a counter-attack. Yet still more she hoped that he would not let the woman get away with anything. Probably there is nothing that women long for more than to have the men they like punish the women they dislike—and probably no wish is less often granted.

Perhaps Amy was playing the siren up there with Blair, fling-

The knowledge that she did not love Fleming gave her joy. She curled up into her spinster self like a cat.



ing her arms about him and drugging him with her perfumes and her perjured kisses, telling him how afraid she had been for him during the storm, how she had needed him in her terror, how glad she was to have him back safe.

The thought of this was as vivid as if Valerie saw Samson playing the fool to Delilah's wiles before her very eyes. She groaned, "Damn, damn, damn!" She tried to blot the vision from her sight, but it is hard not to see what is imagined. She went through a nightmare with her eyes open. She tried to bury herself in sleep as an escape from the gnat-swarms of thoughts that buzzed and stung her. Sleep would not come at call. At last, just as she began to grow a little drowsy, there was a noise about the cottages. The other guests were coming in from fishing or just coming out of their bedrooms, dressed variously for various diversions.

Valerie watched them. They were all arrayed in their best. Their sport clothes were meant for effect, not exercise. Such everlasting putting-on and taking-off of fabrics neither for decency nor for warmth, but for exhibition! As if life were nothing but exposing oneself in a show-window for possible customers.

Despising them all for their vanity, Valerie decided that she herself might look better. Rising angrily, she went to the tub and turned the hot water on. When at last she appeared, the

entire company had dispersed to its businesses on the lake or in the woods—except the Flemings.

Amy and Blair sat on a porch in the sullen mood of a married couple that imprisons itself in old habit, mutually bored and both afraid to make a break for liberty. They were so tired of each other that they greeted Valerie with the "Sail-ho!" of two marooned castaways.

Before they saw Valerie, she had time to study them. Blair was meek, but she assumed that he was victorious, yet ashamed of his success. Amy was meek too, but Valerie assumed that this was doubtless because she had been whipped by Blair's mystifying silence. In any case, Valerie realized from Amy's first stare of snobbish welcome that she was in no danger of being attacked or snubbed, and so she came forward with a kind of gracious insolence.

Blair rose to his feet, but not so quickly as Amy, who ran to her with a gushing enthusiasm confusing and hard to manage: "Oh, Miss Dangerfield, can you ever forgive me! To think that you risked your life to accept my invitation! Blair has told me how marvelously you drove, and how brave you were! And what a climb you had! It's a good thing I wasn't along, no matter who was driving! I'd have grabbed whoever it was, and over the cliff we'd have gone!"





Amy became a wild little Bacchante. . . . Valerie caught one of Fleming's long looks. It struck through her.

Slipping her arm under Valerie's, she led her to a chair and offered her a little drink, which Valerie declined with thanks. Amy was embarrassing enough, but Blair was worse. Try as she would, Valerie could not look at him with the frankness of cool friendship. She could tell, too, that while Amy was chattering away about the storm as it had terrified the people in the camp, she was watching lynxily the eyes of Valerie and Blair.

Just because avoiding each other's gaze would be so conspicuous, they had to exchange glances now and then, and make comments; and it was maddening how unruly the eyes became when they met, how necessary it was to force them to be steady, how relaxed their throats were when it came to uttering the simplest things, and how often it was necessary to swallow or say "ahem!"

Valerie soon realized that Amy suspected something. Of course she would. Almost anybody would. But Amy was afraid to challenge them, on account of her own philandering. She could not suspect that Valerie had seen her sham-battle with Jimmy St.

John, but she could not forget it. She too had something on her mind, and her escape was to run on with prattle.

She was telling how frightened she always was in a thunderstorm, and suddenly she darted a question at Valerie:

"Weren't you just scared to death?"

"Not of the lightning," Valerie answered, glad to be asked something that she could reply to honestly. Amy surprised her by a backhanded return:

"Of course, you had Blair with you. He's such a comfort in a storm."

The implication was so plain that Valerie was tempted to answer with indignation that Mr. Fleming's arms had not been needed to hold her together. But she realized with all the fleetness of thought that Amy would never believe her innocence, and she preferred to imply an untrue confession. So she laughed:

"He is indeed!"

Amy, always ready to believe that everybody else lied as in-



stinctively as she did, refused to believe the confession. The angry innocence of Valerie's eyes confirmed her skepticism, and there was a certain disappointment in her voice as she turned to her husband with a rebuke:

"Why, Blair, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Where was your boasted chivalry?"

Blair was in a rage at this smiling duel, this deadly game of battledore and shuttlecock between two flippant women. He was too forthright to enjoy it. He growled: "I never boasted of any chivalry that I know of."

Amy dropped the subject with manifest regret. She plainly wanted to have her husband guilty of a little something. Fortunately, she did not think to suggest that Blair might have been more gallant on the way up the hill. It might not have been so easy for the two to pretend that nothing had happened there. The memory of that fierce embrace on the brink of the cliff, and that long kiss of—friendship, would have taken them both by

the throat. So poor Amy was left defenseless, with only the knowledge of her own petty treachery.

She turned to the business of the day, which was the entertainment of the great Miss Dangerfield. But Valerie always found being entertained the least entertaining of things. She refused to go fishing, walking, riding, to play cards, or join a motor-spin.

She was very nice about it, protested that she was perfectly happy where she was, and when the desperate Amy finally asked if the altitude made her languid, she accepted that as a good excuse, though she loved the high places, and the thin air quickened her pulse.

Amy was unwilling to leave Blair alone with her, especially as Jimmy St. John had vanished with one of the other groups. Finally, to rescue Blair from a situation that was plainly agony for him, Valerie suggested that Amy and he should go for a stroll.

"Fine!" cried Amy. "The exercise is just what you need, my dear. You've sat in that office all week long. Come on!"

Blair might have protested that he had had at least a week's exercise in the climb up the mountain, but he rose wearily and marched.

Valerie studied their departing backs. If there had been true love between them, they would have drifted together; their hands would have interlocked; they would have shown how good it was, how comfortable, to be together. Valerie's father and mother were always slyly conniving to be alone together, always nudging close in public and usually stealthily clutching at least at each other's little fingers.

It did not displease Valerie to see how awkward the Flemings were as they sauntered down the road toward the lake, with nothing to say, nothing to think together. She felt that this couple had already been divorced spiritually if not in bed and board. A public separation would be more honest but no more complete. Still, she felt that it was none of her business. Her high ambition to rescue the man from the pink devilish was tired out. The night and the morning had exhausted her in every way. She was in the cold clear glare of the mountain-top, and she saw things in their cynical sharpness. She had never seen Blair Fleming in the broad daylight till now.

She had first heard him laugh and found him sorrowful in the sentimental candle-light of a dining-room, and in the moon-flood of a garden. She had met him next in a world of music and starlight. Again, a late afternoon of clouds and storm-threat had led to a night of turbulent peril and a pearly dawn that was like an exceedingly intense moonshine.

At such times the lonely heart sentimentalizes its boredoms and its rashest impulses into poetry and nobility. It had seemed a worthy crusade at those hours to rescue a wonderful man from his suffocating wife. But now she looked upon herself as a meddlesome woman, an odious interferer in a family, both members of which had selected their chains, and could break them at will. She was in the wrong world, and she must get back to her own. If she had only had her car, she could have left a note and taken flight on some easy pretext. Perhaps she could get it even now, or hire somebody to take her to the station at San Bernardino, where a train would come along and restore her to sanity and her wonted amusements.

She went inside the cottage and found the telephone with the aid of a servant. She studied the book and ran upon the name and number of the garage where she had stopped the night before for a final supply of oil and gasoline. She put in the call, and as she waited, realized that if she had taken the warning of the young man who begged her not to try the climb, she would have escaped all this. She would have missed also the experience of the close gaze of death, the night alone with Blair Fleming, and the deadly trudge up the steep road. She would have escaped that fierce clench of his arms, that kiss. She would always regret that. Or would she? She drew the back of her hand across her lips, but it paused, unwilling to erase even by a gesture the memory. If she repented that experience, it would always be one of her most precious regrets.

THE voice of the garage-man broke in on her reverie. She explained the situation and he told her he had already tried to go up the mountain-side, but the road was so torn up that he could not make it. She explained to him just what had happened, and he warned her that she could "kiss the car good-by" for several days. He promised to bring it down as soon as possible, and overhaul it. Then she could call for it, or he would have it delivered wherever she wanted it sent. She asked how she was ever to get down off the mountain, and he said that the back road was all right. He even gave her the number of a garage that would send a car up for her. She thanked him, gave him instructions to fetch and repair her car and let her know just when it would be ready. Then she hung up the receiver and was about to try for the other number, when in came Mr. and Mrs. Dorr and Jimmy St. John and Claudine—whom she remembered meeting at Mrs. Fleming's tea, where Claudine's articulation had been obviously thickened by something more influential than the Chinese herb.

In the presence of these strangers Valerie hesitated to call a motor to take her away. The explanation would be too involved. She turned away from the telephone with a sad story of the state of her car. Mr. and Mrs. Dorr solved the problem at once by inviting her to ride back with them. And Claudine was maliciously sober enough to suggest that there was room for two in Jimmy St. John's car. Jimmy flushed and was angry at flushing,

but he was forced to invite Valerie to spoil his home-going with Amy. The very irritation of the situation made it compulsory. Valerie tried to escape by saying that she was entirely in Mrs. Fleming's hands; but just then Amy and Blair came back from an evidently stupid stroll, and Amy had to insist upon the arrangement lest it look as if she wanted to be alone with Jimmy. Which of course she did, as everybody knew. But such knowledge must not be admitted or assumed. Thus the whole excursion was an utter ruin, and Jimmy and Amy and Blair and Valerie would have the misery of each other's company, crowded in a small car for five hours on a Monday morning.

Monday mornings are bad enough at best, but at their worst! Everybody made a violent attempt at seeming delighted, but the only one who was really delighted was Claudine, who giggled so sillily that Mrs. Dorr snapped:

"Really, Claudine, where did you get it so early in the morning?"

"That's a lie!" Claudine answered. "But, as *David Harum* used to say, I'd rather take a drink than git my clothes tore."

LUNCHEON was announced, and everybody filed out to the desperately rustic dining-room to eat the food prepared by one of the chefs from the Ambassador especially engaged for the outing. The Dorr's were wise enough to believe in roughing it *de luxe*. The coterie of cronies had a vast supply of jokes that no outsider could understand, and Valerie was as happy as a foreigner in a secret lodge. After luncheon there was another division into cliques for fishing, boating, motoring, bridge and horseback exploration.

Valerie simply could not face the thought of being isolated with any of the factions. She would have been glad to be in a saddle, for she could have broken away from unwelcome fellowship, but she had brought along neither boots nor habit. She pretended to be unable to play bridge, and she affected a headache as a defense against the other expeditions. She could see from the hangdog look in Blair Fleming's eyes that he longed to stay home with her, but that was of course impossible; so he allowed himself to be bestowed in a motorcar for a dash to Great Bear Lake along the Rim of the World road.

Amy, as soon as he had been carried off, was famished for a little while with St. John and artfully contrived to steal away with him on a hike. The others obligingly declined her invitation to go along. Mr. and Mrs. Dorr proposed to stay at home and take care of Valerie, but she said that a little sleep was what she needed most, and retired to her cabin, assuming a look of bravery in anguish. Mrs. Dorr took her the voluminous Sunday morning papers as a sedative, and left her alone with them.

Ordinarily, Valerie paid little heed to the news of the world, beyond a glance at the sporting pages when any of her friends were engaged in a polo game or a tennis tournament. When her father was stirring up political warfare, she kept in touch with the front page and even read the more abusive editorials for the stimulus of wrath. Unable to sleep, she lifted the papers, as thick and multi-colored as Navajo blankets, and glanced at them with as little interest. Her eye was caught by the page-wide headline of one of the innumerable supplements:

"High-Life Tragedies in Country Mansions."

She had met some of those whose faces appeared here and had been so often seen in the "society" pages and in periodicals devoted to the interests of the smart. They had known wealth; all the advantages had been offered to them; yet they had been rendered no more immune to the passions of love, jealousy and the killing frenzies than the poor, the ignorant or the beasts with whom man shares all the storms of emotion.

Here was a gentleman of ancient and honorable family who had killed his wife and himself on her return from a long voyage for her health. Idleness had thrown her under the spell of one of those handsome wanderers who make the heroes of so many romances. The heedless adventurer had written her a light love-billet, and it was found in the husband's purse torn into small shreds. His reason had been torn to shreds too, for he had shot his wife dead, and himself after.

Somebody found the letter, and it was scattered in the newspaper snowflakes that blow around the world. Now everybody could read the drifter's words, his poetic memory of the dead wife, "whose name the wind sings through the trees, and whose face lingers in the dusk of the twilights of these old hills."

Valerie remembered how dearly the husband and the wife had loved each other, how fond they had been, how foolishly fond. He must have loved her fiercely to be so easily destroyed by the mere discovery that she had dallied a little with another man.





As he held the match, she answered softly: "I heard you. And it made me very happy."

Love was so sacred a thing that he must destroy the tarnished vessel of it.

That was love—and that was what love did to one! The wife and the fellow in the tropics had doubtless used the same word for the tender gales that had swept through their hearts.

Valerie turned back to the paper. Here was the story of the college boy who had loved a girl since childhood, and because she would not marry him, shot her down in a road before her companions, leaped through a hedge and slew himself.

Next was the story of a couple that had parted; the husband longed for reconciliation, but the wife would not receive him again. A caretaker of hers killed the husband when he tried to force his way into the house, then killed himself.

Every paper was always crowded with such raw chunks of realism. Valerie had never really taken thought of such things before, except perhaps for the picturesqueness of some assassination or a mystery whipped up and prolonged by ingenious reporters.

Today, however, it came upon her as something new and unheard of that love was a force in the world as pervasive, as insensate and as fatal as gravity, which holds the things and crea-

tures of earth in place, yet murders those who lose their foothold on high places or fall into deep waters.

Never had she understood the fell might of love till now. Noble, shameless, fearless, craven, merciful, ruthless, it dealt with its victims as it pleased.

She thanked God that she was not in love. There was enough for a woman to do nowadays without love. She made a resolve that she would never lose her head or her heart over a man.

The recollection of the errand that had brought her up to this mile-high lake among these strangers gave her a moment's pause. She had lost her head already. But her heart had not followed it. And now she had regained her head, and she would take her heart home with her.

The knowledge that she did not love Blair Fleming gave her such joy that she was glad to be here. She forgave everybody for being so stupid. It made the escape the more pleasant. She curled up into her spinster self like a contented cat, and fell into a dreamless sleep. She woke refreshed, and when the weary sportfolk straggled back to the camp, and had their baths and were dressed again for dinner, she joined them and found them delightful because she was delighted. (Continued on page 106)

# The Tragedy of Gilded Youth

Mrs. Philip Lydig

This startling series—introduced last month by “Marriage Without Love” and here carried on with extraordinary disclosures—is thus prefaced by Mrs. Lydig:

*“All over America people are imitating the conduct and ideals of the fashionable rich. I believe that those ideals are false ideals, tragic ideals, disastrous for America to imitate. The conviction is my justification for these articles on the futility of fashionable life.”*

*Rita Lydig-*

Mrs. Lydig has been a leader of New York society since her girlhood. She is a descendant, through her mother, of the old royal family of Spain and had entrée to the most exclusive circles of royalty in Paris, Madrid, London and St. Petersburg. As the first wife of the late W. E. D. Stokes, a millionaire breeder of fast horses, she knew all the racing set in America and abroad.

For years she held in her house on Washington Square a salon of a brilliancy and culture New York had never seen before. Conspicuous also for her work among the poor, her interest in art, and her leadership in woman suffrage, she brings now, to her review of smart society, the worldly wisdom and spiritual insight of an extremely varied experience of life, and knowledge of men and women.

ONE Christmas day some years ago, in New York City, I happened to see two holiday celebrations. The first was a Christmas tree in a workingman's home in Greenwich Village, and the other was a children's party in a fashionable residence overlooking Central Park. The head of the family, in the first house, was a carpenter who had worked for me, at various times, for many years—a very genial and philosophic Irishman with whose family I had become acquainted through an accident that befell him while he was doing some repairs for me. After a doctor had attended to him, I drove him home. His wife was away on a visit, and his daughter Kathleen, then a child of seven, was in charge of the house and the younger children. She was as sedate and responsible as a little old grandmother, and she fascinated me. She helped to get her father to bed, put the kettle on to make him a cup of tea, and quieted the children and entertained me, with the most adorable cheerfulness and efficiency. When I thought of myself in such a situation at seven years of age, or even at seventeen, it put me to shame. We became great friends, and it was to her Christmas tree that I went to take gifts.

I was a little late, and the fun was at its height. She had invited in a number of the neighbors' children, and she and her younger brother were in charge of the entertainment, which was wholly a children's affair with the elders looking on and receiving presents. The tree was tiny. The gifts and the decorations on it had all been bought at the five-and-ten-cent stores by the children themselves. They had prepared funny little speeches to go with their presents, and these were received with all sorts of gayety and applause. They sang Christmas songs to the music of the phonograph, and danced to it, in paper caps and false noses, like a children's carnival.

I had to hurry away to make my call uptown, and I went directly from this small riot to a drawing-room almost as large as the hall of mirrors in Versailles, where at least a hundred children were sitting on gilt chairs, being “amused” by paid entertainers, before a Christmas tree that was big enough for Madison Square, professionally decorated, and hung with expensive gifts. The thing that struck me first was the silence. The children were listening to a Punch and Judy show, politely bored, concealing their yawns, uncomfortably overdressed, and looking aside at each other unsmilingly, with self-conscious and indifferent eyes. When they received their presents, they said their thanks mechanically, prompted by their governesses. One little girl burst into howls of natural rage over some gift that disappointed her, and she was at once hurried away to another room and silenced.

When the gifts had been distributed,—and received with about as much enthusiasm as prizes in school,—the children were marshaled into the dining-room to a meal that looked like a civic banquet. They ate it without appetite, as blasé as ever I saw a company of their elders, making no effort even to talk to one another, uneasy under the attentions of governesses and waiters who tried to keep up an appearance of Christmas jollity with false smiles and polite alacrity. After the children had reluctantly stuffed themselves, they showed their first animation in getting



*A noted dry-point etching of Mrs. Lydig by Paul Hellen. It was M. Hellen's etchings of Mrs. Lydig that brought him his great American fame.*

away, hurrying through their little duty speeches to their hostess, and trooping off to find their wraps. She had a suspicion that her party had not been a success. She asked her butler whether he thought her small guests had enjoyed themselves. "Oh, yes, madam," he assured her. "It went off very well, madam. Very well indeed, madam." But unfortunately, on top of that, he had to ask her what he should do with a number of Christmas presents which the children had forgotten to take away with them!

The contrast between those two Christmas trees gave me something to think about. I was aware that the rich children were too much managed to have any spontaneous pleasure at their party; the governesses and waiters and butlers and paid entertainers had perhaps embarrassed and oppressed them with too much elderly attention. It was evident, too, that they had come to the party already surfeited with Christmas food and Christmas gifts, so that they were scarcely able to respond to any effort to

amuse them. But it seemed to me that these faults of management and so forth were only superficial; and when I thought of the difference between my carpenter's little Kathleen and any of the children whom I saw on the gilt chairs in the drawing-room, I realized that the difference in spirit and response at the two parties was a deep and vital difference that would affect the whole lives of these children of the fashionable rich. It seemed to me, in fact, that I had been seeing the cause and origin of much of that tragic futility of fashionable life which had been depressing me for years, and I drove back to my home thinking of my own childhood and of the early days of all the boys and girls whom I had seen grow up under the same conditions that were numbing these dull youngsters on their gilt chairs.

As a first thought, obviously, the homes of the rich were too large. The intimacies of family contact were lost in these huge establishments where the children lived their little lives away





*A photographic study of Mrs. Lydig, made by De Meyer a few years ago.*

from their elders, surrounded by servants and tutors and governesses who isolated them from any normal affectionate relations with their parents. The houses were too large, and the parents were too busy to associate with their children—and too indifferent when they were not too busy. Kathleen had been made a bright, dependable child by the forced companionship of her elders and the need of helping them. She had been educated, as children are most easily educated, by imitating her parents. The children

of the rich had no one to imitate in their most formative years but servants. They were not nursed by their mothers. Their natural affection for the mother was not aroused, as it should have been, by the physical contact of feeding; and the mother's maternal instinct, too, did not get that early impulse without which it does not often come to its fullest emotion. As a consequence, the feeling between mother and child was never as tender as it might have been, and the child, deprived of the initial trans-

ports of instinctive affection, began to grow up unemotional and dull.

That, at least, as I looked back on my early days, seemed an explanation of the insensitivity of some of my young companions as compared with a child like Kathleen. They were orphaned children, healthy and well-looked-after physically, but emotionally starved. They were selfish and stupid. They felt themselves "superior," and nothing promotes stupidity more than such a feeling in a child. They lacked imagination—perhaps because imagination is aroused in the interval between wanting a thing and getting it, and these children were accustomed to getting everything they wanted instantly. They lacked entirely that quality of wistfulness which made little Kathleen so charming.

Among them, of course, there were always sickly children who had been made sensitive by illness, and by that feeling of inferiority which comes of illness, and by the childish fears that can only be allayed by parental love. But these sensitive children of the rich became rebellious and resentful of their parents as they arrived at adolescence, and their rebellion easily took the form of that "wildness" which begins a life of dissipation. Two of the boys whom I most admired in my girlhood were like that.

They were both sons of wealth who had been left wholly to servants in their infancy while their fathers were busy adding more millions to their huge fortunes and their mothers were absorbed in social life. One of them, whom I shall call Carl, was apparently robust and healthy, and his feeling against his parents expressed itself frankly in rage and hatred and resentment and contempt. He was quite beyond their control, or anybody else's, even as a small boy. He was always being expelled from school or quarreling with his tutors, and his one delight was to escape from his home and wander about the streets like a young tramp, riding endlessly on street-cars and busses and talking to everybody whom he met. He was really a charming boy. The servants all protected him and kept the secret of his absences. He got no real education, of course, because he could not be made to study, and he brooded idly, in a resentful loneliness, with that impulse to suicide which so often persecutes the melancholia of the adolescent.

I used to see him most during the summer holidays, when we were playmates on the Long Island shore, and as I look back at him, now, he was just mischievous and undisciplined. He died mysteriously after an illness that was reported as a valvular disease of the heart, but it was whispered around that he had killed himself, and I believe that was the truth. He was one of the handsomest and certainly the most spirited boy I knew, and it seems to me that his life was obviously thrown away by his parents, who neither understood him nor cared to understand him. He was typical to me



*The famous portrait of Mrs. Lydig by Carolus Duran. M. Duran was one of Mrs. Lydig's devoted friends in the art world of twenty years ago in Paris.*

of hundreds of boys whom I saw afterward, grown up to be wild and irresponsible and dissolute.

The other boy had been lamed in infancy by an accident which he blamed on his parents because he had been hurt by a careless nurse who was afterward discharged for drunkenness. I don't suppose his parents were really to blame, but that was the form of resentment which his starved affections took—that and a devoted love of pets, rabbits and white mice, birds of all sorts, guinea pigs, squirrels and what-not. He had a complete menagerie in the back yard of his home. His mother, a great beauty, lived the life of a reigning belle and left him to his nurses and his governesses and his tutors as he grew up. His father, having married for money, was busy protecting the investments and promoting the industries that had come under his management on the death of his father-in-law. The boy, Maurice, let me call him, lame and delicate, was no favorite of theirs. He behaved badly with them, sulky, spiteful and with childish malevolence eying them in silence when they scolded him. "He's perfectly impossible," his mother used to say. "I don't understand him."

He had a passion for music and a real gift for it, playing both the violin and the piano, not robustly but with a melancholy *flair* that was very touching in slow movements. I met him through a little coquette named Madeline, a neighbor of ours in the country, who practiced duets with him and let him adore her. She was the daughter of a lawyer who was not very rich, and of an ambitious mother who was known as a "social climber." I should say, now, that the mother encouraged her daughter's friendship for Maurice because he was the heir to millions, and that the girl accepted his devotion calculatingly even then. I don't believe that she had any real feeling for music—certainly she has none now.

I saw them mostly in the summer when he used to limp over to her shore cottage to practice with her. I was sorry for him, because I could see that Madeline was a selfish little beauty with no real affection for him, and I admired him myself in a love of music that forgave him all his ugliness. He used to confide to me that he intended to be a composer, and he sneered at the stupidity of his parents, who wished him to follow in his father's footsteps as a "captain of industry." He intended to go abroad to study, in Munich especially, and make a name for himself. It was an ambition to which Madeline listened without comment, but I knew it did not appeal to her.

I don't know after what domestic warfare he attained his end, nor what promises Madeline made him before he sailed for Germany. I suspect that she guessed my feeling for him and for that reason did not trust me with any confidences about him. I was not permitted by my parents to correspond with boys, so he could not write to me. About a year or two after his departure, I heard of Madeline's engagement to a rich widower who was twice her age, and I supposed that Maurice and she had drifted apart in his absence. Then I read in the newspapers that he had shot himself, for no reason that anyone could understand, sitting alone in a Munich beer-garden.

**I**F we are to believe the modern psychiatrists, both of these boys were ruined by a lack of parental love. Its place cannot be taken by any servant's devotion. There is an instinctive bond between parent and child that cannot be left to wither in neglect without danger of producing a psychic deformity. The despair in which Maurice killed himself was merely a deepening of the despair of his instinctive affection which he must have felt from his infancy. All Carl's rebellions probably had the same origin. If he had lived, he would undoubtedly have tried to escape into dissipation from the deep instinctive unhappiness which his rebellions showed. That is the beginning of much of the dissipation that kills the sons of the rich. So, at least, I am told by the psychiatrists, and it is the only plausible explanation that I have ever found for the tragedies that I have seen on all sides among such boys.

We have to think of children, it seems, not only as little intelligent beings developing in conscious knowledge and experience, but as young animals with instinctive animal minds that do not so much develop as get thwarted or expressed. Their characters, their dispositions, their emotional responses to life, are formed by the set and current that is given to their instinctive minds in their earliest days. And in the molding of their instinctive minds the most powerful influence is the parent's. A parent's love is to a child almost what sunlight is to a plant. No true substitute for it has ever been found. The lack of that love in the homes of the fashionable rich is the great tragedy of their children's lives, in my experience, however the psychiatrist expresses it.

In the ordinary American home, the child is born of a marriage that begins, at least, as a marriage of love. Certainly it does not

begin as a marriage of ambition, a marriage for money, as the fashionable marriage does so often. And this child of love is nursed by the young mother and fondled by the young father, so that its instinct of affection is normally aroused by the natural objects of an infant's affection, its parents. The average American boy grows up loving his mother and imitating his father, who is his ideal. The girl loves her father and makes an ideal for conduct out of her mother. In adolescence, their love is transferred to a sweetheart or a beau, and they arrive at marriage "subconsciously monogamous," as the psychiatrist puts it. That is to say, the boy goes from one mother, to one sweetheart, to one wife. His instinct of affection is set in a pattern of loyalty. The same thing is commonly true of the girl. Or, at least, in the average American home, there is a fair chance of its being true.

**T**HERE is very little chance of its being true in the fashionable home. The marriage, to begin with, is not so often a marriage of love, and the child is almost invariably given to a nurse and not fed by the mother. Neither the mother nor the father have much time to spend in the nursery. Their traditions do not send them there. They regard a preoccupation with children as a *bourgeois* trait. The child's dumb instinctive affection is first fixed on a nurse who generally leaves it as soon as it is weaned, and after the first nurse, there is a succession of nursemaids and governesses whom the child soon learns are not its equals. Its instinct of affection is confused and thwarted, "badly conditioned" as the psychologists say, or unconsciously trained to respond to a "servile image." That may be why the rich girl so often elopes with a chauffeur, as one psychiatrist points out, and why the millionaire's son so often marries a chorus girl. It certainly seems to me to explain why the sons and daughters of the fashionable rich are so much less likely to be monogamous than the young men and women who have grown up in the common American home.

I should consider as typical of the children of these loveless marriages, a wretched boy whom I shall call Haviland. His mother, a beautiful girl in her teens, was practically sold by an ambitious mother to one of the richest and most dissolute men in New York, some twenty years ago. By the time the boy was born, she hated her husband so bitterly that she could not endure the sight of the child. He was brought up wholly by servants, and when he was still very small, a divorce gave him to his father, who proceeded to teach him that his mother had been a bad woman whom he ought to despise. When I knew him first, at fifteen, he seemed without an ideal, coolly immoral and irresponsible, convinced that he could do anything he pleased and escape punishment because of his wealth—a really bold little villain. I undertook to teach him that he must not drive his automobile at full speed out of his father's gateway into the road, at the risk of running down any of us who were passing; and with the aid of a friendly policeman and an independent judge, I had him so threatened and frightened that he learned to be careful. But soon afterward he seduced cold-bloodedly the young daughter of one of my servants, and when her father appealed to me for help, the boy just eyed me cynically, as unabashed as some little animal without remorse and without imagination, asking only: "How much does she want?" His father settled the case for ten thousand dollars, and the next time I met the boy, he looked at me as indifferently as if he had never seen me before in his life.

He has great physical courage, which he imitates from his father. He exercises, never dissipates, and takes great care of himself, also in imitation of his father, who was a maniac about physical culture. Like his father, too, he is miserly to the point of not paying his debts unless he is sued for them, and he is as sharp in his business dealings as a young pickpocket. Although he succeeded to a huge estate on his father's death, he has no friends and no intimate companions except garage mechanics, who perhaps admire him for his expert knowledge of explosion engines. He has recently become engaged to a very sweet and simple girl who has persuaded herself that he is a misunderstood and ill-treated character. He will undoubtedly ruin her life with cruelty. He is as dangerous to society as a maniac, being wholly without imagination for the sufferings of others, devoid of any generous or sympathetic emotion, and as powerful through his wealth as if he owned a magic ring and a genie to do his bidding. He is, as I see him, entirely the product of a loveless marriage and a home in which there was no affection. He was never moved by any emotions except those of fear and self-interest in his formative years, and he never will be, now.

Roger — is apparently a very different sort of character, and yet he is basically much the same, and just as dangerous. He was born to the third generation of money and position, but his





*The great Spanish artist Zuloaga painted this portrait of Mrs. Lydig, and by critics it is considered one of his finest portraits of the period.*

mother was one of the most coldly ambitious and cruel-minded of women, and his father a sweet and timid and dissipated man. Roger has imitated the father in a sort of shy boyishness of manner that is very winning, and his complete indifference to everybody's feelings passes for a charming irresponsibility which everyone forgives. He was married by a Boston girl of great beauty who wished only his money and his name. She refuses him a divorce although he has a harem like the Grand Turk's and spends his time almost wholly in collecting *liaisons*. He pays them off when he is done with them, as callously as young

Haviland, and as indifferent to the tragedies he causes, but with an air of irresponsible gayety that saves him from censure. It is impossible to dislike him. He maintains a conspicuous social position in the public eye, although he is ostracized by all the conservatives, and he entertains so amusingly that he never lacks company. He is, however, rarely sober, and at thirty his health is beginning to fail. He is actually a total loss both to himself and to society. The blame, I think, rests wholly on the loveless home in which he passed his childhood, his mother's indifference, and his father's fashionable immoralities. (Continued on page 122)

When I mentioned to the clerk I was a movie actress, he asked me did I mean could I charge my check.

# Dear Diary

By Virginia Dale

Illustrated by  
Edward Ryan

APR. 4: After putting Avery on the train yesterday after he had rushed out here to Hollywood from home to get me to marry him, I went back to my room and relaxed. There is nothing so wearing on a girl as saying "No." I suppose he will tell everyone in Escanaba I am not out here on a vacation such as I said, but to become the most foremost vamp in motion pictures. If there is one thing that Avery is noted for, it is not keeping a secret. But it is ridiculous to try to make a secret anyway of being a success in the movie "game," and I suppose the newspapers in my home town will be printing my picture, and I suppose I must simply make the best of not having any "private" life any more, for how can one be "private" and a success too? And anyway there would be no use in being a success if no one knew it. So I do not mind if Avery spreads the news.

I wish I could see Millie Strong's face when Avery tells her I am out here on my "career." I hope she will see how useless it is for her to try to get Avery away from one like me who am in the "profession" and all. What chance has a small-town girl like Millie against one who knows "life" like me? So I am not worrying about Millie getting Avery, and anyway I warned him against her and her "ilk." I told him he should get to know "life," and that if I can resist all the men of Hollywood, he should not have any trouble resisting such an unworthwhile small-town girl like Millie.

I still feel I owe the truth to my "public" when I have one, and am more decided than ever that I must keep this "diary" so that when it is printed at last, everyone can see how I always resisted men and their "wiles" and became a star through merely bending all men to my will and then laughing at them. That is my theory. I have always believed there is nothing like a good example, and that is one thing the movie "game" needs, and another is good actresses, and another is good pictures, and I believe all these things will come. Only the other day I heard a man on one of the "lots" say that the industry was still in its infancy.

Readers will recall "Not That Kind of Girl," which appeared in a recent issue—extracts from the Dear Diary of an Escanaba maid who went to Hollywood ostensibly for a vacation from her job in a store, but really to become the super-vamp of the films. Here are further extracts from that dumb Diary.

these small-town minds? It does not seem possible I came from Escanaba only six short weeks ago. . . .

Apr. 5: Today was the day I expected to act my first part for J. Mortimer Cecil, the biggest director in the leaping litographs as he wittily calls the movie "game." But when I went to the Ultra-Acme studios, the casting director said work would not start until Miss Devine got back from her vacation, and isn't that just like a star? I suppose she has heard that Mr. Cecil has found a new "find" in me and is doing all in her power to hold up the picture, hoping to discourage me. I wish to put it down here and now, Dear Diary, where all may some day read, that I would never do such a thing, but will always do my best to help everyone. The next time I see Mr. Cecil I am certainly going to tell him what a mean, spiteful cat this Murial Devine is.

I asked the assistant director what the name of the picture was going to be. There is no use in disguising that this assistant is very good-looking and would like to get acquainted. He asked me for my telephone number, pretending it was so that he could call me when it was time to begin "shooting," which was the merry way he spoke of taking the picture. Of course I knew what he



meant, but thought I would test him out and see if he would call me. Just for the fun of the thing. He has not done so yet, but anyway I got out of him the name of the picture, which only goes to show that if a girl is dignified a man will treat her the same.

Well, the name of the picture that Murial Devine and I are going to act in is "Love's Lonely Passion," and it is taken from the book "Robinson Crusoe." I read that book from the Sunday school library several years ago in Escanaba, and I do not remember any little country girl in it such as I am going to be in the picture. But a girl in the casting offices who wanted a job said that was up to the cenario writers, for if a director wants a certain part, all he has to do is tell the cenario writer, and he writes it in. That is the reason this girl said that cenario writers have to be much more brighter than mere regular authors, for they have to think up all the things mere regular authors do not.

I sometimes think I would of made a good cenario writer. How terrible if I have made a mistake in being an actoress instead! I am sure cenario writers are never insulted like ambitious actresses. Even regular authors get some publicity, too, for they are always having their pictures in magazines with their dogs in outing shirts. But after all there is something that appeals to me about being an actoress. I suppose with my temperment I like the wild bohemian atmosphere, for though I would never be wild, there is something that appeals to me about it all. So far I have found things quieter out here in Hollywood than in Escanaba, but this quiet is all put on to deceive people. Of course my philosophy of "life" would never let me do things such as

a lot of girls do, and only yesterday as I was eating lunch in my favorite drug-store and mentioned to the clerk I was a movie actoress, he gave me a leer and asked me did I mean could I charge my check. But I am not that kind of a girl, and decided to pay the check after he had called me back.

I have decided to give all that is in me to my rôle of country girl in "Robinson Crusoe," believing I owe it to my public, and ever will I remember men are simply waiting to insult a good girl which wants to get ahead. I have seen too many "movies" not to know life thororly. If every girl did like me, the movies would be on a sounder footing, for men should be used and then laughed at only. I am not the kind of a girl which can do other, thank heaven. . . .

Apr. 6: Visited the Ultra-Acme plant. Miss D. not back yet. . . .

Apr. 7: Visited the U. A. studios. Miss D. not back. . . .  
Apr. 15: Have been to the Ultra-Acme plant every day and they are still waiting. When will directors learn to bend stars to their will as they should and not be weaklings with women?

Apr. 29: Went to the U. A. studios again today. Still waiting. I have half a mind to send word to L. Mortimer Cecil that unless work starts immediately he will have to find some one else to act my part. I have always felt that a girl should be independant with men even "movie" directors. . . .

May 2: Went to the U. A. plant. Still waiting. Well, it is very easy to be seen what is the matter with motion pictures when such things can be got away with. One would think Mrs. Cecil would see what is going on between her husband and this

Devine woman. I am merely sorry for her ignorance, but she is only loosing a husband and I have a "career" at stake, and even if I do not pay my room-rent, my money is not going to hold out until Mrs. Cecil opens her eyes and gets a divorce. How terrible if my name should come into the court-room in some way. My family would be Heart Broken. . . .

May 3: Still waiting. The casting director said they were way ahead of their skejule with the Devine-Mortimer Cecil productions, which did not fool me for a second. I know Mr. C. has sent out that word to cover up things. . . .

May 4: How true it is that every cloud has a silver lining, as the saying is. When I went to the Ultra-Acme "plant" today, where the casting director gave me a "leer" and asked me why I did not get another job while waiting,—which could only mean one thing,—a very fascinating young man caught up with me outside. He looks very much like Ronald Colman and Mr. Menjou, but with more of the style of Ben Lyon, and of course I would not of spoken with him for worlds. But if my



Mr. G. entertained me with a witty trick he has of wiggling his ears.



vanity case didn't open and spill out everything I owned! "All is vanity" as the saying is, and I had 23 things in the bag, not counting money. I could not help him being a gentleman and helping me pick up the 23 things. So we had lunch together.

He said he knew women liked to be independent so he would permit me to pay my own check without quarrelling about it and making me feel "cheap." Well, it is something to meet a man of the world which does not think women are men's mere "toys," only I was rather sorry I had ordered butter Scotch pie.

He is very serious and High Minded, and he says the surface of the movie "game" hasn't been scratched yet. He has grown up with the "profession" as you might say, as his sister has made quite a hit as one of the bridesmaids in "Abie's Irish Rose." One would think with such a background he would not have to be hanging around the "lots" without a part. But such is the case. I told him I was importantly cast in L. M. C.'s new one, and he gave me a serching look and I told him I was not the kind of a girl who would do anything to get a part, but had insisted on meeting Mrs. Cecil before I would consent to act for her husband. I told him I was not in the habit of going to lunch with men like I did he, but that I knew "life" and saw at once he was "different." He said he saw I was "different" too. We are going to the movies tomorrow night. He says it is important to keep in the "atmosphere" out here, and I told him what a success I had been as atmosphere in cabaret scenes ever since I came. . . .

May 5: Did not go to the U. A. studios today as there is no use letting them think I am anxious to act for them. Had a lot of things to do to get ready for my "date" tonight. Also wrote Avery I was going out with a big theatrical man and hope

he will not get the wrong idea but will simply see how much fuller of important events my life is than Millie Strong's. Mr. Guliver, that is his name, and I had a nice time at the show, I having paid the admission, he having only a large Bill. It is very nice being on an equal footing with men. He said all the stars always insisted on paying her own way and that was one thing that had raised the salaries of lady movie stars. He knows a lot about "professional" life and says it is quite pitiabile how little screen people really know. Just the other day he heard two big men on the "lot" wondering who should get the money for the screen rights to Bible stories, when anyone who had traveled like him would know it would be the giddyens. . . .

May 6: Told to report at L. M. C.'s "set" tomorrow, but that assistant did not call in person, knowing I was not the kind of a girl which would stand for any kind of freshness. Am very thrilled anyway. My money is practically gone, as going around with Mr. Guliver is so expensive as so many times he has only a large Bill. But I am always glad he looks on me as a "pal" and not a girl which could be bought. He keeps telling me I will go "far" and with his background it would be foolish not to believe him. . . .

May 7: How exciting it all was on the "set" today with Murial Devine and all the people who are to work with me in "Passion's Loneliness," which is what they are going to call "Love's Lonely Passion," which is made from "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Cecil read the script and told us to forget "Robinson Crusoe," which was easy when he had told us what it had been made into. As Muriel is a girl and not a man star, she is going to be changed into *Roberta Crusoe*, a real modern "flapper" which her family can do nothing with. She goes on a wild yahting party and is ship-

wrecked and is the only one saved, except a monkey like John Barimore had recently, and that is the "human interest." She is on a beautiful dessert island and after she has learned to trap rabbits in a few days and made them into a dress, which Mr. C. said was necessary for the Pennsylvania sensors, a man comes along. This is *Friday* but he is not a negro. Just a nice boy which has been shipwrecked there before her. That is where the strong "sex" interest comes in, for they battle to decide whether it is all right to consider themselves wed in the eyes of God there in the wilderness, or whether it is really necessary to have a minister. And then just as they have decided it is not, another yaht comes and I am on it. I am just a pure little country girl, *Friday's* sister, and when he sees me, he thinks of this other girl *Roberta Crusoe* and of how she might well be some man's sister, and of the wrong he was going to do her, and he does not do her the wrong he was going to do her after one look at me in a close-up. So I am really the important person in the picture, and I am very thrilled. Even if I do have just one close-up, I am very thrilled because *Friday* is acted



His landlady gave me a serching look, but I said:  
"I am here on business only."



I stepped right up and said I could get him a man who could wiggle his ears perfectly.

by Ted Powers, who is called "the virel man of the screen," and I know he will inspire me to give all that is in me to that close-up, which is no more than my public will deserve.

It will always be a satisfaction to me when these words are printed when I am a star that here in black and white will be the record of one girl who is a success without "paying the price" for fame. As soon as I can afford it, I am going to take an apartment, for I know it would be a good thing to invite "the virel man of the screen" up and rehearse my close-up. But I could never do it in the parlor of this rooming-house, for not any of the roomers would understand. I suppose if Mr. P. ever came simply and honestly to call, they would think all sorts of things and accuse me of getting this important part in "Passion's Loneliness" because there is something between us. I will make it a rule never to get into such a state of mind, and I can swear I never saw Mr. P. "in person" until today.

Had another letter from Mamma. She says she and Papa have been to the Bijou Rose every night since Avery got back and told them I had become an actress, and they have not seen me on the screen yet. She said they are wondering whether the manager is keeping back my pictures on purpose. I wrote her it would be just like him.

But the fact is that it is a little hard to know for sure, because I have never been able to find out the names of any of the pictures where I was "atmosphere." It is only the stars which know the names of pictures and the assistant directors, unless a girl has an appeal for an assistant director such as me and can get the inflammation out of him. The real directors have too much on his mind to remember details like the names of their pictures. Every time Mr. C. wanted to know the name of his picture today, he asked his assistant. I know this assistant would tell me anything I wanted to know, but long ago (Continued on page 120)

# The Delectable Mountains

By

Struthers  
Burt

Illustrated by  
Ernest Fuhr

## The Story So Far:

AT the home of his old friend and instructor the critic Vizately, Stephen Londreth encountered Mercedes Garcia. And so began this strange romance of a ranchman and a chorus girl: of, first, Stephen Londreth, born of the wealthy old Philadelphia Londreths, who had fled a narrow life of old-family conventions for the solitude and freedom of a Wyoming ranch. When his sister Molly, who had made a failure of one marriage, wished to marry a very decent French nobleman and asked her family for the conventional European *dot*, and was refused, Stephen journeyed back to Philadelphia in an endeavor to straighten the matter out. And then had occurred his meeting with Mercedes.

Mercedes was the daughter of a janitor and odd-job man who had lived up to his name of Wiggins except when he married the daughter of a Spanish fruit-merchant named Garcia. The Spanish girl had become a Wiggins too; but the daughter Mercedes had eventually fled the janitorial ménage; and possessing much beauty and some brains had achieved place in a New York chorus. She lived with Hazel Tourneur, a sister chorister. And—as she demonstrated when a painter named Hastings became importunate—she had learned how to send men about their business.

"I—I'm stupid at this," said Stephen, talking alone with Mercedes at a party shortly after his first meeting with her. "I—I don't know where to begin."

And finally: "It's you I want," he finished breathlessly. "That's what I'm trying to say."

"For long?"

"As long as you want."

Her eyes were averted. She raised them suddenly.

"All right. . . . You— Yes. . . . All right."

She smiled at him, but back of her smile he could see nothing except a dumb and dogged sort of acquiescence.

The lights swam in Stephen's brain. He felt his heart leap. "I don't believe you understand me," he stuttered. "I'm d-doin' my best to ask you to marry me."

A few weeks later the marriage took place; and after perfunctory visits to the Wigginses and to Stephen's annoyed family in Philadelphia, Stephen and Mercedes set out for Wyoming.

Not long after their arrival an unscrupulous land-development scheme, engineered in Stephen's absence by certain real-estate sharks, forced him to sell his beloved ranch and move to another property he held—a place more remote and inaccessible. There Mercedes continued her earnest endeavor to learn the ways of this new life, so different from anything she had hitherto known.

But there were difficulties between Stephen and Mercedes. Once, when he laughed at a pocket dictionary she was carrying,

**IN this singularly penetrating novel of a modern girl and her warring with life, Mr. Burt has done his finest piece of work since "The Interpreter's House," and that novel was by astute critics declared one of the best stories of its year. In the present installment Mercedes Londreth, Mr. Burt's heroine, makes her greatest promise—to a man—and to herself.**

there was a quarrel. One evening later, on a camping trip, he was moved to say: "Look here. Do you love me? Did you ever love me?" "Didn't I marry you?" she retorted. "Didn't I come out here? What more do you want? It's up to you now."

When they returned to the ranch, Stephen found a telegram from his sister's friend Mary Ward announcing her arrival that week for a visit. And Mary, so distinctly a girl of Stephen's own class, perhaps seemed to explain him to Mercedes. At any rate, after Mary had gone, Mercedes announced that she wished to go back to New York for a time alone.

She refused the money with which Stephen tried to provide her; she wished to provide for herself as she had used to. And so the two, in entire outward friendship and in complete inward misunderstanding, said good-by.

Mercedes, however, found it difficult indeed to resume her old career. Her old employers and the new ones she sought alike had no place for her in that October season. It was about the time that Stephen wrote Vizately he was coming East for a visit that Mercedes' old admirer the artist Hastings obtained a position for her through his influence with the moving picture producer Schlerkin. (*The story continues in detail:*)

"I THINK"—Vizately, establishing himself in Mercedes' only large chair, spoke bitterly—"you're the queerest girl I've ever known."

Mercedes, sitting opposite in a straight chair near the window, her feet side by side on the floor, her hands in her lap, her attitude that of a small girl who has been caught out by a preceptor, looked blankly innocent.

"Why?"

"Because"—Vizately was still breathing heavily from his climb of three flights—"you've been here exactly two months and a week without letting me see hide or hair of you, and I'd never even have known you were here if I hadn't got a letter from your equally queer husband yesterday."

Mercedes placed one ankle over the other and twisted a handkerchief between her fingers. She studied this operation carefully before she looked up.

"I was coming to see you very soon," she said, "but somehow—I don't know—I've been so busy. I—"

"Don't lie to me," interrupted Vizately sternly. "Whatever you try to do, don't lie to me. I'm extraordinarily clairvoyant, as you know. Do you want me to tell you what I know?"

"Yes," said Mercedes hesitatingly and a trifle sullenly.

"Well, then,"—Vizately raised his head,—"*I discovered that you returned to this city early in October; I also discovered that you attempted to obtain your old job without success; and finally I discovered that two weeks ago you found a job with*





"I'm sorry," said Mercedes, "but if I didn't tell you now, I'd forget it."

the movies out in Long Island, and that every day you leave this house at eight A. M. and do not return until late in the afternoon. Is that correct?"

"Yes," said Mercedes faintly and even more sullenly. "You know too darned much."

"It isn't a quarter of what I'm going to know," Vizatelly stared at the ceiling. "I think it's silly of Stephen not to write you more."

Mercedes flushed. "He does write me," she objected angrily.

"Oh, yes," Vizatelly's tones were contemptuous. He was delighted with the success of his shot in the dark. How extraordinarily easy it was to find out about people if only you were willing to take the trouble! An interview with Fraser, the theatrical agent; an interview with the baldheaded Mr. Erntz, with whom Vizatelly was fairly well acquainted; an interview with the extremely voluble Mrs. Tatnall, Mercedes' landlady; and these few words with Mercedes herself—and Vizatelly felt that, in connection with what he already knew of Mercedes and Stephen, he had a fairly accurate knowledge of the situation.

Here was a muddle in which without question pride and misunderstanding had been among the more important factors. And although Vizatelly had few delusions concerning marriage in general, he was sorry, laying aside questions of friendship in this particular case. Despite what he had said to Stephen in the beginning, second thought had made him hope that in some way,

not very clearly seen, this experiment would turn out well. Mercedes and Stephen were exceptional people. There were untapped sources in both, that if made to flow a little side by side, might produce an instance of some degree of happiness in a universe not too marked by such instances.

Mercedes was staring out of the window, framed by dirty imitation lace, at the early December dusk creeping up the walls of the houses opposite. Now she turned again toward Vizatelly, a grave smile twisting her lips as if she had reached a conclusion.

"You're pretty sweet," she said. "I'd forgotten how sweet you are. I've learned something about real friends in the last two months. I'm glad you came to see me; yes, I lied. I wouldn't have come to see you. I'd have been afraid of you." She leaned forward, her hands locked between her knees.

Vizatelly brooded, his heavy chin sunk forward upon his hands gripped about the curve of his cane.

"And what do you want to do now?" he asked. "Be a great movie actress? Is that your plan?"

Mercedes hesitated.

"I wish I took more interest in it," she said. "I've thought a lot about it, but I can't make up my mind. Of course, I don't know much about it." She took a cigarette out of a little silver box Stephen had given her, and struck a match, the flame

cutting a luminous hole in the increasing darkness. "Want the lights turned on?"

"Oh, no, thanks. I'm quite comfortable. Go ahead."

"Well, I don't see much sense to it except making money, and that would take years. It's fun in a way, but you haven't got any audience. You don't feel the theater and all the people about you."

"Ah!" ejaculated Vizately. "You've put your finger on it, my dear. You're a dancer." He touched thoughtfully with a finger Mercedes' knee. "Going to have dinner with me tonight, and go to a play afterward?"

"I can't. I've got an engagement."

"Tomorrow night, then—Saturday?"

"No, I'm going into the country—motoring. Sunday?"

"All right, Sunday."

Vizately rose to go, but changed his mind and sat down again.

"Mercedes, I want to say something to you, my dear, and you won't think I'm an interfering old goat. No, you promised you wouldn't. It's pretty serious."

Mercedes stirred uneasily.

"You see, you've made about as important a decision as a woman can make—you've chosen a career ahead of anything else; and once you do that, it's got to be a pretty brilliant career, hasn't it?"

"Why?"

"Simply because otherwise you won't come anywhere near to being satisfied. You'll have to work like the devil."

Mercedes sighed impatiently. "Oh, I know all that. I'm going to just as soon as I get the chance."

"No, you don't know it," contradicted Vizately emphatically. "In the first place, there's no such thing as waiting for a chance for the real artist; and in the second place, from now on, you must make up your mind that you will so think and do that you can meet anyone, even that black idol Aronson, on an equal footing. Let me tell you two secrets of life: always come into a thing from the top, if you can, not the bottom—there's more room; and get firmly fixed in your mind that, tragic as it may be, if you try to think honestly and carefully, even your most foolish thoughts are likely to be wiser than a good many other people's best. I'm not preaching egotism—heaven forbid! I'm preaching self-confidence. The young think of the world as a dangerous, difficult place; on the whole, it is only a silly, dangerous place, where the real difficulty usually lies mostly in yourself. Conquer that, and you have indeed conquered a city. And as for changing, I'm not asking you to change fundamentally, which probably is an impossible task; I'm merely asking you to keep on going."

His voice died away in the darkness, and for a moment there was no response.

"What am I going to do to get this?" asked Mercedes. Her words trembled as if she was trying to keep back tears. "I want to learn; I've wanted to learn, all my life."

"Oh, God bless you!" began Vizately in troubled accents, and then controlled himself. "Yes, I know you have."

"I want to learn because I want to be good at anything I do. Perhaps it's too late to be a fine dancer, but I might be an actress."

She stood up and turned on the lights.

"How can I be a successful woman?"

Vizately stood up too and smiled at her.

"Well, I can't tell you just now; I'll have to think it over. And it's getting late, if you have an engagement. But we'll start by your coming to my rooms whenever you have a spare hour to read and talk as you used to. And I'll tell you the utter truth about yourself as I see it—that will be another thing. You won't get angry, will you? No, for you're one of the few women I've ever seen to whom the truth can be told. You take punishment. That's one reason why I'm interested in you." He bowed over her hand and straightened up with a wrinkled brow. "Aphorisms,



too," he said largely. "Aphorisms, such as I have been boring you with." He laughed. "Perhaps I'll start you on the Book of Job. No, no, that would be too pessimistic to begin with. Proverbs first, Job afterward. Good-by, my darling child—Sunday, then?"

Mercedes accompanied him to the door. He smiled, patted her cheek and slowly descended the shabby, badly lit stairs that creaked under his footsteps. "For a man just a couple of years over forty," he was saying to himself, "I'm prodigiously mature in my actions. It must be my weight. Patting their cheeks! Calling them 'My children!' Well, never mind, even if she doesn't become a great actress, she'll have twice as good a chance with Stephen or any other man. She has the foundations of largeness—'Whoso loveth instruction hath knowledge, but he that hateth reproof is brutish.'"

He came to the ground floor and opened the door. A man in a dark coat, with a white-silk evening muffler about his throat, was standing by the bell.

"Hello, Charles," said Vizately. "What evil are you up to?" Hastings smiled. "I might ask the same question."

"Evil, unfortunately," sighed Vizately, "is not in my line. I have been visiting the wife of an old friend of mine—Stephen Londreth."

"Mercedes Garcia?"

"That was her maiden name."

"I'm taking her out to dinner tonight. I got her a job in the movies."



Stephen paid Mercedes compliments now—winged and slightly wicked ones. She had not heard such talk since her marriage.

"Did you? Well, be good. I'm her official chaperon in New York, you know."

Hastings snorted. "A fine chaperon you are!"

"Never a better."

Vizatelly started to descend the narrow brownstone steps, but halfway down stopped and turned about.

"Look here," he called.

Hastings, finally greeted by a careless maid, paused.

"Well?"

"I was going to give you an invitation. I haven't seen you since last spring, and I'm just about all out of art talk. I haven't an idea what the boys in the studios are doing. Lunch with me tomorrow?"

"I can't. I have an engagement."

"Dinner then?"

"No, I'll be away all day. Motoring. Out to the country."

"Nature-lover!" accused Vizatelly lightly, and proceeded, a ponderous, shadow-making figure, toward the flowing incandescence of Fifth Avenue. . . .

Something Scotch-Irish, a real delight in work for work's sake, the mystic unrest that had stirred her ancestors to read and study without any obvious end in sight, seized Mercedes during the following three weeks. The impulse was aided by the fact that the principals of "A Woman's Man"—the motion picture in which she was acting—remained still mysteriously somewhere on location and in consequence there was nothing for Mercedes to do at the studio out on Long Island until after the first of the year.

Hastings was puzzled, amused and languidly ironic.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

Mercedes' delicate jaw shot out at an angle that would have pleased several forgotten crofter parsons who had once strengthened the Wiggins family tree.

"If you know a little something," she replied, "you're ready for anything that comes along. I never realized until lately how darn' dumb I am."

Hastings grinned and chuckled.

"Well, as a blue-stock, darling, you'll be exceedingly piquant and dangerous. That is—for men of my type."

"What's a blue-stock?"

"A pretty lady who suddenly decides (Continued on page 157)





Illustrated  
by  
Howard  
Chandler  
Christy

"YOU sign here," said some one. It was the sacristan who pressed the pages open with gentle respect for them and dipped a fresh pen for Lucia.

"Does this marry me still more?" she asked, half-gayly, half-tremulously, smiling into his quiet, unimportant face.

The sacristan had seen many brides. St. Chrysostom's was a great church, and though its congregation was fashionable, the shifting crowd of the city drifted through its huge oak doors. The shadow of a steady procession of brides was in his eyes as he looked at Lucia with her armful of lilies and her exquisite bridal veil, lifted now.

"Marry you more?" he repeated, and his faint smile was the merest dulled echo of her own. "No. This is the registry, the Bride Book, we call it. All the brides sign here. This is the record."

Lucia was unaware of the procession in the mind of the sacristan. It was the moment when she felt singled out by all the world, when newspapers were carrying special dispatches about her wedding, when extra policemen had been delegated to rope back crowds of curious and uninvited people, when the whole universe seemed given over to the proper carrying out of Lucia Farwell's marriage. The placid little man guarding his book was somehow out of tune.

"All the brides?" she quoted, half-unconsciously.

"We use a fresh page for each marriage," said the sacristan, "though it is not always necessary, for sometimes there are very few witnesses."

Lucia turned back a page.

"Catherine Raymond," she said, "Arnold Chisholm. When were they married?"

"Yesterday."

"But we had a rehearsal here yesterday."

"After that," he smiled. "It was a very simple wedding." Lucia looked down at Catherine Raymond's signature. It was curved, controlled writing, slanting a little and evenly respectful to its capitals.

"Was she old?" asked Lucia. "She writes so carefully."

"She seemed very young."

"Lulu—sign!" broke in Jerrold impatiently. "They're clamoring for you out there. It's just a matter of form. Don't take it so seriously."

"Lulu—sign!" broke in Jerrold. "They're clamoring for you out there."

# The Bride Book

By Margaret Culkin Banning

No one writes of youth with more understanding than Mrs. Banning, and when she concerns herself with married youth, as here, she finds echo in the hearts of all young married people who read the story. We all know this Lulu of hers; we all know Jerrold. Their trouble is that they don't know themselves. Perhaps now they will.

Lucia plunged her pen again into the ink and wrote her name in her sprawling, confident manner. Then she turned again to the grave little sacristan who was waiting to blot her signature, still heavy with ink.

"Good-by," she said lightly.

"And good luck to you," said the sacristan, in as commonplace a tone as if Lucia needed luck—when she had everything in the world already!

"I hope I'll be a credit to the Bride Book," Lucia answered in the whimsical, teasing way that made people love her, and then Jerrold swept her away.

The sacristan saw that all the signatures were added in proper order and that the ink was dry. The crowd vanished at length, and through the open door the heavy scent of wearying flowers came to him. He looked again at the signatures of the Farwell-Wilton wedding, the heavy, careless writing of assured people covering nearly the whole page. Then for some reason he turned back, as Lucia had, to the previous page.

The sacristan could remember the face of that girl, so wondering, so fearful, so exalted. Back another page. That marriage had been one of an old man to a girl. Turn again and again, back through the record. It was like going over stories for the sacristan—pleasant, amusing, romantic. There was the ink-blotted page that

events, of nuptial festivity for the Farwell-Wilton party, went on, through most of the night; through the reception and the hysteria of at least one chef who saw an awkward waiter drop a tray of cakes which had been fashioned with superskill into the shape of orchids; through the tedium of the twenty or thirty phrases proper for the reception-line; through the real beginning of gayety when ushers and bridesmaids were released from all further obligations and went to the ballroom; through the efforts of newspaper women eager for one new unreported detail.

Every item was prearranged: The bride and groom slipped away in obvious secrecy; the motor was ready at the exact moment they required it, and some few hours later a great liner bore them magnificently out to sea.

"You've failed," said Lucia, "so you want everyone else to fail. You are jealous—that's your trouble!"

recorded the Kane-Gondi wedding two years ago. A heady, shocking affair, that, pushed through by the infatuated Kane girl. It had brought St. Chrysostom's into very undesirable publicity, especially since the marriage ended so soon in scandal and disaster. The sacristan frowned at the ink-blots and turned another page. They came and they went, with their looks of love or devotion or hope or fear, these people who wrote across his record. Sometimes, indeed, they came twice into the book. He closed the registry at last and put it carefully on its proper shelf in the little safe, swinging shut the door.

That was his part, all he had to do with it. But as he closeted the records in the abandoned hush of the church, the great chain of planned



Jerrold Chandler Christy  
1925

LUCIA was used to observation. From the time she was a little girl, she had often been conscious of peeping cameras when she was at the seashore, when she walked with her mother, when she was helping with some bazaar or League affair. Observation never troubled her. At least, it never had. She had taken it as all her family took it, without conceit, as one of the things that went naturally with great wealth. She had not minded the publicity attendant on her wedding. But now in these luxurious rooms in the middle of the ocean, she shivered. It was their fourth night out, and after dinner.

"Jerry," she said suddenly, "I'm simply not going out on deck again. I'm not going to the table again."

"Seasick?" he asked, looking at her in surprise, and Lucia answered that question with her appearance, her glowing cheeks and clear gray eyes, as she drew herself out of a heap of cushions.

"I'm never sick," she said indignantly.

Jerrold was not much older than Lucia, passing her twenty years with perhaps four added of his own. He had the uncertain, swaggering carriage of a boy who is still unused to his own height, and an unreserved, quickly changing face. The Farwells had made some gestures of deterrence when Lucia had announced her plans. It was youth which they objected to, and yet there was something in the very youth of the pair that made the marriage charming. Jerry, out of college a scant twelvemonth, did everything well and nothing importantly. As a Wilton he was of consequence, but only years would tell whether he was to mature into one of the sure, progressive Wiltons who had kept the family in the ranks of the country's leaders for two generations, or whether he would become of the erratic, worthless Wiltons who had to be written off as dead loss in the family annals every now and then. There was a splendid fortune, but Lucia did not need that. In some ways even Lucia must take her chance, it appeared.

"What's the idea of staying cooped up here, then?" asked Jerrold, looking around him at that portion of the "coop" which was the parlor of their suite and costing a fortune a day for its cushioned privacy.

"I'm tired of being looked at," said Lucia; "I'm tired of their silly stares. I'm tired of those snooping people at the table with us. Can't stir without a finger pointing at you!"

Jerry laughed.

"You're self-conscious, Lulu," he replied easily; "you can't help their looking at you, you know."

"I can keep out of sight," she declared.

"They're dancing, Lulu," Jerrold reminded her. The remembered sway of the music was in his very voice. He had come in to take her back within sound of it. Jerrold loved to dance.

"Let them," she answered sulkily; "I'm not going out."

"But you don't honestly mean you're going to stick around in this hole? I tell you, Lulu, that orchestra's corking."

She caught that casual, sidelong glance he gave into the little mirror beside him, even as he urged her.

"You needn't stay, unless you want to," she said coldly.

"But what's the matter?"

She could hardly tell him. At Miss Fleming's school they had been given so few words to describe the gamut of emotions that she hardly knew why so suddenly she felt the need of inconspicuousness, of privacy. She had never felt it before, but now she wanted to be alone with Jerrold; and everywhere they turned, every time they walked on deck, every time they entered the dining-room, she could see people pointing them out, watching them, speculating about them, the size of their joined fortunes, their very feelings. She herself had heard comments, curious, intimate comments that somehow outraged her.

So, being unable to tell him what was wrong, she said: "Nothing."

"I can't see that there's anything to be sore about," Jerry went on, fumbling, like his bride, with his own limited set of phrases. "Everybody's crazy about you. Come on. You've got mental seasickness; that's your trouble."

HE put his awkward boy's hands on her shoulders, and her face lighted as she lifted it to him.

"There now," he said comfortably, "put on that snake-charmer's dream of yours, and let's go out and knock 'em cold."

"Oh, let's stay here," she persisted, curling her feet under her.

"But there's nothing to do."

"We could read. There's a lot of books lying around."

"You're the captain, Lulu. All right."

He read intermittently for twenty minutes, then stirred and yawned. "I think I'll get some cigarettes."

"Ring for a boy, why don't you?"

"No, I'll get them and a breath of air, and be right back."

She knew it was escape as clearly as if she had been through the experience many times before. So she waited, glancing now and then at the little diamond-circled watch on her wrist. A half-hour passed, and he had not come back. Lucia's book slid to the floor. She went into her little bedroom and stood looking at the open wardrobe-trunk, already disordered, for Lucia was not used to caring for her own clothes. Then she chose a dress she had not worn before, and a coat which no one had seen, and went out of the room and on deck. After she had gone half the length of the boat she could hear the music—eager, excited music, full of perverse rhythms and strangely unlike the even stresses of the waves as they rose around the ship in their rhythmic, living motion.

Through the windows Lucia could see the dancing. She was ashamed to watch for Jerrold, and yet she knew she would stand here in her casual way until she knew whether he was there or not. Yes, he was, dancing with Miriam Kane. He knew all about Miriam Kane, too. Everyone knew about her, and the outlines of the ugly marital escapade she had been dragged through, achieving, finally, the right to resume her maiden name. Jerry had met her long ago on some house-party or other and introduced her to Lucia only yesterday. She had looked them both over with that quiet air of appraisal which she affected. But she was beautiful and she could dance, and she did not seem to care what people said. Hard as nails.

Lucia gave them one more look as they swung past her again. Miriam's hair was done as simply as a farm-girl's, and her dress was straight and plain and faintly pink. Jerry had on his "dancing look," the one Lucia teased him about, with his eyes half-closed. Lucia felt the red flaming in her cheeks even in the dark, and she went back along the deck. As she turned in to her room, a man, passing, recognized her swiftly and bowed. He was one of the men at her own table, a somewhat suave gentleman, one of the sort that seems to make a specialty of acquaintance-ships and was always ready with a mutual friend or an introduction.

"Pleasant night, isn't it, Mrs. Wilton?"

"Very."

"Going to dance?"

"No," she said, with an accent that she realized was somehow wrong, "not tonight."

She wondered if he would notice Jerrold, if he would smile, if little rumors would begin to spin around. Lucia knew how they began.

BACK in her own room she pushed up a window as far as it would go, and stood listening to the beat of the sea and watching the waves. She was only twenty and only four days married, and already she had been thrown into the company of emotions which she had never been taught how to meet, emotions which frightened her and seemed to rise above her control as the crests of the waves rose over the black troughs below.

She loved Jerry. That was why she did not want to see people or have them stare at her. Her love, to her, was a precious secret—and they all gaped at it. And now Jerry, on this fourth night, was already restless with her, already eager for music, for some one to dance with him.

The door clicked, and she heard him behind her.

"Sure you won't dance?" he asked, a little out of breath. "The old steam calliope is going fine tonight. Come on, darling."

"Who were you dancing with?"

"Miriam Kane."

"You certainly must be low in your mind," said Lucia scornfully.

"That girl can surely dance."

Lucia shrugged.

"Lulu," coaxed the boy, "honest, you'll get sick if you stay in here. If you won't dance, let's go out on deck, anyway."

He had a bewildered look. If she had but known, his mind was a jumble of ideas about girls and their contrariness, and what he had heard about women and the moods they got into, and the jokes people told about married life and all that. He was shy with Lucia, shy of his own half-grown emotion which had been tested by no resistance or obstacle. He liked to dance with Lucia—of course she knew that—or even to sit on deck in the dark with her.

"Think I'm going to play second fiddle to Miriam Kane?" said Lucia.

For she too had heard about marriage and seen motion-pictures of women handling men, and in her mind as well as his was





"But Lulu," Jerrold protested, "Délacroix is all right. He's one of your best boosters."

the kaleidoscopic vision of fragments of advice read or overheard about how to treat a husband.

"I thought you had more sense, Lulu. I only stopped for a minute, and she asked me if I didn't want to jig around a bit, and so I did. You said you didn't want to."

She could sense in his voice his faint irritation at the turn the talk had taken, sense under his explanation the note of grievance. And though she was only twenty, she bit her lip to keep back the next sentence, aimed very directly at Miriam Kane. Wisdom began to stir in her. This was her husband; she mustn't quarrel!

"All right, I'll go dance," she said suddenly, and he caught her in his rough young arms and kissed her, and ten minutes later on the crowded floor people pointed them out.

The girls slid their eyes up and down Lucia's short embroidered dress; men standing on the side, looking bored or eager, let their glances pause on her face; Miriam Kane, dancing with her strange, affected swiftness, holding her body like an arrow, glanced at Lucia and then smiled at Jerrold. Lucia saw no one. She saw nothing but Jerrold's "dancing face" with its lazy eyes half-closed.

Lucia was moving with the music as perfectly as he, somehow finding grace and beauty in the tangled pattern of the air. But deep in her stalked her first fear, walking in as coolly upon her married life as if she had not been a great heiress and beautiful and a bride, "with everything in the world."

"Didn't I tell you they were playing (Continued on page 131)

# Timarti

By  
Samuel Scoville Jr.

Illustrated by  
Charles Livingston Bull

IT was on a starless, misty night that one of the many babies of the Maikal jungle came to earth. His mother was a crafty old cow of the elephant herd, which ranged through a thousand square miles of that Sumatran forest; she had the sunken temples and ragged ears which mark an elderly elephant, as white hairs do a human.

Although the newborn calf stood only three feet high on his wobbly legs, with his milk-tusks just showing on either side of his funny pink mouth, yet he was of the blood royal, for his father was none other than the leader of the Maikal herd himself, the oldest, wisest and largest animal on all that great island.

From the day of his birth the little newcomer showed that joy of life which makes an elephant baby the happiest of all the wild-folk children, and before he could walk he had begun to learn the lessons of his clan. Unlike human babies, he went to bed at dawn when the frogs croaked and brayed and drummed, and a thousand wild voices welcomed the rising sun. At six months he was weaned, and his mother taught him to eat grasses and to pick jungle fruits with the flexible finger at the end of his trunk, and to spray himself all over with water whenever he came to a pool. Then, soon after that, he shed his milk-tusks and had left only the little knobs which some day would become the mighty ten-foot tusks of a full-grown elephant.

It was his mother, too, who taught him to swim. One day when the sun's rays fell upon the jungle like molten lava, the old chief led his herd by secret trails to a little lake hidden in the heart of the forest like an aquamarine set in jade. Climbing to the top of a steep bank, the great bull solemnly sat down on his haunches, and with his enormous feet sticking straight out, slid down it like a toboggan, trumpeting with delight as he struck the blue water below. One by one the cows and the younger bulls followed his example, screaming like children, until only the baby elephant and the old cow were left. Again and again she coaxed her son to slide down like the others, but each time he backed away, fearful of the water below. At last, losing patience, she gave him a sudden push with her great head, and he shot squealingly down the slope into the pool. Churning desperately with all four feet, he found that he could swim, and no sooner had he reached the opposite bank than he scampered back again, and long after his elders had tired of the sport, coasted by himself, squeaking and squealing with delight.

Then came a day when that youngest of the Maikal herd learned that death is always lurking in the jungle, waiting for the unwary and the disobedient.

It was in the dusk just before the dawn. Great orchids gleamed overhead like colored stars among green clouds of bird's-nest ferns, and rainbirds with emerald eyes and cobalt-blue bills fluttered among the trees.

Wandering away from the rest of the herd, the little elephant and his mother found themselves in front of a bowl-shaped ravine bordered by a tiny brook and a beach of smooth sand, on the other side of which showed a lansat tree loaded down with its white fruit.

*In this story Mr. Scoville, one of America's foremost writers on subjects in natural history, reveals his intimate knowledge of the jungle and its monarchs the elephants. Nothing this magazine has published in recent years has elicited more favorable comment than these memorable animal stories by Mr. Scoville. Another may be looked for in an early issue.*

At the sight the small elephant rushed forward, and in spite of a warning rumble from the great cow behind, splashed through the brook and started across the bar beyond. Even as he stepped upon it, his feet sank out of sight in a quicksand, that most fatal of all traps for man or beast.

In a moment he was up to his knees. Vainly he tried to draw out first one foot and then the other, but with each effort sank deeper and deeper and squealed for help as he struggled. Instantly the gaunt cow had covered the space between them with her swift, drifting gait, and was testing the shifting sand with one of her great feet. Drawing it back, she braced herself against a boulder on the bank and wound her slate-gray trunk, ridged and rough as the bark of some old tree, around the calf's body. Then, throwing her weight against the rock, she tugged mightily. There

was a sucking sound as if the quicksand were smacking its lips, and the little elephant sank still deeper.

As the wet sand slithered against his small round barrel, he whimpered pitifully. It was as if the sound uncovered new strata of energy in the cow's great bulk. Twisting her trunk so tightly about him that it seemed almost to sink into his soft skin, she settled back upon her haunches with a pull into which she put every ounce of her enormous strength. The calf ceased to sink, but remained for a moment motionless, still held fast in the unrelenting grip of that deadly beach. Then, as the colossal muscles of the great beast stretched and hardened like steel bands, the fatal depths reluctantly yielded up their prey until he stood once again safe upon the bank, while the quicksand behind him heaved and shook as if in evil merriment.

It was hardly a week later that the jungle-baby learned that there were other dangers beside quicksands against which even the strength of his great mother was of no avail. Once again it was his appetite which led him into trouble. On a day when the rest of the herd were dozing in a cool spot in the depths of the jungle, he wandered about looking for food and found swinging from the lower branches of a little rambutan tree a gray globe from which a sweet, spicy smell drifted down. Stretching up his small trunk as high as he could reach, he pulled it down, dripping with honey, and was instantly covered by a cloud of the black, furious bees of the jungle, who found their way into the folds of his skin and stung him on every exposed part of his body as only the wild bees can sting.

Trumpeting and squealing, the calf dashed here and there through the jungle and at last took refuge in the pool where he had learned to swim. There he stayed a day and a night with only the tip of his trunk showing above the water until the rankling anguish of the stings was at last abated.

The months went by, and the young calf began to learn the lore of the jungle. Each day, under the leadership of the hundred-year-old bull, the herd would shift its feeding-ground. Sometimes they moved along the edge of a great river which ran between walls of unbroken green, where white cranes watched them solemnly from sand-bars, and troops of *wah-wah* monkeys rushed shrieking through the treetops beside the bank. Again they



Twisting her trunk tightly about him, she settled back with a pull into which she put every ounce of her strength.

would feed in hidden depths of the inner jungle, where through the dark came the moan of a hunting tiger or the grating, saw-like note which a hungry leopard gives when on his rounds.

Then came a night when, instead of feeding, the herd moved forward with that pacing gait which the *shikari* call the "long-step" and which eats up the distance like fire. Toward dawn, just as the rising sun showed through the trees like the opening of a furnace door, a heavy, strange odor drifted toward them through the warm air, sweet yet with a curious reek running through it that would have been unendurable to human nostrils.

Its effect on the herd was instantaneous. Quickening a pace already swift, they were soon going so fast that the little elephant had to gallop with all his might, and at last only managed to keep up by getting a firm grip on his mother's tail with his small trunk.

As they rushed through the jungle, the strange scent grew

stronger, and suddenly a medley of sounds began to be heard ahead. The bubbling, ringing shouts of biggoon monkeys, the growls of sloth bears and the grunts of wild pigs were mingled with a host of other cries and calls, all centering about a tree somewhat like an American elm, which towered seventy feet high and whose branches were loaded down with fruit the size of pineapples, fruit with green rinds covered by half-inch spikes. Every now and then there would be a thud as one struck the ground, followed by a rush and scramble among the various animals lurking about the tree, for the prize for which they contended was none other than the durian, the worst-smelling, best-tasting fruit in the world. Moreover its rich, creamy pulp arouses the mating instinct in those animals who eat of it, and gives them a desperate courage which often makes the space round a ripening durian tree a veritable battle-ground.





Suddenly there was a coughing roar, and out from the shadowed yellow grass sprang a ten-foot tiger.

That day, just as the elephant-herd reached the tree, a big durian struck the ground ahead of them, narrowly missing the keen, spiral horns of a black buck—who, with two of his does, had been lured to the tree by the scent of the magic fruit. Even as his sharp fore-hoofs pawed at the prize, with an indignant rumble the old bull of the elephant herd bore down rapidly upon him.

The black buck is the swiftest thing on four feet, besides being the finest swordsman of his large family. Yet no amount of speed or skill avails against the colossus of the jungle, and with an indignant hiss the buck flashed away, leaving the durian to the elephant.

With a light pressure of his great foot the leader of the herd split the spiked husk open and began to devour greedily the luscious pulp within. As he finished, he raised his trunk and trumpeted shrilly. At the sound the lesser beasts gathered beneath the tree scattered like dry leaves when the hot simoom blows.

One animal alone refused to retreat before his challenge.

As that most disagreeable of all wild-animal notes ripped through the air, there came from the underbrush beyond the durian tree a grunting squeal, followed by the rush of a two-ton rhinoceros.

Like his black brother of the African species, the Sumatran

rhino has two horns, the front one a curved and dreadful weapon nearly three feet in length; the shorter rear horn stands out from the beast's skull like a white bayonet.

Ordinarily the elephant and the rhinoceros avoid any encounters with each other, for a battle between the two may well be fatal to both. On that day, however, the love-philter had driven out every thought of caution from the drugged brain of the rhinoceros; and no beast that lives would have made the elephant retreat in the presence of his herd.

Again the shattering trumpet-note of the great bull sounded as with a wave of his trunk he cleared the arena for such a battle of monsters as must have often taken place in the days when the earth was young.

As the rhinoceros burst out of the bushes, less than fifty yards of level turf separated him from the black towering bulk of the elephant. Holding his armed and armored head close to the ground, his strange three-toed feet cutting deep holes in the turf, he looked like a torpedo-boat rushing down upon a battleship; nor did it seem possible that even the colossal bulk of the great bull could withstand his attack, for if once the rhino passed between the elephant's vast forelegs, like furrowed columns of black basalt, his horns would inevitably rip clear through the latter's vast paunch. Even if he only succeeded in piercing one of the great beast's knees, he would have won the battle, since



by reason of its great weight an elephant is unable to move if even one of his legs be disabled.

The old bull, however, awaited the approach of his antagonist with a certain calm assurance which seemed to indicate that during his century of years he had learned how to meet even the terrible charge of a rhinoceros. Curling his trunk up between his jaws out of harm's way, he swung his mountainous body so as to face that battle-tank of the jungle which was rushing down upon him.

Any other animal in the world, perhaps, would have tried to side-step the furious charge at the last moment. The wise old bull, however, knew that such tactics were not for beasts of his bulk. He stood motionless until the rhino was almost upon him. Then, just before the crushing impact of the snorting monster's great body, he knelt. As always, the rhino had closed his vicious little pig-eyes at the end of his charge, nor ever knew the counter to his attack which the wise brain of the elephant had devised. Timing his defense perfectly, the great bull thrust forward his long tusks buttressed by ten tons of bone and muscle, so that they pointed directly toward the armored breast of the rushing monster. The next instant there was a ripping sound as the rhino literally transixed himself upon the elephant's dreadful weapons, which, piercing the armor-plate hide of the charging brute, drove deep into its very vitals. With a dreadful, squealing scream the wounded animal struggled desperately to slash the elephant's forelegs with his curved horn, but the long tusks, backed by the bull's superior weight and strength, held him harmless. Then with another shattering trumpet-note of rage, the old bull struggled to his feet and with a tremendous effort heaved the dying rhino's great bulk clear of the ground and into a near-by thicket, and stood towering over the rest of the herd, his blood-stained tusks gleaming against his black hide, the unchallenged king of the jungle.

In the fight with the rhinoceros the great bull had shown those qualities of courage which every leader must possess. Yet, after all, the herd had been behind him, and the animal which he had worsted was less than half his size and weight. It remained for the old cow, worn by three-quarters of a century of bearing and battling, to encounter unsupported the most formidable of all those monstrous forms of force and fear which haunt the Maikal jungle, a beast unsurpassed in sheer ferocity by any mammal on the globe, and nearly her equal in strength.

In the dusk, one night, the river showed saffron bordered by pale beds of water-lilies. The swaying, plumed papyrus on the

banks rustled in the breeze, and a crimson moon shone dimly through the mist. Here and there great stars made lanes of light across the orange-copper water, which swirled and flashed as dark forms swam silently through its haunted depths. As the gaunt elephant drank deep, evil yellow eyes gleamed up at her through the topaz water. Yet not even the crocodiles, with their double rows of interlocked teeth, and armored twenty-foot bodies, dared to attack one of the elephant herd. Behind her great bulk the calf quenched his thirst, and when the two had drunk their fill, they started back through the jungle toward the hillside where the rest of the herd were feeding.

On their way back, the calf traveled in front where his mother could see him, since in the jungle it is not well for even an elephant to lose sight of her calf for an instant.

As they moved along, the old cow raised her trunk at intervals and winnowed every puff of air which came from the stretches of jungle and plain that lay before her. Though dull of hearing, and dim of sight, there are few living creatures which can surpass an elephant in keenness of scent. Suddenly the cow caught through her wide-spread nostrils a taint from a near-by thicket which brought her instantly to a standstill and made her rumble a warning to the calf which was pressing on ahead.

At the sound he turned and hurried back, but too late. Out from a thicket burst a chocolate-brown beast a good seven feet high at the withers, which brandished such a pair of fierce curved horns as help to make a bull saladang the most dangerous beast on earth today.

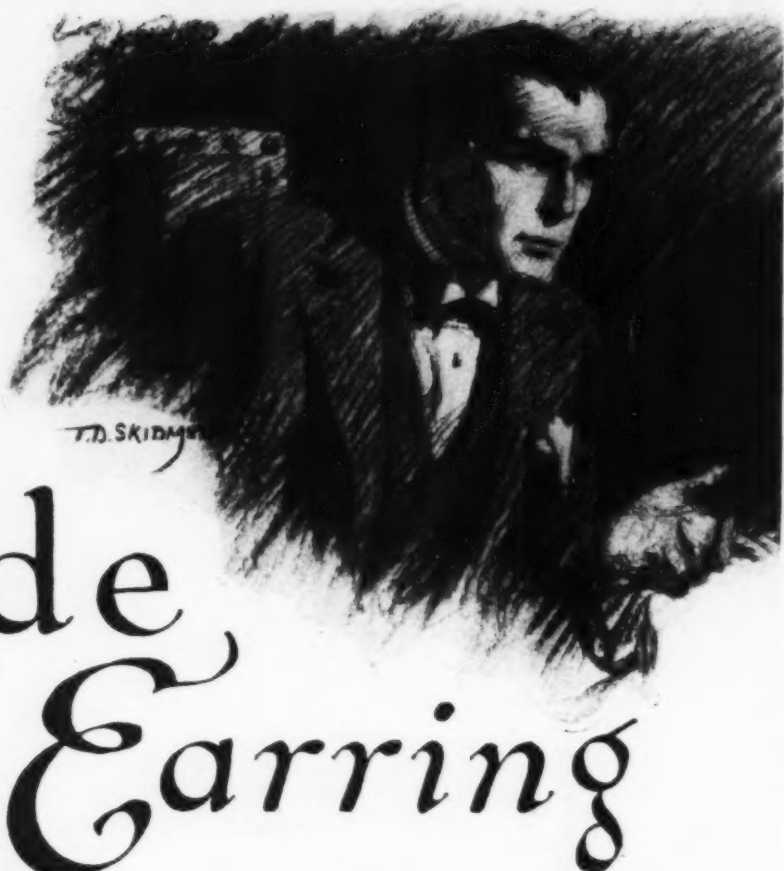
Largest and fiercest of all wild cattle, surpassed in size only by the elephant and white rhinoceros, with every sense abnormally keen, the saladang is a killer by nature. Before the calf could get back to its mother, one of the monster's curved horns gashed its chubby flank sharply, causing the fleeing animal to squeal with pain.

That sound, and the sight of the calf's danger, drove all thoughts of caution from the old cow's mind. With uplifted trunk, and trumpeting with rage, she rushed into a battle which even the leader of the herd would have avoided if possible.

The pursuit had aroused the great bison to that same pitch of fighting fury which possessed his ancestors, the aurochs, when they charged and scattered the legions of imperial Rome in the Black Forest two thousand years ago.

Checking his speed not a whit at the sight of the elephant's black bulk bearing down upon him in the moonlight, the saladang rushed forward like a racing car. Just (Continued on page 102)

OF late Dexter Drake has come to be one of the best-known detectives in America through Elsa Barker's stories of his cases that have appeared in this magazine. And here's the most engaging so far: Who killed Thaddeus Rodney? That was the question. But Drake found the answer.



# The Jade Earring

By Elsa Barker

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore.

Dexter Drake rose later than usual that morning. Since I had come to share the apartment of the great criminal-expert and help him in his cases,—it was precious little help I gave him, if you come to that, but he said the experience was good for me,—that was the first time the incomparable Patchen had brought my breakfast to my room.

"What's up?" I asked as the old assistant-sleuth-butler put down the tray on my night-table. "Am I supposed to be sick or something?"

"Mr. Drake's orders, sir. He's having his own coffee in bed, sir." I had glanced through my two or three letters, and was reaching for the newspaper, when Drake called me from the next room.

"Howard! Come in here. I've something to show you." The detective was sitting bolt upright against the headboard. Even in pajamas, he always looked ready to start for Kamchatka on ten minutes' notice. Once he did—or it may have been fifteen minutes'.

As I sat down beside the bed, he put out a slim brown hand with a letter.

"It came in the morning mail," he said.

The writing was that of an oldish man. I don't mean trembly, but you can generally tell. The address was on East Thirty-eighth Street, two blocks south of us, and the date was the day before.

"Mr. Dexter Drake," I read:

"My dear sir: Enclosed you will find my check for one thousand dollars, being payment in advance for a job of work, in your line, which I hope you will see your way to perform when the time comes.

"If you should hear of my death,—or when you hear of it, for I am a man of sixty-three and you must be still in the late thirties,—when you hear of my death, I want you to investigate it, if there should be the slightest questionable circumstance.

"I may be overapprehensive; my suspicions may be quite unfounded. That is why I shall say nothing further about them.

"Perhaps men of my age are given to fancies, when they have retired from business with more than enough money.

"Should you meet me anywhere, please do not refer to this

matter. It is not one which I care to discuss. And the canceled check, if you cash it, will be answer enough to this letter.

"Very sincerely yours,

"THADDEUS RODNEY."

As I returned it to Drake, "I wonder you don't lie in bed every morning," I said.

"But I shall send back the check!"

There was a look of surprise on the eagle face of my friend—that I should need to be told such a thing, I suppose.

"But who is Thaddeus Rodney?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know? He was one of those men in the Belhanger corner in coffee—got out with a couple of millions, they say. I don't know him personally. I showed you the letter—and the check; here it is—as a witness, in case something should really happen there some day. You never can tell. Now let's think about other things."

With one of his panther-lithe movements the detective went over the foot-rail. Old Patchen had come to the door of the bedroom, to say that his bath was ready.

Drake is like that; he either accepts a problem, or dismisses it from his mind.

Now, I generally take a walk after breakfast, when we are not very busy, and sheer curiosity made me turn south that morning and go through Thirty-eighth Street. That strange letter stuck in my mind. I wanted to see what sort of house Mr. Thaddeus Rodney lived in.

As I swung round his corner, I noticed a car drawn up to the curb, and a group of people; but I did not know they were standing before the Rodney house till I read the number over the door. The door was open. A policeman stood by it. My heart skipped a beat.

"What's the matter?" I asked a bystander.

"Man killed. Fell out of the third-floor back window. Owner of the house, they say. He may have been pushed out, or just fallen."

You know how a thing like that takes you—cold at the pit of the stomach. I wheeled round and stared up at that open





Drake leaned forward.  
"Excuse me, Mrs. Rodney. You are wearing only one earring."

doorway. Though it made no difference in the end (Drake would have come down there anyway, as soon as I told him the news), when I recognized the stout middle-sized figure of a man who was in the hall, a few feet from the door, I ran right up the steps. It was Inspector Sorby.

The policeman on guard barred my way. "Sorry, but you boys'll have to wait a bit."

"Oh, I'm not a reporter," I told him. "I'm Dexter Drake's assistant." The magic of that name worked—a little. The policeman wavered.

And just then Inspector Sorby turned and saw me. He did not ask me in; he came out on the steps instead. Though two inches shorter than I am, that stolid police inspector can be very impressive.

"Drake home?" he asked, and then as I nodded: "Get him right around here. Tell him he knows women better than I do. Quick as you can, Howard, before she has time to look in the glass. I'll keep her occupied, somehow."

You'll believe that I made a home run, and that is no figure of speech. In any other neighborhood but that near the Grand Central Station, where people catch trains, I might have been stopped.

The door of our apartment banged behind me, and I legged it

through the sitting-room and down the corridor to Drake's study, calling as I ran:

"Come quick! Sorby wants you! Thaddeus Rodney is dead."

"What?" The detective leaped out of his chair, and the bronze of his face went a shade lighter. "Then there *was* something in it!"

He rushed to the hall, and snatched up his hat.

But he made me walk back, not run.

As we went along, I told him the little I knew. Precious little it was.

"Whoever *'she'* is," he said, "I must not come into her presence flushed with hurry. This thing must have looked queer from the start. They would hardly send Sorby up there, to look after an accident case. Or, yes—they might, if the dead man was rather important. Not a word, my dear boy, to Sorby—about that letter, I mean. It would only confuse *their* issue, which, as you know, is not always the same as mine."

At the very front of that house on Thirty-eighth Street, on the ground-floor, was a little reception-room, and Sorby was standing in the door of it talking, talking against time, I knew, with some one inside, but he was keeping one eye on the open front door.

At the top of the steps Drake beckoned to the Inspector, who bowed an excuse to some one we could not see, and came forward to meet us.

Drake murmured to him: "The device we used in the Bailey case?"

Sorby's gray eyes opened wide. "Yes, yes. The very thing!" Then he took us into that little reception-room.

A dark, slender woman in a pale yellow gown—young, too, or not more than thirty. Very pale, very nervous. Wavy black-brown hair coiled low at the back of a long, graceful neck. Those were my first impressions of Mrs. Thaddeus Rodney.

And the earring!

I should have mentioned that, first, maybe—a long, slender carved earring of vivid green jade. One earring. The other was missing.

Sorby introduced Drake as his associate, then introduced me. "Will you tell Mr. Drake everything, Mrs. Rodney, precisely as you told it to me? I must go through the house, upstairs—

just a form, you know—before I make my report." Sorby bowed, and left us alone with her.

He is a clever man, that Inspector Sorby, though he hasn't Dexter Drake's subtlety.

Mrs. Rodney motioned us to be seated; then she sank down in a small padded chair.

I stole a glance at my friend, but his face was a mask of deferential politeness.

"Must I tell the whole story again?" Her voice trembled with excitement. "The Inspector knows it was an accident."

"Please, Mrs. Rodney. It will simplify everything."

I glanced down at her slender arms, which were bare to the elbow, and saw something that made me jump in my chair. There was a *long red scratch* on her left arm. A sharp fingernail would make just such a scratch. Drake, who sees everything, must have seen it.

"Some three minutes before—before it happened," Mrs. Rodney said, "I was in my room, the front room on the third floor; I had just come upstairs after breakfast. I heard my husband call me, from his room at the back of that floor. I went into his room—"

"Did you leave the door open?"

"No—he told me to close it. He had a dislike of drafts, and his window was open—that long French window. He asked me if I would play for him, at ten o'clock this morning. I said yes. Then he asked me the date of a dinner engagement we had with Mrs. Fairlee, an old friend of his, at the Hotel Astor. I told him the date, and he made a note of it on his memorandum pad. I left him, again closing the door behind me. I went back to my room, closed my own door. A minute later I heard a great screaming downstairs. The cook at the back kitchen window in the basement had seen—seen the—fall. I think my brother was still at breakfast in the dining-room, here on the ground floor. The servants were downstairs too."

I was doubtful of that story. On her left ear, the bare one, I had noticed another red scratch. "Before she has time to look in the glass," Sorby had said, and he never erred on the side of imagination.

"Was there no one, then, in the upper part of the house, except you and your husband?" Drake asked.

"I—I don't think so," she stammered, then hurried on: "I noticed, when I went into Mr. Rodney's room, that he was paler than usual, but I said nothing. He disliked any reference to his health. I knew that his heart was weak,—Dr. Bell told me so,—though he had not been examined for a long time. He must have had vertigo, gone to that window for air—and fainted—fallen."

"There's a floor above yours, a fourth floor, isn't there?"

"Yes; my brother sleeps up there, and—and a friend of his who is visiting us—visiting Tom. There are two rooms at the front. At the back are the servants' rooms."

"And you saw no one in the upper hall, or on the stairs?"

"No. I told you, I went right back to my room."

Drake asked where her brother was.

She gave a little start. "The back yard—the police doctor—"

So it was still out there!

"And your brother's friend, where was he, Mrs. Rodney?"

"I don't know."

"And where is he now?"

"I think he's down *there*—with my brother."

We learned that she had been married three years, that Thaddeus Rodney had one child by his first marriage, a son now traveling in Europe. She gave us the name and address of the dead man's lawyer.

"What do they do?" she faltered, "the police, I mean, in case of an accident? Will they—take him away?"

Drake bowed gravely. "There will be an autopsy, of course."

He had told me early that morning, you know, when he showed



me the letter, that Thaddeus Rodney had a million or two. This young woman, his widow, would be very rich, I thought.

She was certainly very handsome—pale as she was now. Her dark eyes, with the wandering look in them, would fascinate men.

Drake leaned forward. "You'll excuse me, I know, Mrs. Rodney. But you must have been dressing, I think, when you heard the alarm from below. You are wearing only one earring."

She put up her hand,—but toward the earring that *wasn't*,—caught her breath, flushed, looked from one of us to the other.

"I—I forgot—"

"You might," Drake suggested, "take off the one earring."

Was he thinking of the reporters, who might be there any moment? Or did he want her to believe that she was not under suspicion? For of course she *was* under suspicion.

When she took off the earring, I saw it was one of those patent things that attach with a screw. Her ear was not pierced.

"Thank you," she breathed. "It must have looked—odd—"

"But I have seen so many accidents, Mrs. Rodney. In the confusion and all, no one thinks of their clothes or ornaments."

She slipped the jade earring down the front of her dress, inside, for she had no pocket in that thin yellow muslin.

"May I go now?" She rose to her feet.

But Inspector Sorby was standing in the door of the little room. On his fleshy, irregular features, lineless but somehow unyouthful, was an expression of deep concern, of conscious responsibility.

"Mrs. Rodney," he said, "I have just found something which changes the nature of our investigation. The door to the roof is open; the roof communicates with neighboring roofs. Some one might have got in while you were at breakfast. I shall question the servants again."

Sorby's statement deceived me—until I remembered what Drake had said to him at the house door, about some device they had used in the Bailey case. So *that* was it! An excuse for a thorough inquiry.

But Mrs. Rodney was quite confused by it. She went red, then pale again. Sorby made no effort to detain her, and she left us.

"Did you find any clue in the dead man's room?" Drake asked the Inspector, when she was out of earshot.



The detective took that other jade earring from his pocket. "Mr. Rodney tore this out of your ear, didn't he?"

Three minutes, five minutes, passed, and with every moment his face grew more intense and the glance of his eye more piercing. Not a word passed his lips.

Then I saw him stoop and examine the grass, inch by inch, where it joined the stone flagging.

"A-ah!" Suddenly he pounced. He went down on his knees, flicked out his handkerchief, put something in it. Then he

carefully placed the handkerchief in his inside breast pocket.

"All right, Howard." He strolled carelessly toward me. "We'll go into the house now. I want to talk with those two young men."

I was used to those sudden changes of manner. The feverishly eager searcher of the last five minutes was gone. In his place was the upstanding, distinguished, slightly blasé Dexter Drake, on the quest of other values now—human values again.

I did not dare ask him what he had in his breast pocket. It might be anything, literally anything. A clue, no doubt, but a clue to what? That too might be anything.

As we went up the basement stairs, I was thinking that that letter from Thaddeus Rodney, still alive yesterday, made this case the strangest I had yet seen. The man's intuition of danger—or was it cold reasoning, I wondered.

Behind that little reception-room where we had seen Mrs. Rodney was a square central hall, with the open oak stairway on one side, a large carved oak fireplace on the other.

A six-foot athletic young man was standing alone beside the hall mantel. You know that young Viking type which you often see in Scandinavia, sometimes in America, the blond, ruddy, crisp-haired, aquamarine-eyed type which had sea-roving ances-

"Not yet. I haven't got to that yet."

Drake touched my arm, and I followed him upstairs.

The third-floor back room was a bedroom and study combined, and it was lighted by a long French window right down to the floor, with a low railing outside. - From that window Thaddeus Rodney had fallen.

Drake was not in that room five minutes. He seemed to be looking for something, some one special thing, which he did not find.

"Could he have had it in his hand," he muttered, "in his hand when he fell out?"

Then he took me right down through the house, and into the back yard. The body had been taken away while we were upstairs.

Drake began to examine every inch of that stone-paved quadrangle, right out to the grass, fifteen feet away from the house. There were two fine old trees in the yard, and their foliage would have screened the view of that third-floor French window from the houses behind.

I just stood there with my back to the house-wall, watching the taut, slender figure of my friend as he moved back and forth, back and forth, bending and rising, looking—searching.



tors. His suit of light brown was faultlessly tailored. He stood there, poised but nervously watchful, ready to leap at the first call to action.

Drake went forward, named himself, held out his hand; then he mentioned my name.

"I am Olaf Nilssen," the young man said, "Tom Seabury's friend. The Inspector asked me to tell you what I know. But I don't know anything definite. I left Tom in the dining-room about nine o'clock and went up to my room on the top floor. A few minutes later I heard the cook screaming through the house. That's all, Mr. Drake."

"Have you been staying here long, Mr. Nilssen?"

"Five or six weeks. My home is in Boston. I'm a chemist—experimental chemist. I'm doing some special work here, in a laboratory."

"Did Thaddeus Rodney breakfast with the family this morning?"

"Oh, he never does—never did, I mean. Breakfasts in his room. I seldom saw him except at dinner, and sometimes for the music, the piano—the four of us in the drawing-room on the second floor when she—when Mrs. Rodney played for us."

"Is Mrs. Rodney's brother also a chemist?"

"No; he's an engineer. I've known him only a few months—met him at a musical in Boston. We corresponded. Then when I came to New York, he asked me to stay with him—to stay with them, I mean."

Olaf Nilssen was more nervous than the lady had been, but finely controlled.

THEN Drake asked the question at the back of my own mind: "Did you see Mrs. Rodney when you went upstairs, a moment before the accident?"

"N-no. No, I didn't. There was no one in the hall. After the cook screamed, I saw her—saw Mrs. Rodney. She rushed out of her room; I rushed down; Tom rushed out from the dining-room, that room there on the left. We all met right here—the cook was in hysterics."

"Who telephoned the police?"

"I—I really don't know. I think the doctor next door. I got him in myself. You know it was—oh, rather awful."

Two women servants with frightened faces came down the stairs at that moment, passed through the hall and went into the dining-room.

"Do you know where Tom Seabury is?" Drake asked Nilssen.

"He was in the drawing-room upstairs, a moment ago."

We went up there, the three of us. It was a beautiful room, if you like the gilded French style, and over by the window was a concert-grand piano in a gilt case, with scenes painted on it.

Tom Seabury was standing in the middle of the room as we entered, a small brown-haired young man with a little twisted mustache. He did not seem nervous, but he was excited, of course, as who wouldn't be? His first words were decidedly startling:

"The Inspector thinks somebody got him at last—that somebody came in through that door to the roof."

My friend did not flutter an eyelash. "You think, then, that your sister's husband had enemies? Do you know of anyone in particular?"

Olaf Nilssen turned, and walking over to the window, stood there looking out, his back to us.

"No one in particular," Tom Seabury answered, "but they tell me downtown that he was utterly ruthless about ruining people. And he was a man that—that—"

Drake nodded. "I understand. And no doubt he was very difficult to live with—a very suspicious man."

Olaf Nilssen wheeled round in the window, but did not come nearer.

"Your sister mentioned a Mrs. Fairlee, at the Hotel Astor."

"Yes, an old friend of Thaddeus. She knew him when he was young."

It was the sudden light on Olaf Nilssen's face, for her step was noiseless, which told me that Mrs. Rodney had come into the room. Was that why the sixty-three-year-old husband—the case took on a new interest for me.

She had changed her light yellow dress for a black one. It had long sleeves, so that her scratched arm was covered, and her wavy black-brown hair was drawn over that scratched ear. There was no touch of color about her—but her very red mouth. She wore no ornaments now.

The mind has queer lapses. Only that moment I realized what Drake must have been looking for in the back yard—that other

jade earring, of course, now hidden away in his inside breast pocket.

"But, Anna," the brother said tenderly, "there's nothing more you can do. Why don't you lie down?"

"But I can't—I can't." Her hands clasped and unclasped.

Olaf Nilssen did not go near her. He had come forward, though, and he stood there beside Tom Seabury—just looking at her.

She was not looking at him, but at Dexter Drake. There was fear in her big wandering eyes—fear and bewilderment.

"Have you lost something, Mrs. Rodney?" Drake took her by surprise.

"Only—I can't find my other earring."

Had she been looking for it in the dead man's room? Oh, she must have!

"The jade ones Olaf gave you?" her brother asked unsuspectingly.

She flushed then. "My birthday was day before yesterday," she explained to Drake. "Tom gave me a jade paper-weight, Mr. Nilssen the earrings. Last night I was out in the yard; one of them may have dropped off. I should have noticed this morning, of course, if the accident hadn't—just as I started to put them on."

"But I thought you had them on at breakfast," her brother said.

There was something bizarre in that talk about a lost earring, in the circumstances. But I don't think that one of them realized how Drake had purposely got them to talking about it, unless—yes, perhaps Nilssen did. Of course the brother knew nothing. But how Mrs. Rodney had blundered in her efforts to cover up something!

Nilssen said—and there was an anxious look on his face now, though he tried to speak naturally: "Never mind, Mrs. Rodney. I'll look for it by and by."

And still her eyes did not meet his.

Drake took leave of them then, and we left the house.

His hint to the Inspector about that open door on the roof—I saw now what a stroke of genius it was. Tom Seabury, at least, believed it. As for Nilssen, I was convinced that he knew something he did not tell us.

At the corner of Park Avenue, Drake hailed a passing taxicab.

"We are going to see Mrs. Fairlee," he said, "at the Hotel Astor. That brother is so guileless, he would have told me anything I asked him, but—somehow, you know—I prefer another source of information."

There is a certain fine-grained chivalry about my friend. His profession has never killed it.

"I may as well tell you now," he said, "that I know—actually know—little more than you do about this case, so far. I have my suspicions, but I must learn more about these people."

WHEN we reached Mrs. Fairlee's hotel, he wrote on one of his calling cards,—not his professional card,—"*On behalf of Thaddeus Rodney*," and sent it up by a bell-boy. He asked the hotel clerk not to announce us by telephone.

Mrs. Fairlee sent word that we should go up to her sitting-room.

"Come in!" There was character, decision, in the voice which responded to Drake's knock on her door.

She was sitting by the window, a thin, strong-faced, gray old woman in an easy-chair. A stout cane lay across the small table before her.

"Why has Thaddeus Rodney sent you to me,"—she glanced down at the card in her hand,—"*Mr. Drake?*"

"May I present Mr. Howard, Mrs. Fairlee?"

Her eyes twinkled then. She said dryly, "How do you do?" and asked us to sit down. She was not an hysterical type of old woman, and the detective did not beat round the bush.

"Thaddeus Rodney is dead," he told her, "and I am investigating his death—we hope accidental—for the police."

Like an old soldier she took it. Dead silence for a moment. Then with a queer dry cough: "Tell me the facts, if you please."

Drake told her the bare facts. Then he added the roof-door story. Of course he said nothing about the scratched arm and ear.

Her sharp old blue eyes never wavered, but her clawlike bejeweled fingers made a sharp rattling sound on the table.

Then she said: "Another one dead! When you're my age—Well, what do you want to find out? I've known Thaddeus forty-one years."

"I'd like to know what sort of man he was. If you tell me whatever comes to your mind, Mrs. Fairlee—" (Continued on page 96)

The driver seemed  
to retain her hand.  
Laughingly, she  
jerked free.



Illustrated by Austin Jewell

# If They Laugh -

By

Michael J. Phillips

*This magazine was the first, several years ago, to publish, as a matter of policy, the very short story; and rarely has it been more successful than in the stories of Mr. Phillips. Here he offers a drama-in-brief of exceptional power—a poignant, simple, repressed story of temperament and circumstance combining to destroy.*

THE car rolled quietly down the wrong side of the street and stopped. The overhead moon picked out everything as if with the beam of a spot-light. From behind the curtain of vines which screened the porch, Dargue Kloster could see plainly.

He glared through half-shut eyes, his thin cheeks ridged over clamped jaws. The roadster, black against the whiteness of the concrete, stood not twenty feet from the story-and-a-half frame house which hid him against its shallow bosom.

A girl stepped out on the far side and walked around the car. She stopped for a word with the youth, who, bareheaded and coatless, sprawled behind the wheel. There was, to the watcher, something intimate in the lowness of their tones. They shook hands; the driver seemed to retain her hand, to draw her closer.

Laughingly, yet with decision, she jerked free, but into the gesture the man on the porch read the foolery of lovers.

The car drove off. The girl opened the picket gate noiselessly and mounted to the porch. The watcher confronted her.

"Dargue!" She recoiled one step. As she looked up at him, the moon flooded her startled face. "I—I thought you were in Brookdale," she whispered.

His mouth twitched. "So you went out with Ned Kerry!"

"No—no. I rode over to Gendron on the bus—just for the ride—it was so nice a night—"

"Why didn't your mother say that, then? Why did she just laugh and shake her head?"

"You know how she is. She wanted to bother you because she doesn't like you."

"Where did you go with Kerry?" he demanded, ominously.

"I've told you I wasn't with him." Her spirit rose to the challenge. She poised her head on the pretty, rounded neck with the suggestion of a toss. Anger filled the dark eyes looking up at him. "When you take a decent tone, I might answer—"

"You can't answer!" His hands clenched. "Two o'clock in the morning! Some cheap road-house—"

"You're going too far!" Her resentment congealed into a cold and stubborn anger.

HE raised his fist as if to strike. "I can't go too far with you, you —"

She gasped, and put her knuckles to her lips. "So that's what I am, is it? You don't care anything about me, or you wouldn't have said that. You only married me because Ned was coming to see me too. You were afraid the town would laugh at you if he cut you out. It was what you called your pride."

The sentences did not tumble out in agitation. They came slowly, and the speaker's tones gave each word the searing quality of a drop of acid.

"That's just what you are, if you don't dare tell me where you've been with that woman-chasing lizard. As for my pride—nobody ever laughed at a Kloster yet and got away with it. If they laugh now—"

He brushed past her to descend the steps. Compunction caused her to make a sudden, half-finished gesture toward the back turned upon her. It wrung a question from her lips: "What you going to do?"

"I don't know—till I see what people say. If they find out about this—" He stopped.

In spite of herself she shivered. "Dargue! Take back—what you said, and I'll tell you—"

"Thought up a story, eh?" he snarled. As she went into the house, she heard the garage doors crash open and the strident *zoom* of the motor as his car rushed down the driveway and up the street.

A woman in a gaudy pink nightgown waited for her on the landing above, beneath an unshaded incandescent, a woman with malice in her close-set eyes and in the thin smile on her lips. "Gone off in a tantrum, has he?" she sneered.

"What did you say to him?" her daughter asked quietly.

The woman thrust out a skinny arm in a gesture of self-defense. "I didn't say any-

thing to him! He came home about nine o'clock and asked for you. I told him you'd gone for a ride. When he asked where and who with, I didn't tell him. I couldn't, could I? How did I know? He got mad when I joked him a little."

"Mother!"

"I didn't say anything—anything that most people would misunderstand. But them damned Klosters have always been so proud and big-feelin', holding themselves above other people—Where you been?" she broke off suspiciously.

"I told you Ethel and I were going for a bus ride."

"But it's after two."

The girl made an impatient gesture. "The bus broke down on the Pike Corners detour. We sat there for hours. There isn't a telephone anywhere around. Then the north bus finally came along and took us clear back to Gendron. It had a puncture— Oh, everything happened!"

"When Ned Kerry drove up and offered to take us back, I couldn't see the harm—I wasn't alone with him except from Ethel's over here—just a step. And I made him drive right along—"

Her eyes filled. She gulped miserably. "I—I wish you'd been decent to Dargue. I wish I'd told him—"

JOE, the messenger-boy, brought the bank's mail from the post office shortly before opening time. Dargue Kloster, teller, arranged the currency and filled the coin-trays for the day's business. His hands trembled; a night of wild driving and tortured reflection had left him weary and unstrung.

Joe pushed a plain white envelope through the wicket to him. It bore only his typewritten address: "Dargue Kloster, First National Bank, Clarksville." He tore it open.

Five new playing-cards—nothing else: A deuce, a four, a six of spades, the jack of diamonds, another spade—a seven. Four cards of a suit, a four-flush—a small four-flush—

Somebody was thus calling him a four-flusher!

The president and the cashier, their heads together, suddenly laughed aloud. The messenger left the mail on the latter's desk. He went around to Miss Proale, in the savings department. He said something to her, and they laughed.

Old Sam, the colored janitor, turning the

key in the lock, chuckled to himself, as at a spicy and secret joke.

The first two patrons laughed as they entered together. They stepped to Kloster's window. His own face was set in a strained and ghastly grimace. Everybody who came into the bank smiled or laughed.

Ned Kerry drove past in his asthmatic little roadster. Kloster saw him lean out to nod and grin, seemingly to some one on the walk. But his eyes swept the bank.

At noon, before he went out to lunch, Kloster—still wearing his fixed grin—took the automatic from the holster in his cage and slipped it, unnoticed, into his pocket.

Four cards of a suit, eh? A four-flusher, was he? Laugh, would they?

MID-FORENOON next day the turnkey passed a letter through the wicket of his cell: the same sort of white envelope, the same typewritten inscription. He tore it open and found a single card—the ace of spades. And a letter which read:

"Dear Mr. Kloster:

"You got my four-card flush yesterday, didn't you? And wondered what it was all about. Here's the answer.

"I want to remind you it's June. Vacation-time is coming. When good fellows get together in camp, in the woods or at the lake, what do they think of? Why, a little game, of course!

"Playing with our cards—they're so smooth and crisp and durable—you get the same happy feeling you do when you fill that little old flush.

"You've made your draw and filled it. Now come in and buy a few packs to tuck in the old bag before you hit the vacation-trail.

"Yours for a good time,

"John B. Stockwell,

"Drugs, Stationery, Notions,  
"439 Main Street, Clarksville."

"SAV," challenged the turnkey, "I thought you said this Kloster was hard-boiled?"

"He is," grunted the fat sheriff.

"Yes, he is!"

"A killer, aint he? He's just like his people from way back. They're all alike, the Klosters. Still and proud, but wonderin' what people are sayin' about 'em, and if anyone is laughin' at 'em. Dangerous as hell—all the time."

"Well, mebbe so," replied the turnkey. "But right now this guy's layin' face down on his cot, cryin' as though his heart would break."

## THE JADE EARRING

(Continued from page 94)

"Humph! Well—I'll say first, then, that I like his young wife, very much. How is she taking it?"

"Quite well. A brave woman."

"You—say she was in there a—moment before? Ummm! Well, we can't expect her to be broken-hearted. Her brother has been urging her to leave her husband, but she wouldn't. Tom insists upon paying his board in that house. If Thaddeus had only kept to the bargain—"

"Bargain?"

"Oh, yes." She heaved a sigh. "He married Anna for her music. Her brother was to live with them—that was part of the bargain. Thaddeus agreed to be only a father to her, and—and he wasn't content to be that. He resented youth in others—suspected every young guest who came to the house. Oh, I may as well tell you! He made a new will two weeks ago, giving Anna less than her dower right in the real estate, and only a pittance outside that. She'll have a good case, if she wants to contest, and I'll back her up. I told Thaddeus so, that I'd back her up—in case I

outlived him. I never believed that I should. I was seventy-two my last birthday."

Now, what was that amazing old woman trying to "get across?" I had been staggered when she began to relate that most intimate story.

She went on: "Thaddeus told me that several men wanted to kill him, for ruining them in business. But I don't believe he was murdered. I know that his heart was weak. Of course, he was taken with vertigo, went to that window for air—fell out, as anyone might."

"Was his heart then so bad?" Drake smiled.

"Oh, nothing organic—just a weakness, but you know with advancing years—"

"He was only sixty-three," Drake reminded her.

"Oh, yes, yes! But he had lived an exciting life, always in some speculation. You know how they give out, all at once. Oh, I told Anna Rodney, last week, that her husband had altered his will, that there would be a great change in her style of living, if he should die."

Now, I may be only a cub (that's what Sorby calls me), but I was beginning to see Mrs. Fairlee's game. To arouse our horrified pity for Anna Rodney, our young masculine resentment against the dead man, and also to convince us that Mrs. Rodney would be better off with her husband alive. Then she saw that the case was suspicious!

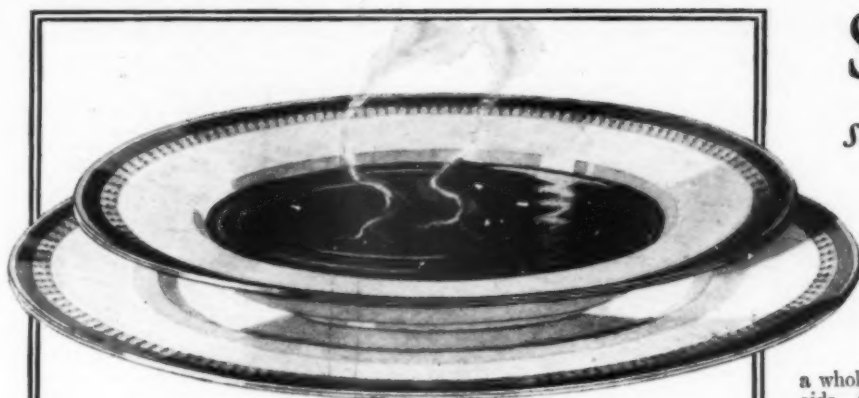
"What did you think, Mrs. Fairlee, when your old friend married so young a woman?" Drake asked then.

"Why, of course I thought him a fool, till I heard Anna play the piano. Thaddeus always loved music—those indrawn, morose natures often do; and Anna is a very, very fine musician. She'd have been on the concert stage, but she wasn't strong enough. They were poor as church mice, the brother and sister; they had spent all they had on their education. I don't blame her for marrying Thaddeus. Do you?"

"No, Mrs. Fairlee. She only agreed, as you say, to play the piano. Almost a professional engagement—only she gave up her freedom."

"Humph! Well, she's free now."





The soup your  
appetite always  
welcomes!

12 cents  
a can



# SOUP

*should be eaten  
every day!*

IT IS A fact well recognized by dietetic experts that some foods, among them soups, act as a positive stimulant to the flow of the digestive juices. This action is highly beneficial. It is a wholesome spur to the appetite and it aids in prompt, efficient digestion. Remember this about soup. Think of it as a delicious hot dish which is also splendidly healthful and desirable to serve on the family table for every reason. Condensed soups, already cooked, made in spotlessly clean kitchens by manufacturers of high reputation for quality, are available to you at every food store.

SINCE soup every day is one of the golden rules of health and since "variety is the spice of appetite," every housewife should make it a point to know the different kinds of soups which she can always obtain in such convenient form. By familiarizing herself with them she will quickly know how to adapt them to her differing needs and occasions. She will find it helpful to think of them in three groups: vegetable purees, substantial soups made with meat or meat broth, and the clear soups.

The vegetable purees include Tomato Soup, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups. Tomato is, as you know, the king of all soups—leading all others in popularity, a favorite with just about everybody. And condensed tomato soup offers it to you at its very best. In fact it was the condensed soup which first won for tomato its tremendous vogue and success. And it is the tomato soup in its condensed form which today reigns as the supreme favorite everywhere.

NOURISHING, tempting and wholesome are the other vegetable purees, made from the sweetest peas, tender young asparagus shoots, snow-white celery, or meaty beans, as your selection may be. Extra-rich and attractive served as Cream Soups, according to the simple directions on the can.

At the head of the hearty soups made with meat or meat broth, is that old household standby, Vegetable Soup. It is only second to Tomato in popularity, is offered to you at all stores, and contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients! Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Mutton, Pepper Pot, and Clam Chowder each has its distinctive appeal and appropriateness.

And, finally, the clear soups—those dainty but invigorating blends, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne and Printanier! How enticing to the appetite either for the formal luncheon and dinner or many of the regular family meals!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

Mrs. Fairlee looked out of the window. There was another silence.

Then Drake asked about Thaddeus Rodney's early life.

"Oh, he began as a clerk in his father's country-town drug-store. We spent our summers up there—that's how I met him; and he sang in the choir, if you please. When he broke away and came down to New York, he looked us up. My father was in Wall Street; he took Thaddeus in as a clerk. Twenty years later he had more money than we. Forty years later he had twice as much. Ruthless, he was. You don't want the details. They are more or less typical of men who get rich down there."

She took from her table-drawer a cabinet photograph: "Here's his last picture. He was a smallish man, very yellow—little blue eyes."

He was looking straight at us. The picture seemed alive. The thin mouth was smiling a little, and that smile, with the clean-shaven sagging cheeks, the deep lines, and one drooping eyelid, gave to the face a very peculiar expression. It haunted me afterward.

Mrs. Fairlee drew a long sigh. "I'm sorry Thaddeus is gone. I can't say I was fond of him—he wasn't a lovable person at best, and cynical—very. Especially this last month. But I am not, either, a very lovable person. I think Anna Rodney is the only young woman who really likes me. I am going to see her at once."

She reached for her stick, and we rose to leave.

WHEN we were out in the street again, I said: "Do you think Mrs. Fairlee will make a mess of things down there?"

Drake stood stock still. He looked at me. "She? Make a mess of things? That's a very clever old woman. She will say nothing to them. They will tell her just what they told us. Any detective, Howard, who looks on his work as an art, would be intrigued by this case."

That afternoon Drake interviewed the Rodney lawyer, and the doctor.

Yes, Dr. Bell had examined Thaddeus two years ago, and found him in excellent shape for a man of his age. The heart was not very strong, but perfectly sound. Of course some violent shock, or some violent exertion, even acute indigestion, might produce vertigo, Dr. Bell said.

The evening papers had long reports of the "accident." There was no hint of the darker suspicions. Trust Sorby for that!

After dinner that night Drake said he wanted to look round the dead man's room in Thirty-eighth Street. I had a personal engagement, so I could not go with him; but when I came home at eleven o'clock, the detective was sitting quietly at the desk in his little study.

"Yes, Howard, come in. Sit down."

He handed me a memorandum—I recognized the peculiar writing.

"That is the top leaf," he said, "from one of those calendar memorandum pads on a sloping iron support—you see them in every stationery store—which stood on the writing-table in Rodney's room."

At the top of the sheet was the large figure of the date, the 28th, and under it the penciled memoranda of things to be done that day—the day of his death:

"Write Jones about coal supply.

"Check to Crane.

"Ask Anna about bitter smell.

"4 p. m. Telephone Marshall.

"Order brown shoes.

"Nilssen, about Anna's jade earrings."

"Well?" Drake looked at me. "What do you make of it, Howard?"

"W-why," I stammered, "that Nilssen note—oh, perhaps he didn't approve of that young man's making presents to his wife."

"Yes, that would be an obvious inference."

Drake said that calendar-memorandum was full of notes and engagements for days ahead, including a dinner with Mrs. Fairlee.

He had found in the dead man's check-book the stub of that check to himself for one thousand dollars, but only noted as "D. Professional services."

"Too bad I can't cash it," he smiled, "as I am really doing the work, after all. Dead men's checks, you know, are of uncertain value."

The next morning Drake got the report of the autopsy by telephone. Thaddeus Rodney had not died of heart disease. Nor had he died from a growth they had found, a malignant thing which would have declared itself sooner or later. He had died from prussic acid.

I was never so amazed in my life.

Drake just sat there at his desk—staring into vacancy. I don't know what he was thinking of, but I was thinking of Olaf Nilssen, the chemist; also of that other memorandum: "Ask Anna about bitter smell."

"Of course," Drake said to me at last, "that open French window, the open air of the back yard—no wonder the bitter odor of prussic acid was dissipated. One drop of it means instant death."

And those scratches on the woman's arm and ear, that jade earring which almost certainly was in the dead man's hand when he fell, the woman's obvious fright about it—I didn't know what to think.

Drake rose from the desk and went into his bedroom, closing the door. Up and down, up and down, I heard him pacing the floor. Five minutes went by. The steady tick-tick of the clock and those footsteps in there made a double rhythm that got on my nerves.

Then suddenly the detective burst open his door, leaped into the study. His dark eyes were blazing.

"Howard! Come with me quickly—to Thirty-eighth Street!"

He took from the table-drawer a small roll of tinfoil.

A POLICEMAN opened the door of that house of mystery, and the first person we saw was Inspector Sorby.

"Where are they?" Drake asked in a whisper.

"In the drawing-room upstairs, with the door closed. All three of them. I just told them the result of the autopsy, and that I am going to search the house. But a mouse couldn't get away—not now."

Drake laid a brown hand on the Inspector's arm. His voice was almost tender:

"Suppose you let me make a quick search, old man? Come with me, of course. I have one of my—sudden ideas."

No one knew better than Sorby what the police of three countries had owed, in the past, to Drake's sudden ideas.

"Go to it!" he muttered.

Then he told us the lawyer had been there, at nine o'clock that morning, to read the will; that the widow got less than her legal rights. Mrs. Fairlee had told us that.

We went upstairs then, Drake, Sorby and I. As we passed the closed door of the drawing-room, I pictured to myself those three in there—the woman, the two men. Were they talking it over?

On the third floor Drake turned into Anna Rodney's own room, at the front of the house. He closed the door behind us.

It was a pretty green-and-white room, with another grand piano and many bookshelves. A soft breeze blew in through the open windows.

Drake stood with his back against the closed door, his body utterly motionless, his dark bright eyes roving about. Like a figure in bronze he looked, with nothing alive but the eyes—moving—searching—

Then with one of his panther movements,

he sprang toward a row of open bookshelves. On the bottom row, near the corner, a large volume was turned around, the binding inside, the white edge outside.

He took out the book, laid it down, drew from his pocket the small electric torch he always carries, and turned its rays into that gap on the shelf. Then he took from his pocket the roll of tinfoil.

IN three seconds he was standing beside Sorby and me, holding out a small vial securely held in the sheet of tinfoil.

"Don't touch it, Howard! Read the label, both of you."

I read it: "Prussic Acid."

"The bottle is empty," Drake said; "seems to be quite dry, but"—he carefully sniffed it—"there's just a faint trace of the odor."

I sat down rather suddenly, on the foot of a chaise-longue. I am not even yet quite case-hardened.

My friend wrapped the vial in more of the tinfoil, and put it away in his hip pocket. Then, for the first time, he showed Sorby that other jade earring, and told him where he had found it.

"Well," Sorby muttered, "I knew by those fresh scratches on her that something had happened in there. Why didn't you show me that earring yesterday? This seems to be your case, Drake."

"Thanks, old man. I won't bungle it. Now I'm going to leave Howard with you for a time. I've got to bring somebody down here."

"Shall you be gone long?" Sorby asked.

"I don't know. But I ask you—beg you—to do nothing at all until I come back, except to keep those three persons right here."

Sorby nodded. "I won't even go searching the house, then, until you come back. Oh, I never saw such a case! Even the servants have noticed no trouble in the life of this family."

I wondered what Sorby could want to find further, by searching the house. But he loves to do routine things.

When we went downstairs, the drawing-room door was still closed. There was not even a murmur of voices from beyond it.

After Drake left the house, Sorby and I went into that little reception-room off the front hall, and sat down. The Inspector told me that the night before, he had talked with Tom Seabury about Olaf Nilssen. His father owned a big chemical works. The Nilssens were very rich.

Sorby sat in that same little chair where Anna Rodney had sat the morning before. His shoulders sagged; his honest gray eyes were dull, his whole aspect melancholy. After a long silence, he gave one of his low grunts. Then he said:

"Howard, there's something about arresting a respectable woman that always just goes against my grain."

What could I say? Good old Sorby!

The Inspector sank deeper in the chair, and closed his eyes. He looked just like a sleeping bulldog—only he wasn't asleep. I knew he was listening for footfalls in the drawing-room over our heads.

Drake was gone fully an hour. When he returned, he brought Mrs. Fairlee with him. I heard the *clap-clap* of her stick coming up the steps.

"What's that, what's that?" Sorby leaped to his feet and we met them at the door.

Mrs. Fairlee's blue eyes in that withered old face were snapping.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" she exclaimed as she saw the Inspector.

"Yes ma'am. A good many things have happened since I let you into this house yesterday."

Drake told Sorby that he wanted to give Mrs. Fairlee five minutes alone with those three in the drawing-room. A strange sug-



102

"LOVELY STRAINS OF NEWEST, MOST SEDUCTIVE JAZZ . . . THRILL . . ."

## New York and Boston Debutantes -

"like this soap better than any other"  
 . . . "find it marvelous for the skin"

LOVELY TINGLING STRAINS of newest, most seductive jazz—if they might never end.

Thrill of the ballroom floor, so glimmering, so enticing—if one might dance on and on forever! To be grown-up at last—a debutante—the recipient of bouquets, bonbons, sophisticated compliments, delicious invitations all day long...

A breathless—a dazzling existence.

Never again will it seem so important to look well, to be at one's best, to enter on each new engagement alert, starry-eyed, with a skin smooth as a shell, radiant and fresh as morning.

How do they do it? How do these engaging young creatures take care of their skin, to keep it always soft and clear in spite of late hours, a feverish social regime?

We asked 224 New York and Boston debutantes what soap they use for the care of their skin—and why.

Nearly half answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It's life-giving," they said. "It makes my skin clear and soft" . . . "I like it better than any other . . ." "It's a marvelous soap for the skin."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. The formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments.

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*for ten days*

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

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 1721 Alfred Street,  
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For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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Street.....

City.....State.....

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gestion—but this case had been strange from the first.

We went upstairs. The lame woman could not climb very fast, but she did not climb slowly.

She opened the drawing-room door and went in. Drake closed the door after her, and we waited—outside in the hall. We could hear a low murmur of voices in there now.

The door was reopened at last by Tom Seabury. His face was so white that his little brown twisted mustache looked jet-black.

Anna Rodney was seated on the long blue-and-gold sofa, with Mrs. Fairlee on her left. All in black she was, of course. She acknowledged the greetings of Drake, Sorby and me, but in a dazed sort of way. Her cheeks were not pale now, but vividly red—almost feverish.

Olaf Nilssen sprang to draw forward some chairs. He was the only one of those three who did not seem disconcerted.

I SHALL always carry in my mind the picture of that group as it rearranged itself. Nilssen had placed our chairs in a rough semicircle before the sofa where Anna Rodney sat between her brother and Mrs. Fairlee. On my left, at the end, was Nilssen, nearest his friend Tom; on my right was Sorby, then Dexter Drake opposite Mrs. Fairlee's end of the sofa.

"Inspector Sorby," Drake began, "I find myself in a peculiar position for a detective—a position almost like that of an attorney for the defense. That was what I asked Mrs. Fairlee to explain, before we came in here; for while my case is now ready to present to you, there are one or two points I should like to clear up before I appear at Police Headquarters with my story, for that is where I have got to take it. You'll see why, presently. There has been foul play here—very foul play—but Mrs. Rodney is innocent."

My relief was so great that I must have gasped, for Mrs. Fairlee threw me a sharp, kindly glance.

Drake then turned to the old lady: "Will you tell the Inspector what Thaddeus Rodney told you a few days ago—about a bitter smell?"

"Yes. Thaddeus told me he had smelled an odor of bitter almonds in Anna's room; he was going to question her about it. That's what made me suspicious of trouble—yesterday, when these gentlemen called. But my suspicions were vague. I was merely troubled—uneasy."

### "DINNER IS SERVED"

Under that title there will appear in an early issue of this magazine one of the most memorable stories readers have ever been offered. Its powerfully dramatic development, the mysterious quality of the scene, the beauty of its writing, and its surprising dénouement will hold every reader enthralled from beginning to end. It was written by one whose all-too-few stories provide a note of distinction to the magazine fortunate enough to publish them—

RITA WEIMAN

Drake then took from his pocket that bottle wrapped in tinfoil and told them where he had found it. Anna Rodney's face went chalk-white.

Drake then showed her the memorandum, "Ask Anna about bitter smell." "When your husband called you into his room yesterday morning, asked you to play for him, asked the date of the dinner with Mrs. Fairlee, did he also mention that odor of bitter almonds?" he then asked.

"No. No, he did not."

The detective took that other jade earring from his pocket, held it up. "But Mr. Rodney tore this out of your ear, didn't he? And in the struggle between you, he tore your arm with his nails?"

"Yes." It was only a whisper.

Drake turned to Olaf Nilssen, showed him that memorandum note about Anna's jade earrings. "Did the dead man say anything to you concerning your birthday gift to his wife?"

"Not a word. Neither when I gave them to her at the dinner-table on her birthday, or later. Why, there was no secret about them—I gave them to her in his presence, of course!"

Tom Seabury flushed to the roots of his hair. "Olaf and I are always together," he said. "We leave the house together in the morning, and I call for him at the laboratory on my way home."

"Of course," Drake said kindly.

I was sure Anna Rodney had played straight with her aging husband. Why, any fellow could see that—from Nilssen's whole manner.

"W-where did you find my lost earring?" she breathed.

Drake told her.

"But the prussic acid!" Tom Seabury cried. "If some one came in by that door to the roof, how was it possible?"

Drake glanced round at Sorby, who answered for him:

"One of our men left that door open. Nobody came in by the roof."

The brother sank back on the sofa. "Then I don't understand anything," he said, "anything at all."

Drake leaned forward: "But haven't you three talked together about it, haven't you consulted together?"

"No," Anna Rodney whispered, "no, we haven't. It was so—so horrible. What could we say?"

Now, to me that was absolutely convincing truth. When a thing is too awful for words, people just comfort each other by staying together in silence. Sorby nodded. He also saw it was true.

Drake's voice was very gentle as he said: "Forgive me, Mrs. Rodney, but I cannot go to Headquarters now with anything but the whole truth. When you rushed out of your husband's room, didn't you meet Olaf Nilssen—just coming up the stairs from his breakfast? Didn't he see your scratched arm, your fright at your husband's attack? What did Nilssen say to you, Mrs. Rodney, before you rushed into your room and closed the door?"

Her eyes fell. She said nothing.

For half a minute there was dead silence in that room.

Then Olaf Nilssen stood up. Very tall he looked, very manly.

"I will answer your question myself, Mr. Drake. I was so angry when I saw Mrs. Rodney's arm, that I said I would kill the man. I said it. She is too kind, too wonderfully, wonderfully kind!"

"And did you kill him?" Drake quietly asked.

"No. I started for his door—and then"—Nilssen threw out his hands in a helpless gesture—"I remembered that he was the same age as my father. Oh, I just turned and rushed up the stairs to my room. A moment later I heard the cook screaming.

That's the truth, so help me God!" He sat down again.

Anna Rodney gave a little choking cry. Tom Seabury leaned forward and grasped Nilssen's hand.

The tears were streaming down the sister's face. There was not one of us who did not know then that she had thought Olaf Nilssen had killed her husband in anger. That explained her strange conduct, her evasions yesterday—everything.

And of course when Nilssen had told us yesterday that he saw no one in the hall upstairs, how could he be sure that she had not gone back to her husband's room, after he rushed up to his own room?

"But what I want to know," Sorby said, "is who did kill that man?"

"Thaddeus Rodney," Drake's voice rang out, "killed himself!"

"W-wh-what?" Sorby fell back in his chair. "Can you prove that?"

"By circumstantial evidence—the best evidence in the world, usually. Mrs. Fairlee told us that Thaddeus Rodney began life as a clerk in his father's country-town drug-store. My reconstruction of the case is, that with the telltale earring in his hand, he leaned far out of that French window, then crushed in his mouth a capsule of prussic acid, which he would know how to prepare."

"Aren't you taking a good deal for granted?" Sorby's eyes were grim.

For answer Drake drew from his pocket that letter from the dead man to himself, and read it aloud: "If you should hear of my death I want you to investigate it. . . . My suspicions may be quite unfounded," and so forth.

"I suspected that letter from the first," Drake said; "showed it to Howard, as a witness to its receipt by me. Rodney must have thought that any private detective would follow it up—he eager for the advertisement of a sensational case. That was part of the devilish plan by which he intended that his young wife should be charged with his murder."

Tom Seabury cried out in horror: "Could such a monster be human?"

Mrs. Fairlee gave a dry cough. "Oh, Thaddeus was never a very nice person. If it hadn't been for his interest in music, I suppose I should not have continued to know him for forty-one years."

THEN Drake briefly outlined the diabolical game. "Its one weakness," he said, "was that it was overplayed. With half as much evidence, Mrs. Rodney's life might have been ruined. Even if she had not been tried for the murder, the suspicion—the stigma—would have remained. When I heard of the autopsy, the poison, I was confused for a moment, notwithstanding the 'bitter smell' note. For, why didn't the man just die decently in his room—why did he add that spectacular fall? But he wanted to make the thing certain. If he did not get her for pushing him out of the window, on the carrying and scratched arm clues, he would get her through the poison bottle he hid in her room, and the 'bitter smell' which he had already suggested to Mrs. Fairlee, and noted on his memorandum pad, together with the Nilssen earring note. A young chemist could procure poison; he might get him also—a man who made gifts to the young wife! That innocent fact would tell against her, he knew. He realized some of those clues would be noted by the police. The most conspicuous book in a room is one turned back-side-to on the shelf. I was looking for some pointer like that, Sorby, when I stood there with my back to the door. Also, you know, the memoranda were a little too explicit to be quite natural. Of course he thought the earring would fall nearer the house, be more evident to the searchers. And his many engagements for



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leave it until morning.

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days ahead would tend to draw our minds away from the suicide idea."

"But why should the man kill himself?" Sorby demanded.

"Ah! That's the crux of the matter. Have you forgotten that malignant growth the doctors found, in the autopsy? It had declared itself. That was the question I rushed off this morning to ask Mrs. Fairlee. But she knew nothing about it. Then she remembered that two or three months ago she had mentioned to Rodney that a friend of hers had gone to a cancer specialist. When he asked the doctor's name, she gave it—unsuspiciously. Thought no more about it. An hour ago Mrs. Fairlee and I went straight to that doctor, taking Thaddeus Rodney's photograph." Drake took that picture from his pocket and held it up. "Yes, the specialist knew this man—an inoperable case. But he did not know him as Thaddeus Rodney. He had used a false name. That secrecy made his final plan easier. He had always

been ruthless. He would prefer to die quickly—no lingering pain. Of course thousands of men kill themselves, but the bitter revenge upon youth and life which he plotted—oh, the jealous hatred of aging men can take terrible forms."

I glanced at the photograph in Drake's hand, at those almost living eyes, the droop of the one eyelid—and I shivered. It was just as if the man were right there in the room with us—listening. I think Anna Rodney felt it, too, for she drew closer to her brother, on the sofa.

Sorby got to his feet. "Oh, I'll back you up at Headquarters, Drake! A fine piece of work you have done. Yes, bring all those things, and the earring."

Nobody mentioned the will, but I knew Anna Rodney would not contest it.

Her tearful thanks, the brother's broken words of gratitude, Mrs. Fairlee's admiring dry comments—my friend broke away from them at last.

## TIMARTI

(Continued from page 89)

as his vast curved horns seemed about to pierce the elephant's breast or shatter her columnar legs, with a shifting, swaying motion the great cow almost succeeded in sidestepping the charge—almost but not quite. The left horn of the rushing bison struck her a glancing blow and ripped along her side, piercing the thick hide as though it were paper, and gashing deeply the firm flesh beneath.

With a shattering scream of rage and pain, as the vast beast rushed by, the elephant thrust her long, snakelike trunk clear under his body, looped it about his farther foreleg and drew it toward her. Like the half-Nelson of an expert wrestler, the sudden pull turned the saladang clear over and sent him sprawling on his back. Quick as a flash, before the overthrown beast could recover his footing, the elephant knelt upon him with all the overwhelming force of some vast hydraulic press. There was a dreadful cracking, crunching sound, one agonized bellow—and the great cow stood erect again over the lifeless body of the saladang, crushed to death by the impact of her tons of bone and muscle.

**F**ROM the grip of the quicksand and the horns of the saladang the elephant-mother had rescued her calf; yet not even her courage and strength and wisdom availed against that fiercest, cruellest and most dangerous of all animals—man.

The Maikal jungle lay within the Sultanate of Trengganu, and the Sultan had suddenly resolved to replenish his herd of tame elephants, which had not been added to since his grandfather's time. Whole villages were levied upon for workmen; an army of men was set at work cutting down trees, and in a wonderfully short time a round elephant-trap was built, some seventy-five feet in diameter, with two wings one hundred feet long, both converging on an entrance just large enough to let one elephant in at a time. The walls and wings were braced and bound with ropes of twisted rattan, and

masked with vines; within, the jungle was left untouched.

When it was finished, a village priest sacrificed a white cock; a tame she-elephant was led inside as a decoy; and in the dark of the moon, a thousand men began the drive. Spread out in a great crescent, they set up a hubbub of shouts and drummed mightily on tomtoms until the alarmed herd began to drift away from their feeding-ground ahead of the approaching army of beaters, who were careful never to approach close enough to make the startled elephants turn and charge. All night long the noise kept up, and by dawn the van of the herd had reached the vine-covered wings of the trap.

Inside the inclosure the decoy-elephant trumpeted reassuringly, while from behind the herd, the tumult of the beaters came nearer and nearer. Following the lines of the converging wings, the leading elephants slipped one by one through the narrow entrance into the patch of jungle that was hemmed in by a concealed wall of tree-trunks, and once in were unable to find again the narrow twisted entrance through which they had come.

It was the mother of the little elephant who first realized that she was trapped. Racing around the wall like a mad thing, she threw herself again and again against the heavy tree-trunks until they creaked and groaned beneath her weight, and trumpeted a warning note which cut through the tumult without like the whistle of a locomotive. At the sound the old bull, who was approaching with the rear-guard, swung the remainder of the herd around, and charging through the bearers, escaped to the most distant fastnesses of the jungle.

Then the watchers on the wall cut the ropes which held up the gate of the trap, and it fell like a portcullis, cutting off the last chance of escape for those inside. Pandemonium followed, as the trapped beasts rushed around in a surging flood of black, milling bodies, while the beaters climbed up to the tops of the posts with lighted torches and fended them away from the walls with long spears. As soon as it was daylight, the captured elephants were driven one by one into the breaking-pens, where, bound and fettered, they were starved and beaten into subjection. The young elephant was among the last to be released from the trap, and he fought in silence against every attempt to subdue or break his indomitable spirit. Sired by the king of the herd, his was not a nature to yield itself in subjection to any man. Again and again he tried desperately to reach his tormentors; and at last, failing out with his trunk, he struck one of them who had approached too close, and dashed

him senseless against the side of a tree. At this, the chief of the trainers lost his patience completely.

"Lead the young devil away and shoot him before he kills one of us," he commanded.

As the hobbled, helpless animal was led out still fighting, the trainer gave a great cry. "Timarti!" he shouted, pointing to one of the young elephant's feet, and bowed reverently before the animal which he had just condemned to death.

Once in a hundred years, so the natives believe, an elephant is born with twenty toes instead of the usual eighteen. Such an one is thought to be a reincarnation of Ganush, the great elephant-god whose statues are always carved with twenty toes, and such was the young elephant of the Maikal herd.

And so began a new life for Timarti of the twenty toes. No longer for him was the scented dark of the jungle where the flaming stars of the south seemed tangled in the branches, and the moon rose like a shield of burnished gold above the black-green trees.

Instead of the cry of the chakora, that bird which calls from so high in the night-sky that the Dyaks believe it must nest in the caves of the moon, there sounded the silver temple-bells of Trengganu. His days were spent in a park, where he fed full on cut sugar-cane and fresh grasses, and he slept at night in a marble stall, and was guarded night and day by a retinue of servants.

But Olaf Nilssen followed us downstairs, to the door of the house.

"Mr. Drake!" The big handsome fellow flushed red. "That check for a thousand dollars—let me make it good. I can, you know. If it hadn't been for you—I don't dare think of it!"

Drake hesitated a moment—then nodded and smiled.

"All right, Nilssen. Thanks—and good luck to you, always."

Then a marvelous sound came to our ears: Anna Rodney's piano, right over our heads in the drawing-room!

She was playing, in that house where Thaddeus Rodney had died—playing as I never heard it played before, the great, the stupendous, the sublime "Funeral March" of Chopin.

The hair rose on my scalp.

I thought I knew for what possible listener she was playing that solemn dead march to the Judgment Seat!

### WILL JAMES

There's a writer and illustrator who proves all that's to be proven about his subject—cowboys. His cowboy books are immensely popular, and his drawings are being bought up by collectors. For an early issue of this magazine he has written and illustrated a humorous cattle-country tale that James fans will relish immensely. Its title is—

"WHEN IN ROME"





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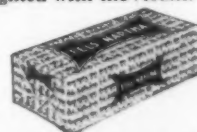
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the marble pavement. Then as the high-priest raised his withered arms to pronounce the invocation, the music stopped and a great hush fell upon the listening crowd.

Suddenly in the silence, from the green edge of the jungle showing beyond the hill, came the hoot-toot of a wild elephant. Only in the spring running, when the herd scatters and races happily through the budding jungle, is that call ever heard.

Timarti's ears pricked forward like great shields. Forgotten memories stirred in his blood. Once more the call came, like the shadow of a sound, and like a madness there developed in him a longing for the old wild, free life, the dawns, the moon-rises, the companionship of the herd, and the scents and sounds of the jungle.

Rumbling deep in his throat, he started down the long road which led to the gate. His attendants tried to stop him by waving elephant-hooks before him, and even prodding him respectfully with their sharp points. With a trumpet-note that sounded high above the tumult of the crowd, he rushed toward the gateway of the temple. Warned by shouts from the priests, the guards swung shut the gates just as he reached the entrance. With a bellow of rage, the young elephant flung himself forward and struck them full and fair like a battering-ram. Before his impact the carved marble was shattered to fragments. Dazed and bruised, but free, Timarti stood without the temple inclosure, and before the trained tame elephants could be mustered to follow him, he disappeared down the long road which led to the forest. A flash of crimson and gold showed against the green, and the next moment Timarti was safe from any pursuit.

Not yet, however, was he to gain the freedom of the jungle unchallenged. As he crashed through the thick underbrush interlaced with creepers and vines, his sensitive nostrils caught that hot, fierce reek in the air which means death to all of the lesser breeds of the jungle, and deadly danger even to the elephant-folk themselves. The long months of security and ease among humans had not muffled the alarm-bell which the ominous scent set ringing in his ears. Stopping dead in his tracks, he searched the long grass before him with his small twinkling eyes. Suddenly, just ahead of him, a part of the tawny ground, laced and dappled with

shifting shadows, seemed to move. There was a coughing roar, and out from the shadowed yellow grass which camouflaged his striped coat, sprang a ten-foot tiger with gaping, terrible mouth, and sank his outstretched claws deep into Timarti's silk-clad skin. As he clung to the elephant's back, the great cat seemed the embodiment of ferocity, with his terrible green-shadowed eyes, muscles that stood out like wire cables, and a face deeply creased like that of an old, old man.

His fierce intelligence had sensed the fact that the elephant was but a half-grown temple beast, and he hoped by the fierce unexpectedness of his attack to bring it to the ground.

What the tiger did not know was that Timarti was jungle-born and had seen the herd deal with tigers before. Although he staggered under the tremendous impact of the great beast's hurtling body, the twenty-toed one kept his feet, and what was quite as important, his head. Trumpeting with pain and rage, he sprang sidewise and wound his long trunk like a steel cable around the striped, sinuous body. Tightening his grip until the tiger's ribs cracked, Timarti swung the great cat to the ground and thrust at it with his gilded tusks. The tiger swerved to one side with the lightning quickness of his kind, yet could not entirely avoid the stroke, and the point of one tusk ripped along his side, piercing the skin, and for an instant held him fast. Pivoting on three of his paws, the fierce beast struck the raking left-handed blow of his clan with every ounce of his steel-strong body back of the stroke. So tremendous was the impact that for a second it staggered the young elephant, and his great bulk rocked where he stood, while crimson streaks showed along his slate-colored side. The next instant Timarti knelt full upon the demon of the jungle; there was a crack of crushed bones, a muffled roar, and a moment later the elephant tossed a shapeless, striped mass into the long grass.

The silken robe of his captivity had been torn off, and the gilding of his tusks washed away with blood; his sides were slashed and torn; but it was a free elephant who gave the sonorous trumpet-note which only a victor may sound. Faint and far-away it was answered; and trumpeting again, Timarti rushed through the jungle back to the herd!

## THE LOGGER

(Continued from page 56)

over. He was as alert now as when he had whipped the mate. Were they going to leave him there to drown with the rats? Oh, well, what difference did it make? It would be the finish of him, anyway, when they reached the land. Then, just as in moments of extreme danger when he was log-rolling, the instinct for self-preservation took command. "I'll fight for it! Fight for it!"

He crawled on his hands and knees toward the hatch. Blindly he clawed around until he felt it. Raising his shoulders, he placed all his strength against it, but the bosun's clamp held. He groaned from the strain on his bruised body. For a moment he rested on his knees. Then he was conscious of the rats, many of them, it seemed, running around him, also trying to escape.

The urge to live clutched him again. He groped about in the hope of finding something with which to batter loose the hatch. He turned over coil after coil of rope. He fought the blackness as if it were a living thing trying to keep him from escape. He was warm now, and the blood went surging through him. Then he heard the sea-water swashing about the cargo in the hold.

AT last his hands came upon a short plank under some paint-pots. With this he broke open the hatch, squeezed himself past

the slivers of pine, and emerged to the deck. He stood upright, sniffing the air like a buck in mating time. But not for long. The bark was awash, fore and aft, and wild seas raced over her unhindered. He clutched the rail and clung there. The gray of the morning blended with the ocean of foam. Beyond the breakers he could make out the land and the outline of dark evergreens. A couple of the crew had taken to the rigging in despair. The rest were standing with the captain and second mate on the fore-castle head. They saw the lone man aft. "The logger! The logger!" came the amazed cry. He was likely to be washed overboard any minute, but not one of them beckoned him to temporary safety. While the logger clung to the rail, a huge wave broke over the stranded bark, releasing a spare deck-spar. It floated away toward the beach breakers. The logger spotted it. His swooping eyes measured the chance as his heart thumped, "Now! Now!" He let go the rail and plunged overboard. The backwash of the bark held him in its swirling circles, but with strong breast-strokes he swam, cleared it, and reached the spar.

The crew, astounded, shouted at one another: "He's standing on it, man! He's standing on it, I tell you!"

The logger was riding the spar as he might a bucking bronco. On and on, the long



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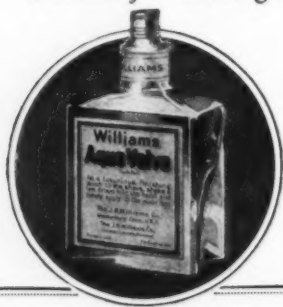
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**WHAT** do you do to your face after shaving? Just dab on powder? Powder blots up moisture—that's what it's for. Try Aqua Velva, Williams new after-shaving liquid, **FREE**.

1. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry.) Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.
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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

R. B.—Mow.

waves racing shoreward carried him toward the land. But in the vicious combers that curved and broke on the beach, he lost his footing. He was dashed off the spar into the frothing foam. Again he caught the spar. In the trough of the waves he kicked the water behind him while he rammed the spar with his chest. This time they rode the breakers together, spar and man, and thus were washed ashore.

The logger crawled up and out of the sweeping arms of the surf. He rested for a moment to blow the brine out of his nose and throat and rub his smarting eyes. With chattering teeth he looked across where the bark lay on the rocks. He cursed her, and everyone on board.

"Drown, damn youse, drown!" he shouted, and he laughed, a wild, primitive laugh. No one out there would appear against him now to hang him! "Drown, damn youse, drown!" he shouted again.

He rose to his feet. It was daylight now. A jaundiced tinge spattered the eastern sky.

He must be getting along. Ahead of him lay a forest of familiar evergreens amid which his misery would soon be forgotten. As he staggered up the beach, the crew, through the mists of foam, made out his form. A line was shot ashore. It fell close to him. He stopped and snorted like a scared colt. He stared at it with a glare of hate, as if it were a live thing—a snake that would strike to kill. As he watched, it was sucked back into the waves. He laughed—a defiant laugh this time.

He started ahead, then turned and looked again at the ship. As he stared, the mast, with men clinging to it, tumbled into the sea. He saw the fall; he heard their wild cries.

He swung his arms over his head, writhing in agony. After all, could he let men die? He raced into the breakers after the line, caught it, and ran up the beach with the slack of it. He straightened his back and braced his legs. Then with long pulls and strong pulls, the line came in from the bark.

## WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 67)

Valerie studied Amy as a fascinating little monster, a kind of shiny, slithy lizard with jewel eyes and a shallow rapid heart fluttering in her throat. Amy was something in a glass cage apart from Valerie's life.

Blair Fleming was almost equally remote. But his eyes considered her so mournfully that she could not quite absolve herself from the memory of their first and last night together. It was comforting to be sure that he was no cad; he would never take advantage of that chance encounter; and he was no braggart to spread the gossip of it.

### Chapter Eleven

**ALTOGETHER**, the evening was pleasant. The dinner was a success. Everybody was childishly merry. Those who drank too much went amiably drunk. Claudine turned into an irresistible clown. Even Jimmy St. John, whose temperament was markedly subnormal when sober, warmed under the spell of alcohol into a gracious and delicious wit with an eagerness to do parlor tricks and an unsuspected ability in them.

Valerie melted a little toward him, understanding that he was one of the unfortunates who are not themselves without alcoholic fuel, and who mask a pitiful timidity under a pretended insolence until liquor releases them. Amy also lost her inhibitions with her third glass of gin and orange juice. Her affectations fell from her like abandoned stays and the tight shoes she kicked off. She became a wild little Bacchante, dancing in her dainty stockinged feet and uttering careless thoughts whose audacity looked like wit.

She and Jimmy sang duets and concocted charades and snatches from plays and operas. They were children again. Probably their infantile souls were true playmates.

Valerie understood now that there was a deeper congeniality between them than any mere nasty desire for intrigue. They belonged to each other, and they were only themselves when tipsy.

The pity of it! They had not met until Amy had married the wrong man. Fidelity to her husband would ruin three lives, —and so would infidelity. Yet Amy and Jimmy were only alive when they broke the law against intoxicants. Tears came to Valerie's lashes from sudden sorrow for two poor souls that she had despised. She longed to run away and hide from the subtle brutalities of Fate. Then she decided that her uncharacteristically divine compassion might be alcoholic too—and she put her glass far from her.

She reached out and took it back when she caught one of Blair Fleming's long looks. It struck through her as if his gaze were the shaft of an arrow pinning her heart to a wall. He had not joined the drinking-bout because, as she remembered, liquor made him drowsy, and he thought that life was too short to be wasted in sleep. That piercing look in his eyes was, then, the genuine insanity. This troubled her deeply, filled her with alarm and remorse. What had she done to this poor man who had been sad enough already?

Was this a mere revenge upon his wife, or was he seriously attracted to Valerie? His eyes were serious enough. If he didn't keep them off her, they would attract the attention of the noisy hoodlums who had forgotten their usual pretenses of dignity and breeding and were competing with one another in idiocies.

Bank-officials, realtors, eminent department-store executives, golf-club directors, were all trying to be goat-legged fawns and worship the great god Pan. They did not know how, but they did their best. And their wives and aunts and sisters-in-law, who would go back tomorrow to bullying their cooks, admonishing their children to be dignified, and perhaps making speeches before women's club committees, were also pathetically yearning to be nymphs and dryads and sirens. Valerie and Blair were the only ones who were solemn.

Once more Valerie made use of her headache and begged to be excused. There was a clamor of protest, but Mrs. Dorr protected her from being torn to pieces by the menads, and Amy—Amy kissed her good-night!

As she crossed the yard to her cottage, the moonlight broke upon her in a silver cascade. The night was marvelous among the countless pines, and the air was spiced with their fragrance.

She went to her room, but did not put on the light. She leaned her hot brow against a window and stared into the woods and the lake just glimpsed through the trees.

It seemed unbearably lonely in the little room. The woods summoned her to their midnight prayer. She drew the curtains, and went stealthily out and across the yard like a thief. The cottage was shaken with song and dance, and she ran down the road till she could no longer hear the revelry.

**SHE** stopped short, terrified. Behind every tree there was room for a man to hide, and every tree had the air of concealing some one, some thief, some wretch suddenly become a satyr, a brute gone Pan.

# A new triumph in electric cleaning— "POSITIVE AGITATION"



## "POSITIVE AGITATION"

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

THIS IS THE  
DIFFERENCE

**V**ACUUM cleaning, assuredly, was a far step ahead of the broom.

Now a new and even more impressive advance is accomplished—the doubly-efficient cleaning principle called "Positive Agitation"! In the new and greater Hoover this revolutionary principle lifts the task of cleaning rugs and carpetings to unmatched levels of thoroughness and ease.

It is so saving of time and effort, so superlatively effective, it enables the new Hoover to surpass even the celebrated standard-design Hoover in such im-

THE HOOVER  
The oldest and largest maker of

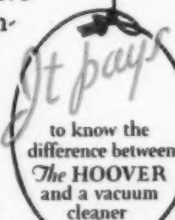
portant particulars as these:

- 1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.
- 2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.
- 3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.
- 4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.
- 5 It increases the efficiency of its

remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

- 6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.
- 7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

If you want to clean your rugs and carpetings *easier, faster, more thoroughly*, certainly you want "Positive Agitation." It is easy to have. Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will put a new and greater Hoover in your home today complete with dusting tools, for only \$6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.



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electric cleaners • The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

# The *new* HOOVER

It *BEATS...* as it Sweeps as it Cleans



## A digestive aid that never works overtime!

**T**HE next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try a couple of Gastrogen Tablets. They will give you quick relief from your indigestion, heartburn or gas—without in the least interfering with your normal digestion.

For Gastrogen Tablets never go too far, as soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it are very apt to do. With alkalis of that kind, the least overdose leaves your stomach with an alkaline residue that is almost as unwelcome as the hyperacidity itself.

For normal, healthy digestion requires a slight acidity of the stomach—1.5 of 1 percent—and until nature restores this balance, proper digestion is out of the question.

### Gastrogen Tablets stop when they correct acidity

Gastrogen Tablets have the happy faculty of overcoming hyperacidity quickly, then stopping their work. They cannot alkalize the stomach. You could eat them all day, and the excess would only pass through your system harmless and unchanged.

So, if you suffer from digestive distress, give Gastrogen Tablets a trial. Find out what it means to correct indigestion without hampering digestion!

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in ten to fifteen minutes. They have a spicy, aromatic flavor that everybody likes, and as an agent for sweetening the breath they can hardly be excelled.

*Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.*

# GASTROGEN

## Tablets

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73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part,  
send me your special introductory packet of  
6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

She wanted to run back to the cottage, but at all costs she must visit awhile with the gigantic beauty of the earth and that little blue sea and the stars lowered to the treetops on unseen wires from the dome of the universe. Her heart was in a stampede of fear at every bush that moved, every bough that muttered in the slow breeze; yet she was almost more afraid of the oppression of majesty. She suffocated with too much air. Too many splendors weighed upon her, and she was crushed and smothered like the traitorous woman who admitted the enemy into the city, for pay demanding the shields of the soldiers—and had them all piled upon her.

There was the earth to wonder at with its straight innumerable sky-piercing trees and the moon playing upon them as if their shafts were harp-strings. There was the lake, fallen upon the ground like a ragged shard of the blue porcelain sky. It had no look of water, yet now and then a fish leaped and dived back, sketching a pretty rainbow of fire in the air.

There were the stars—mere points of tremulous flame that were suns of inconceivable magnitude unimaginably remote.

She felt tinier, more ephemeral, more unimportant than the least invisible midge fighting for its moment of existence beneath the bark of any of these trees. And yet it was a kind of glory to be the smallest part of this vastitude, to be a witness of the night.

**S**HE made her timid way to the water's edge, looking back anxiously at the lights spotting the forest here and there. There was a little restlessness where the ripples tumbled and spread along the sand or gurgled among the rocks. A night moth blundered about her head and frightened her with its velvet stealth. Something moved in a little bush. It was probably the breeze. It might be a snake. She turned quickly to look at the trees. It seemed that she was being watched. She did not believe in ghosts, yet there was a ghostliness everywhere. She was afraid, mortally afraid. She would have run in panic back to the camp, but she was afraid to run. It was a long while before she found the courage to stir. She returned slowly, her eyes alert for the rush of some assailant out of the pages of myth or out of the pages of the newspapers.

At last she was at the gate. She fell back. The revel was over. In the yard those of the guests who slept in the little guest-cottages were bidding good-night to one another.

Somebody proposed a serenade to Miss Dangerfield. Somebody else remarked that her light was out. Claudine almost wept as she pleaded that the poor thing be allowed to sleep on. At last they dispersed to their various retreats, and Valerie could slip into her own room. She threw back the curtains and undressed in the dim radiance.

With her film of a nightgown trailing after her, she stood and bathed in the moonbeams, writhed in a contortion of ecstasy at being alive; breathed deep of the light, let it play upon her in a benediction. Then she drew the lacy nothing over her head and let it flow about her feet.

She was suddenly lonely. It was not well to be alone, unloved, unloving. This moonlight was the mad wine of love. She had been glad that the insanity had not overwhelmed her reason. But now it seemed that being reasonable was the insanest thing of all.

She crept slowly and miserably into her narrow bed, and was very cold. She burrowed under the blankets, yet shivered. She sat up to reach for the wadded silken comforter folded across the foot of the bed. Before she could draw it over her, her eye

was caught by a light in an upper window of the house. She recognized it as the window of the Flemings' room. They were together there in its mellow warmth. Together! The somber man and the tipsy flirt who loved some one else.

Poor Mrs. Fleming! Poor Blair! She had resolved to save him from that creature. And she had abandoned the resolve, coward that she was, nobleman that he might be if—

The light blinked out. Their window was dark. They were alone together in the dark.

With a gasp of sudden horror, she felt a knife plunged into her heart. She loved Blair Fleming!

She had loved him from the first; all the things she had told herself about rescuing him from an evil woman for his own great thwarted future, all the fine ideals she had imagined about releasing a giant from a witch—had been self-deception. She was loving him all the while, and only knew it now! And he was there with her. Valerie remembered the terrible deeds of the people in the newspapers, the despicable inconceivably insane things they had done. And she felt capable of any of them.

She flung off the bedclothes and paced the floor, striking her shins on chairs, hurting the soles of her feet on the sharp edges of her slipper-heels, wringing her hands. She reasoned with herself, called herself fool, imbecile, maniac. And it did as much good as denouncing the plague that has seized upon the marrow of one's bones.

Mad as a sleepwalker in a senseless nightmare, she staggered about her cell, casting frenzied glances at the blank unanswering window that left the imagination free to paint the most intolerable visions.

Murder was in her heart. She could have thrown acid upon Amy. She could have emptied a revolver into her. She would rather sear or riddle Blair with acid or bullets than permit him to possess or be possessed by that loathsome serpent Amy. It would be doing the world a great service to efface her. It would end a profanation to destroy them both, and herself. That would not be murder; it would be the work of God. She would be a sacred executioner.

As she tottered to and fro, she mixed her bloodthirsty resolutions with frantic appeals to her better self:

"You are mad! You must throw off this delirium! You don't mean a thing you think! The man is nothing to you—nothing, nothing!"

But her heart retorted stubbornly: "He is everything to you!"

She argued with a fever, expostulated with the tide that drowned her. She bade the fire not to burn her. She found herself at the door bent on some wild errand against that window. The cold night wind slapped her with an icy shock.

She fell back, closed and locked the door, and running to her bed, hurled herself onto it, and sobbed and sobbed, biting the pillow and thrusting it into her mouth to muffle the noise she could not help making.

She moaned to herself:

"This isn't you! Why, this isn't you! Come back! Come back!"

It was a long while before she had wrecked her strength with weeping. She fell asleep and knew nothing until a servant, knocking at her door, told her that breakfast would soon be ready.

### Chapter Twelve

**F**ORLORN beyond any past experience, and aching as if she had been flogged into insensibility, Valerie lifted herself to one elbow and fell back. She was sick. She was bruised. She was bewildered, afraid.

She dropped to her pillow a moment till



Parfums Caron



CARON CORP. 389 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

## Contentment in Every Draw— Cards or Tobacco

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.  
My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouchy. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad.

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

Sincerely,  
W. H. Doughty.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8-W S. 21st Street Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.]

she suffocated, then heaved herself up to breathe. Her hot eyes saw treetops and a harsh early sky glaring through cedar boughs that were only cedar boughs. The midnight ecstasy was gone, the poetry. It was the hour for getting up and going about one's workaday business, if one had any. She had none.

The camp was awake. Servants were busy. Chauffeurs were tuning their engines. In the other rooms people were banging doors, filling bathtubs, packing suitcases. Claudine was wailing with her head. A few odious persons who loved mornings were inviting slaughter by their untimely vivacity. The rest had only bad tastes in their mouths and in their souls as their punishment for the night's happiness. Valerie tore herself from her bed and went to close the window. She fell back behind the curtain as she saw at his window Blair Fleming musing down upon her cottage.

The sun smote him in the eyes, but he stared a long while before he shook himself and withdrew into the room suddenly. Doubtless Amy had commanded him to some errand for her. She passed the window herself, and peered out half-dressed. Her hair was frowsy, and she yawned without putting her hand before her. The sight of her sickened Valerie. She went to her bathroom, turned the faucets, and began the chores of the morning, the tooth-brushing, the hair-brushing, all the tuning-up of the engine for the day's run.

When she was dressed and ready to go to the big house for breakfast, and opened the door, she recoiled at the sight of Blair Fleming walking up and down the yard. He was smoking a cigar with a certain savagery. She braced herself for the ordeal and walked out. As she neared him, she sang out a brisk "Good morning!" He lifted his hat and let her go by as if she meant quite nothing to him.

But as she passed him, he groaned without looking at her:

"I love you! I love you!"

She was checked as if he had struck her. Then she forced herself to move on without answering. She could not have answered. She was staggered with joy, smitten blind with sunlight, redeemed. Everything was simple and plain as the forenoon now.

She loved him. He loved her. The rest was easy. Amy was a detail. The marriage bond was a wilted daisy-chain and as easy to snap.

When she met Amy at the door, she smiled upon her with such kindness that Amy moaned:

"Good Lord, how do you manage to be so sweet so early? I just loathe mornings."

VALERIE laughed, and gave her an amiable tap on the arm.

Jimmy St. John was back in the dumps. When Valerie chirped, "Good morning!" he snapped:

"Impossible. There's no such thing!"

Claudine was gulping black coffee and ice-water, and boasting of how rotten she felt.

The Dorrs were enlivened by the realization that the party was over and the guests would soon be gone. Their only anxiety was lest some accident should detain somebody. They were very solicitous about the condition of all the motors.

One by one the cars charged off into the woods, and sought the back road down into the plain. Amy, missing her vanity-case, and not seeing Blair, ran back to find it. Jimmy St. John suddenly loudly remembered something he had forgotten and dashed into the house. Valerie imagined that they would exchange a few words—at least a few words.

This gave Blair an opportunity to come out into the open and approach Valerie, who was waiting by Jimmy St. John's car.

With his back to the house, he lighted a fresh cigar, and murmured into his hands: "Did you hear what I said to you awhile ago?"

Valerie found a cigarette and called out to him:

"Save me a light!"

As he held the match close to her lips, she answered softly:

"I heard you. And it made me very happy. For I love you."

"You can't mean it!" Blair gasped.

"I can't help it," she laughed.

He blew out the match and breathed a sigh like the beatitude that breathes among the pines in the moonlit midnight.

They were both happy all the way home.

Jimmy and Amy on the front seat were irritated by their cheerfulness and tossed back sarcasms. But Blair laughed his best for no reason at all. It would have been pleasanter, of course, if they could have held hands at least. But that was luxury. Being together was the necessity.

ST. JOHN took the wrong turning, so that before they realized their error they were dropping into the brim of the Mojave Desert. The heat was terrifying. Jimmy's sweating hands slipped on the wheel. He turned to say:

"I'll never eat another boiled live lobster. I know just how he feels as they lower him into the water."

The four in the car took off what clothes they could spare, opened their throats to the hot wind, and gasped. It was all too easy to imagine what those poor nameless men had endured who had left their bones here.

Round and round they had run in circles, stripping their garments from them, and plunging their hands into the flinty dust for water while their tongues blackened and swelled, and fiendish mirages of purling streams and flashing fountains and deep wells danced in the inaccessible sky.

Blair was reminded of the man who had started to tunnel his way with his fingers through the Funeral Range of mountains to Greenwater on the other side. He spoke of this poor madman because he had been found before he died raving. He did not speak of the unnumbered hunters for wealth and the caravans of pioneers that had not been saved in time.

The misery was great enough in the car that crept all too slowly over the heavy road. There was a road now, and signs were placed upon it. Solid highways were spreading a net about the desert everywhere, for man was going to conquer it and make it a garden. Death Valley was becoming scenery, a decreasingly thrilling experience for visitors. Tireless man with his greed and his mercy was robbing the world of all its old hells.

But there was still danger of the radiator boiling and leaking. There was still danger of sunstroke or heat prostration. And the imagination was a torment in itself.

One could see the wraiths of desperate creatures whom the quest for happiness and wealth had sent into this torture-pit when there were no roads, no signs, no wheels, no motors, and the only carriage was the scorched feet.

And the lack of water was the cause of all this horror—this crime in landscape. Oceans covered dead cities; tidal waves ripped leagues of seaside homes to splinters; deluges ruined miles on miles of tilled land and carried off farmhouses and cattle and crops—but heaven would not grant this desert respite from its thirst. The Mojave must lie aching in mad torment until the ant-armies of mankind should find time and money and strength to rescue the realm that God despised.

Water was all that it needed, and it would rival the Edens of fable. . . .



# LOST: \$35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost \$35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew and didn't."

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that \$35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

## Procrastination is the thief of cold hard cash

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man

may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

The young man of twenty with no responsibilities to anyone but himself can perhaps afford to take a chance.

But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

It is to mature men—men who not only *want* to succeed but *must* succeed—that the Institute appeals most strongly.

For more than sixteen years it has been the privilege of the Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business. More than 250,000 men have profited by its training.

Its Advisory Council consists of these prominent men:

General T. Coleman DuPont, the well-known business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell

University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and Business Advisor; and Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

## The typical Institute man is—You

You are probably over 30. The average age of Institute subscribers is 34.

You have a wife; perhaps children. A majority of Institute subscribers are married.

In other words, this training is especially designed for *you*. Will you let us tell you about it?

## Send for this valuable book

Out of our experience we have prepared a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's responsibilities and income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way. The coupon brings it to you.

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LOVE was as common as water and as need-ful to the soul. It made the earth beautiful and green and filled it with flowers. And the love of man for man was rescuing the desert places of the soul from the hatred of the gods, the cruel taboos, the feuds and rituals of barbaric priestcraft, the prejudices inherited from the sky.

But that was not the ancient love of man for woman; it was a kind of spiritual engineering. The ancient love it was that wakened Valerie's heart, and made it pleasant to stifle at the side of her man in the desert, to gape and sweat in his company than to know any ease alone—if there could be any further ease for her, alone.

The car, floundering over the ill-kept road, flung Valerie against Blair ludicrously. She flopped about like a rag-doll. But it was not at all unpleasant. She shrieked with laughter, and he roared without restraint. Amy and Jimmy glanced back and laughed with them, never dreaming of the new souls that possessed their jostled bodies.

At last, after miles on miles of journey through the fiery furnace, they came out of it alive, and the smoking radiator was quenched with water from a shady garage.

From now on, the car ran again through orange groves, each tree a little world with a constellation of golden stars on its green sky. The lemon trees were spangled with golden sequins; walnut trees stood in battalions on dress parade. The boundary lines of this wonderland were swarms of roses. The least ranch-house hung over one shoulder a priceless mantilla of bougainvillea.

The orange trees were in flower and in fruit at the same time, and the fragrance of the wedding blossoms mingled with the aroma of the broiling skins of the oranges.

"Orange flowers!" said Valerie softly. His eyes ran to hers. He understood. He grew sad. How could there be orange flowers for them?

Jimmy ran his car as fast as he dared, crawling through the towns of palms and stucco, and flashing along the straight long concrete highway. Valerie had a sudden inkling that he was in haste to leave Blair at his office and her at her aunt's, so that he and Amy might at last be free.

She was in such an outlaw mood that she wished Amy and her cavalier the best of luck and a long life together. But when Blair was left at his office and she was dropped off at her aunt's, when could they ever meet again? And where? And with what hope of any but a stolen and hazardous mockery of union?

### Chapter Thirteen

IT was managed as Valerie had foreseen. After abominable miles at the snail's pace of fifty miles an hour, the outskirts of Los Angeles were reached and Jimmy was forced to abate his speed as the traffic thickened. Long halts at street-crossings were peculiarly tormenting. Haste meant the quicker parting, yet delay was no pleasure. Finally they reached Blair's office, and he stooped to clamber out, leaving his suitcase for Amy to take home—"home" was the

word he used, and it made Valerie wince as a profanation, yet a proof of Amy's grip on her lover.

Blair tried to be merely polite to Valerie, and with his wife's eyes narrowed on him, he was a little less than that. But he put so much stealthy power in the quick clasp of her hand, that she was like to have cried out. She tried to put into her eyes a thrust of power that should pierce his labored indifference, but that was a vanity. The eyes cannot thrust, however they want to. There are times when lovers must have words to satisfy them. The mystic intangible link of their mingled stares snapped as Blair turned away, putting his hat awkwardly on his head and blundering into passers-by. Jimmy sent the car forward, and Valerie dared not look back to see if Blair looked back.

Through the dense multitude of automobiles Jimmy steered his own with a loafing dexterity that won from Amy an admiration evident in her very shoulder-blades. Up Seventh Street, past the pretty pond and the thicket of Westlake Park, round into Wilshire Boulevard and on out, the car glided while Valerie sat alone in the back of it, as dreary as Marie Antoinette in her tumbrel. At length Fremont Place was attained. Jimmy hopped out to play porter, while Valerie shook hands with Amy and told her what a wonderful time she had had.

"It was wonderful of you to come," said Amy, "but I'm afraid you'll never accept another of my invitations."

"Just try me," said Valerie. Jimmy St. John, waiting impatiently with Valerie's handbag in his hand, supposed that the women were the best of friends.

MRS. PASHLEY'S butler opened the door and took the bag from Jimmy, who shook hands with Valerie and she with him, with no ulterior thought in either head. Certainly Valerie wished him well with Amy, and he had not even suspected that Valerie had any special interest in Blair. If he had thought about them at all, he had supposed that they had rather failed to hit it off. But he had not returned to his car long enough to mesh the gears before Amy said in the unguarded frankness a woman uses only to the man she loves:

"That cat is simply crazy about my husband."

"Her? Him!" gasped Jimmy, making a hopeless mess of letting in the clutch. "If anybody is crazy, it is the little Ames-wamesie that I'm so crazy about."

Amy went on with as much grimness as such a doll could express:

"She's bound she's going to get him, too. But she won't!"

"Oh, I say! Look here!" said Jimmy. "How many slaves do you want? I rather fancied you fancied me. I mean to say, you said you did—if you know what I mean."

"She sha'n't have him, anyway!" Amy muttered. "Who does she think she is, anyway, that she can take my husband right out from under my nose?"

"Sub rosa, what?" Jimmy commented, trying to take it calmly, but horribly upset by an intuition that Amy loved him considerably less than her own pride.

This flash of understanding revived his own pride, and from that moment he recognized Amy as an inaccessibly selfish little soul in a pretty envelope—nice enough to play with, but nothing at all to love. From that moment Amy lost him, and Valerie lost in him an ally she had counted on, an unwitting ally who would take Amy off Blair's hands and off his heart.

The plots and plans that were darkling through Valerie's unhappy soul were all based on this belief. Two minutes ago her supposition had been true; now, by a care-

less unwitting tipping of her hand, Amy had put her lover's heart to flight. Amy was no more aware of her loss than Valerie was.

If Valerie had been watching Jimmy's face when Amy threw the flashlight on the depths of her being, she might have caught the vital change that registered itself on his transparent mien. But Valerie was now in her room, trying to keep from screaming at Aunt Ada's maid to have done and be off. That eminent personage, however, went proudly on, displaying her technic in the deftness with which she unpacked the handbag and arranged its contents in the drawers of the ancient Spanish bureau. To have hurried would have been a tacit discourtesy.

Aunt Ada was not at home. The maid explained that Mrs. Pashley had went to a meeting of the Philharmonic Society, and would Miss Dangerfield 'ave a bit of lunch?

"No, thank you," said Valerie with an ominous sweetness.

"Would that be all, miss?"

"Yes, thank you!" Valerie murmured with a murderous glare in her eyes.

"Thank you!" said the maid, closing the door.

"Grrr!" said Valerie. Tearing her hat from her head, she was about to hurl it (the hat) across the room when the door opened, and the maid thrust in her visage to announce: "Miss Livingston called on the phone and said she would call again."

"I'm out if she does."

"Thank you!"

Valerie locked the door in order to tear her hat to pieces in wrath at everything in general and nothing in particular. As soon as the key clicked, she lost her magnificent start and decided that it was not worth while tearing anything to pieces. Perched on the edge of a chair, she fell into a stupor of loneliness. She was as despondent as a castaway on a seaboard wreck. Throes of yearning for Blair Fleming swept over her in billows that shook her very soul.

Love was upon her in an agony. Flashes of fever scorched her. She lifted her weary hand to her forehead and found it hot; but it was clammy cold before her feeble hand fell back to her side. She was poisoned with love and all its ridiculous, inexplicable, irresistible venoms.

AT his desk in his office, Blair Fleming sat trying to read his mail and know what he was reading. Miss Whitham, his secretary, stared at him surreptitiously across her notebook and wondered if he were ill, or had had a sleepless night, or had been drinking. He shook his head to clear it, as a prize-fighter knocked down and almost out tries to fling off the fog in his skull. He breathed hard and longed for sleep as an insomniac longs for it. He wondered what was the matter with him, and never suspected.

But his wife, just drawing up to the home he had bought for her at her own request, knew well enough what was the matter with him. And she resolved that she would keep him from Valerie Dangerfield if it were the last act of her life.

Jimmy St. John had hardly spoken a word. His usual chatter had plainly not been missed by Amy. And he was rather glad of that, for he felt himself a hopeless outsider.

It was not the first time that people who have traveled far for pleasure have come home unhappier than they went. In the discordant quartet every member was in a state of painful suspense but Amy, who was determined to keep things as they were. And that always takes a bit of keeping.

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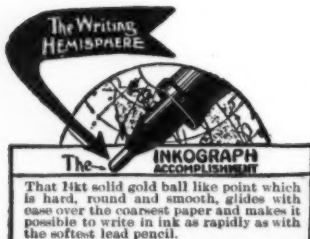
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## STILTS AND A COMPLEX

(Continued from page 61)

"Already," he said, "at college, I had suffered with preliminary small attacks. Now the thing began in earnest. I was always falling in love. As often as twice a semester—"

"It's natural at that age—"

"Good Lord, shut up! You are here to listen, not to speak!"

"The point is that each time I fell in love it was with a tall girl. Do you hear? With a tall girl. Each time, always, inevitably, fatally, with a tall girl. A tall one—do you hear?"

Thus directly challenged, I uttered softly a vague: "Awkward!"

He pounced upon the word in fury. "Awkward?" he cried. "It was—devastating! You can't very well be in love without taking her out sometime. I would take her out; some shop-window would reflect our silhouettes as we passed, her hat-feathers a foot above my hat; and returning to my lodgings, I would pen my resignation, acidly, ruthlessly. . . . You can't well be in love without dancing sometimes. We'd dance; I would note that my nose just reached her shoulder—and the dawn, breaking after the ball, would find me at my desk, breaking her heart with a firm withdrawal. You can't well be in love without kissing her good night. Usually I managed craftily enough to be uphill from her when the moment came. A day would arrive when I would fail. We would meet on the level; I would sense the bending of her knee as she lowered herself to place her lip on my brow—and the moon would see me rushing back like a madman toward my desk and my liberating pen. It was terrible, I tell you. One might have taken me for some reckless Don Juan engaged in ruining hearts, whereas, as a matter of fact, I was no such person at all. . . . You don't approve of me!" he broke off suddenly.

"I pass no judgment," I said.

"Well," he went on after a pause, "it was not all as bad as it seems. You must know that I am not one wanting in a proper sense of responsibility. From time to time I have traced up all these ladies. And it will relieve your sensibilities to know that—with a few negligible exceptions—they are all married—and happy."

"BUT," he went on, falling into a deep gloom, "by no possible squirming can one escape the Fates. I married too, finally."

"I should call that foiling the Fates," I cried. "A most charming lady, if I am any judge. And—surely no—no taller than yourself. Just about as near the same size as could be, I should say—"

"Exactly the same size," he said dryly, "in stockings—in silk stockings."

"We met," he said, "on the tennis-court. On the tennis-court! She wore tennis shoes. Heel-less."

The gloom that enveloped him was profound, and he fell into a silence which I did not dare break.

"Besides," he continued after a moment, his manner having passed from fury to sadness, "this was a time when some Greek revival had altered the styles in footwear. Young women ran about in sandals—sneakers, I think they called them. They ran about in sneakers. Heel-less!"

"It was during that period I married her. I met her on the tennis-court, and my courtship happened entirely during that period when young women wore sneakers. Keep that in mind."

"But," he went on, "we were hardly married when, fatally of course,—I should have known it,—the mode went out. And soon she was displaying a marked weakness for

high heels. Very high heels—absurdly high."

"For two years this did not matter much; we were still in the glow of our first passion, our faculty for illusion unimpaired. But, as you know, the end of the second year in marriage marks a period of necessary readjustment. It was about then that athwart the necessary readjustment, as it were, there loomed this—unfortunate predilection of hers."

WHAT he went on to tell me was a new proof of something which I have learned many times but which I am always forgetting—how little we know of our neighbors.

There was the home of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand, for instance, as we had known it—or thought we had known it. There was the family of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand as we had known it—or thought we had known it. And the life of Professor Aloysius Hildebrand.

A model home, a perfect home. A model family, a perfect one. A model life: The man wedded to the higher pursuits of the mind, immersed in interesting and important work, holding the esteem of his colleagues, the liking of his students, saved from possible dry-rot by his brilliant athletic past, and from any narrowness of living by the fact that his pay—which might have been inadequate—was amply supplemented by the income of a small fortune. The wife, the mother, a handsome woman, of equable and happy disposition, at once an ornament socially and a most efficient mistress of the house. In that house, three children—beautiful children, blonde, healthy and strong, giving promise already of having inherited more than a little of the father's intellectual vigor. A beautiful home, quiet and dignified without severity, balanced and harmonious—thus it had looked to us all from the outside.

And yet, all of this time, this home had been a black battleground, the scene of an obscure and unrelenting feud!

It had been about heels. The matter was a simple one: he did not want her to wear high heels. The matter was a very simple one: she wanted to wear high heels.

The enormous complication came from the fact that he could not tell her why he did not want her to wear high heels. The reason was one which at that time he couldn't even admit to himself. He had to find other reasons. He collected hygienic reasons; he collected esthetic ones. He perused the magazines for them. He was becoming an omnivorous, a morbid reader of newspapers and magazines. But she—she would smile, she would laugh—she continued to wear the heels.

His insistence in the matter she regarded—he could see that very well—as one of the small traits which often make the male amusing and dear. It was all of a piece with that other peculiarity of his—his absorption in mathematics. One of those dear male traits which awaken a sort of tenderness but are not to be taken seriously.

While with him, day by day, the thing was becoming the serious concern of his life. Now, all of the time, he was ill-humored about it. The very manner of her very constant refusal—the smiling gayety of it—was exasperating; but still more the fact that he was tongue-tied, that he could not give her the real reason. How could he tell her that, heel-less, she was still the tender little thing he had married, that, with heels on, she was the monster who kept forcing upon him the desolate sense of inferiority which so courageously, up to this time, he had fought off—at school by swatting his little playmates, at college by sinking his

head into six-footer stomachs? He couldn't, that's all. So, to his insincere and non-specific attacks on the heel as a general evil, she opposed simply her tolerance, her gayety and her good-humor. Which kept him in a state of perpetual inward fury.

"I was reduced to hints," he said to me now. "That was all I could do—hint. I'd hint and hint and hint and hint and hint. About those cursed heels! And she'd smile—laugh me off. She was so tolerant and humorous. Ben—is your name Ben? So tolerant and humorous! I'd almost choke with rage!"

"Sometimes, when at last I'd find myself once more in my study, it would be an hour, it would be two hours, before I could smooth myself down and finally lose myself in my work. But as soon as I was home, it would begin again. If only we had had real scenes, it would not have been so bad. Real frank, loud scenes, a wielding of the broom, a healthy crash of dishes. But we were denied this release by our breeding, by our station. So our lives were poisoned. Poisoned! I lived in a state of constant inward fury, Ben!"

"And," he continued meditatively, "this went on for years. For years!"

SUDDENLY he began to count with his fingers. "Ten years!" he shouted, almost in triumph.

"Upon which," I said, "you beat it."

He looked at me calmly.

"You see," he explained, "I had finally worked myself into a bad state. I discovered this one evening. We had been attending a faculty reception. For two hours I had stood in line by her side while a horde of alumni filed by. Of course, for this occasion she had put on her highest heels. For two hours, as all those grinning apes filed by and pressed my hand, I had stood at her side."

"Home once more, we got into our usual discussion. If I remember well, in fact, I had followed her into her chamber, to give her some statistics I had gathered from the researches of a life insurance company and which were much to the point. We were standing before the fireplace, a graceful Venetian piece of Camorra marble, when suddenly, with intense vision, I saw myself picking up the poker—a slender, but perfectly firm instrument—and bringing it down upon her head."

"Good Lord!"

"Wait a minute," he deprecated. "I did not do it, you understand. It was a mere vision. But this vision had been so complete and so clear, I had felt so vividly the poker in my hand, had visualized so perfectly just the spot of her charming stubborn head (at the exact parting of the ashy blonde and undulous plaits) where the poker should be applied—that I knew immediately I had worked myself into a bad state. I pivoted on my heel, made for my study, wrote a note, and left."

"I read the note," I said. "It was in the papers at the time. You wrote 'To Hades with it all!'"

## "Getting Married"

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"That is what the papers said," he corrected with some bitterness. "I did not write 'Hades.' I"—he placed his index finger upon his chest—"used the good old English word."

He rummaged in a drawer, brought out a pipe. He filled it, lighted it, and started puffing. I could see that he was through, that he considered he had told me everything. But of course he hadn't. I was still curious. "But," I said, "you have not told me everything. I know now how and why you left your home. But how in the world have you this funny job of yours?"

"Funny job?" He seemed surprised. "Why, it's a peach of a job!"

"Funny awhile. 'I'll tell you," he said. "You see, when I left, my one idea was really to leave. Getting on a train, I stayed on it to the very end of the line—which happened to be New York. New York—a very good place for the vanishing act, I decided as soon as I found myself there. For a time I was foot-loose, a bit at a loss: I wandered about a good deal. And one day on Broadway I came across—well, what you saw today. A man on stilts advertising a gum. At the sight of him something in my heart stirred—a longing, which soon became a yearning. I could not help reflecting that the man up on those stilts must be a happy man. What a happy man he must be, away up there on those stilts! For three days I followed him about, admiring and envious. Then a sudden possibility made my heart leap with hope—and I accosted him as, after work, he came down from his stilts. And immediately I found that my surmise had been a correct one. You see, in this world, seemingly, no one is happy who you think is happy. This foolish fellow suffered with what is called a grouch on his job. He did not like to be up there so high on stilts. It made him dizzy, he said. He had no aptitude for elevation. I concealed the joy beating in my bosom, and asked him if he would sell out. He said yes. I asked how much. He said: 'For nothing; you are welcome to it.' I said, 'I'll give you a thousand dollars.'

"I had left all of my resources behind for my family, with the exception of one thousand dollars which I had taken with me in cash. I now gave the man—his name was Cornelius Green—the thousand dollars. For several nights, in secret, under his guidance, I practised with the stilts till I had become—well, quite an adept. Then, as was our agreement, he abruptly threw up his job—and to his employers, thus in the lurch, I appeared as if by chance, asking for it. I got it, of course; I have held it ever since."

"But," I exclaimed, "why? Why, and again why? Why should you, a man of your past and your intellect, come down to a situation after all so—well, unintelligent—and menial—and uncomfortable—and ill-paid?"

He looked at me out of eyes filled with a real amazement. He did not seem to understand me at all. "Why," he cried, "it's a wonderful job! Why—it's the sweetest kind of a job!"

"It is true the pay is not high. But I like a frugal life. But besides, do you not see that now my life is divided in two parts. One half of the time I am here, alone, in this room; and when alone, one can feel just as tall as one desires. The other half of the time I am among the multitudes—but so conditioned that no pestiferous female in the world can be possibly taller than I am, and no complacent six-footer stick his elbow in my face!"

**S**EVERAL days passed after my talk with the Professor before I began to feel stirring within me a quality of mine which I am seldom able to hold in check, and which has called into my life no inconsiderable amount of trouble. I began to warm with a

desire to piece together the fragments of the Professor's broken life.

It seemed to me silly that a man of his attainments should be now pacing Broadway on stilts, advertising Chu-Chu Gum; it seemed to me regrettable that a man with so fine a family, so comfortable a home, should be exiled from that family and that home. It seemed to me that here was a place where some one should step in. Restore the Professor to his family, restore the Professor to his work. Perhaps I could be that person.

I knew of course precisely where lay the difficulty which had put the Professor where he was. "If," I said to myself, "he had told Mrs. Hildebrand just why he wished her to wear no heels, why then, of course, she would have worn no heels. Any wife, almost, would do that for her husband. You can't expect a wife to go without high heels simply because her husband tells her it throws her thorax out of place, as had been the Professor's method. Of course not. But the real reason—ah, if he had told her the real reason, it would have been another matter!"

"Perhaps you could give her that real reason," my little inward devil whispered.

**I**T happens that in my business I travel a good deal, and some three months later I found myself in the college town which I have been disguising under the name of Elm Harbor. Temptation, by this time, had become obsession; I went to call on Mrs. Hildebrand.

My first view of the Professor's house, I must admit, pricked me with a sense of possible failure. The lawns were so impeccably clipped, the flower-beds in such perfect order! The house had been newly painted. The children of the Professor, evidently just back from school, were going out again—healthy, strong, well-equipped in cloth and leather, so fresh, well-combed and washed! The servant at the door was everything that a well-trained servant should be. The Professor's absence, seemingly, had not proved a fatal absence. I began to suspect that in his home his existence had always been a little vague—as is apt to be, in any home, the existence of the head if he happens to be a professor of mathematics—or a writer, painter, musician—also, maybe, a business man.

Yet when, sitting in the charming rose-and-gray drawing-room, with Mrs. Hildebrand, I had delivered myself of my self-imposed mission, she gave all the signs of being quite moved. A suspicion of tears came to her eyes—beautiful eyes—gray. "Why, the poor dear!" she cried. "Is that what ailed him! Is that what was the matter!"

"But," she cried, "why did he not tell me! Why did he not tell me?"

"I felt that this was where the trouble lay," I said modestly. "And I decided to come and tell you myself. Now you know."

I could see that, sitting there, she was considering every phase of the situation, and framing her careful answer.

"Tell him," she said at length, "that if he wishes to return, he will find everything as he left it—his home intact, everybody and everything eager to greet him, his position at the university waiting for him, his study ready, fresh ink in the well, the blotter on the desk, his children happy to see him. And," she added with a smile, "his wife heel-less!"

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" I cried fervently, forgetting for the moment I was not myself the recipient of this generosity, but a mere proxy. And all the way back to New York, to the click of the wheels on the rails, I kept murmuring: "Well, nothing could be fairer than that. What could be fairer than that? Nothing could be fairer than that."

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**"Beauty's Master Touch"**

is so subtle and refined in its effect, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. It is very simple to use, no rubbing in, or messy treatments. Just a moment's time each morning assures you of possessing your "evening affair" beauty throughout the day.

Isn't it just as important to always appear at your best, as it is to look well for a particular occasion? Commence its use today, and learn how effectively the astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles, freckles, tan, flabbiness and muddy complexions. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size  
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**S**HORTLY, however, when I saw him and told him what I had done, failed to express any extravagant gratitude. He growled; he squirmed; he kept saying how happy he had been. "I've been perfectly happy," he muttered. "Perfectly happy." I noted, however, that already he was using the past tense. "She said she would take off the high heels, eh?" he asked.

"She did," I said. "And I think it very handsome of her."

He kept on muttering and growling and squirming, and I suddenly played a trump card which I had been holding back.

"Listen to me," I said. "Here is something which you have overlooked. You have evidenced some bitterness, whenever you have talked with me, over what seemingly you feel to be a lack of divining power in your wife. It is clear that you think she should have been more alert in guessing your need—in seeing the real reason behind your efforts to obtain from her an abandonment of her high heels. Has it ever occurred to you that this lack, instead of being one to arouse resentment, could be taken as a subtle compliment? That it comes very near proving that in her eyes, perhaps, you never have had the appearance of which you are so self-conscious? Why, all of this time, in all probability, she has seen you as a big man, seven feet tall. Some wives are like that, you know. Not all—but some."

I could see that he liked this fairly well. He sat there, regarding me without a word, and although he did not know it, a faint smile was overspreading his features.

"And she said she would take off her high heels, eh?" he asked again after a while.

"That is a matter which is absolutely settled."

He muttered a little more under his breath; he squirmed a little more in his chair; then abruptly, the decision came. "Well—I'll go back," he shouted. "Very well, I'll go back!" he shouted.

But first it seemed it was altogether necessary to find Cornelius Green. To Cornelius Green alone could the precious job on stilts be delegated. Having gained the main point, I was willing to humor him, of course. We sought Cornelius Green; for several days we trailed him from ex-employer to ex-employer. Finally we found him. He was washing windows on skyscrapers now. This job was losing its novelty, and the old one—that of parading Broadway on stilts—appeared to him full of charm. He leaped with joy upon the Professor's proposal, and followed us readily to the advertising agency, where the transfer was accomplished. Upon which, I took the Professor to the train.

**I** HAD done good work, I told myself as I returned from the station, after my eyes had followed as long as possible the tail of the train which was speeding the Professor back toward the bosom of his family. I had done good work, and I had done it cleverly and with tact. I had rebuilt a family; I had repaired a broken life. I was a good citizen—a good, useful citizen.

And thus I felt for quite a while. Every now and then I would go up Broadway and refresh my conviction by a contemplation of Cornelius Green up on his stilts. He was not quite like Professor Aloysius Hildebrand. He lacked the Professor's majesty, the Professor's benign elevation. In his technique appeared a lower vaudevilian strain. He would stop on street-corners and with his huge legs dance a little jig. He did not possess, as he strode, the Professor's far rapt gaze; his head turned this way and that; he plunged his eyes often through the second-story windows as he passed, and seemed to derive from this no little amusement. The fact that his nose was melancholy and long, added salt to his clowning.

Every now and then, to remember the good I had done, I would go up and see

Cornelius Green. But one day, as I wended my way to this rendezvous, even from a considerable distance did a foreboding sense of disaster strike me. What was that? What was that long, superb striding away over there, that chin lifted high in air? What was the matter with Cornelius Green? Whence this majesty, whence this magnificence?

Alas! I had not come much nearer ere my last stubborn doubt lay cracked and shattered in my heart. I knew what was the matter with Cornelius Green. The matter was that he was not Cornelius Green. It was not Cornelius who was striding down Broadway high on stilts, advertising Chu-Chu Gum. It was Professor Aloysius Hildebrand.

I confronted him after work, Nemesis-like, at the foot of his ladder. "What the deuce!" I began. But seizing me by the wrist, he rushed me to his room—the very same room where I first had discovered him.

"Had you not given it up?" I questioned, now very suspicious.

He blushed slightly. "Well—not altogether. I kept—er—a sort of a lien on it. A man—well, a man has to take his precautions."

"I suppose that is why you so insisted upon Green having your job," I pursued, seeing light.

**O**NCE more upon his learned countenance came the look of a small boy caught. "Well, I thought," he began. "—well, I thought," and did not finish the sentence. "Anyway, it worked," he cried, suddenly brightening up. "When I went to see him this morning,—I arrived only this morning,—I found him very tired of his stilts. He said they made him dizzy. Washing the windows of skyscrapers—that was the life, he said."

He was bringing out, as he talked, bread, cheese and near-beer, with the evident and innocent intent of placating me. "What happened—over there?" I asked, refusing a proffered and foaming glass. "Didn't Mrs. Hildebrand—"

"Oh," he cried hastily, "yes! She did her part; it wasn't her fault. She stopped wearing high heels. But you see, that was no good!"

"That was no good?" I echoed indignantly.

"No. You see, it was this way: She knew why she did not wear high heels, and I knew that she knew why, and that had exactly the same effect as if she had worn high heels."

"I don't see," I said.

"Don't you? It's very simple. Before, she wore high heels, and the high heels kept reminding me of something about myself which I am always striving to forget. Now she wore low heels, but the fact I knew that she knew why she wore low heels made of them objects which constantly reminded me of the very same unpleasant truth erstwhile continuously forced upon me by the high heels. The function of the high heels had passed to the low heels, but it was the same function. Nothing had changed, nothing at all. Everything was as before—exactly."

"I see," I said, a bit dazed.

"But that is not all," he murmured. "Wont you have some of this near-beer?"

Once more I severely refused. "What is your other reason?" I demanded.

He had some difficulty in launching himself upon this one. "It's Rose-Marie," he said at length.

Rose-Marie is his older daughter—a beautiful blonde child. "What about Rose-Marie?" I queried.

"Well—she's been growing. Absurd how that girl is growing. Perfectly ridiculous! Why, that girl is only fourteen, and she's five feet nine, and weighs one hundred and forty-nine pounds."



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His voice rose, although I could see that he was trying to control it. "Why, she's going to be six feet," he cried. "Why, she'd be sticking her elbows into my face! No, I'm not going to live in that house!"

**T**HERE and then I gave him up. Here was a life I was not going to fix up. I gave him up, accepted finally the proffered glass of near-beer, and drained it. "Here's that you be happy!" I cried.

He is. Now and then I go up Broadway to make sure. He walks to and fro on stilts

and advertises Chu-Chu Gum. He wears great canvas trousers which, from his waist, fall along his legs, and then on down along his high stilts till they meet the monstrous false feet, so that he is one homogeneous whole about six yards high. Thus he struts the Great White Way, majestic and benign above the Lilliputian multitudes, a little smile upon his lips, happy as a child, pleased as Punch, and not a wrinkle on his soul.

If must be added, however, that once every six months he obtains a leave of absence and for a week goes to visit his family.

## DEAR DIARY

(Continued from page 77)

I decided to not ever have anything to do with lowly persons, for they have to work so hard they could never be any real help to an ambitious girl.

Real directors sit in a camp-chair with arms and just watch, and their names are printed on the back, which is a good idea if any girl would like to know their name and be so bold as to want to telephone them or something. But I am not such a girl, and such an idea would never come to me. I am here to be a star, and that is all, and no matter what my temptations are, I will never be anything else.

Later: Was not able to sleep because of being so thrilled over my work which is so close, and so I up and took a walk, as Mr. G. said he always took a walk about this time and how it quieted his nerves. He lives about three blocks from here, but I certainly never dreamed of meeting him this late, and would not of passed his house if I had of. But if he did not come out! And so we walked in the night together. I must say he is not like the boys in Escanaba, which comes of him having a serious mind, I suppose. He is especially not like Avery, who always took advantage of a dark night and put his arm around me. I thought it would be a good chance to test out Mr. G. and learn once and for all whether I would be safe with him anywhere, for I remember in a picture called "Innocence Deceived," where a man was indifferent and in the last reel the girl went home in a terrible thunderstorm with a baby. So I said, "Let us go and sit on that bench in that little park, Mr. G." But Mr. G. is very trustworthy, which gives a girl a comfortable feeling, but is not very exciting. Anyhow there was one of those big ark lights overhead.

Mr. G. entertained me when we were not talking of the future of the films with a witty little trick he has of wiggling his ears. He can really do it superbly, and I can see where he would be a great hit at a party. But after ten or fifteen minutes I said it would be nice to have a soda, but we only had a root bear a piece, I having only fifteen (15) cents, and he having only a large Bill. He was very discouraged, saying there was no room for talent in Hollywood, and that what he needed was a manager, and he was looking for one which would manage his future for him. He says that is the only way, but I reminded him of my success which has been without managing.

**MAY 8:** There is no room in Hollywood for an honest girl. When I reported to the U.A. this morning, they told me they had decided to cut out the part of the country girl in "Love in the Wild," which is now what they are going to call "Robinson Crusoe." And after I had said I would accept the part after sacrificing my principles that are to be the most foremost vamp in the "movies!" Of course it is plain that Muriel Devine has done this simply because she is afraid to have me in the same picture with her. I suppose Mr. C. has told her of

his interest in me, and she is using her influence over him. How terrible that she can do that simply because she has "paid the price," which I would never do even though invited! And she fixed it, too, so that I could not even get to Mr. Cecil or even the assistant, and so I am without a part.

I am very discouraged, and somehow Avery has come to my mind. After all, it might be just as well to go back to Escanaba, for even if Avery is not very deep, he keeps his promises, and he always has enough change for a soda, which is more than I can say for all the men which I have gone out with here. I sometimes have thought while I was with Mr. G. that it costs a girl a lot to be modern. As the saying is, it is such a woman which "pays and pays and pays."

But Mr. G. is a mere detail and has nothing to do with my great disappointment. Sometimes I think that to be the most foremost vamp I will have to not rebuff men as I have been doing and let them but have their will. I suppose the world would never understand. But must the world know?

May 10: Went to the U.A. studios today, thinking it must be time that some one was having a cabaret scene. They have one tomorrow. ....

May 11: Well, how true it is that a woman with brains can always get along, and perhaps I was meant to be a business woman instead of an actress, and maybe I can be both. I got a part in a wild cabaret scene in "Robinson Crusoe," which they are going to change the title of again and have not decided what yet. But how my heart felt when I thought I should be playing a part in it, if it wasn't for that Devine woman! The scene showed her as *Roberta Crusoe* being wild and a trouble to her family before she was shipwrecked. I was at a table near the camera and the director and all his assistants, and though Mr. C. made believe he did not see me, I could see he saw me and felt pretty mean. All of a sudden the one assistant whispered something to him, and Mr. C. said: "I was just thinking of that. We need a bit of comedy here." I could not find out for a long time what was going on. The assistants kept running around looking for something. After about two hours Mr. Cecil grew very angry and said how everything fell on him just when his nerves were more and more shattered at beginning a new picture and what was the use of assistants if they could not find a man who could wiggle his ears?

As soon as I heard that, I stepped right up and said I could get him a man who could wiggle his ears perfectly. He said for God's sake get him, and I forgave him such words, as I know what temperament is. But then I remembered something and went back and said: "This actor which I will get has a lot of background and will be high-priced, and how long will you want him for?" And he said: "We will carry him straight through the picture for comedy, and he will get ten dollars (10) a day if you get him here in ten minutes."





## VARIETY Gives Zest To Charm

THE LEISURED cosmopolite—she who takes time and thought for the shadings of the mode and the fineness of fragrant toilettries—goes to the same couturier and the same perfumer year after full-lived year.

True, she chooses various models—frocks of different line and color. Indeed, she chooses varied odors, too. But having found the one artist of dress, and the one skillful perfumer who meet to

perfection the needs of her unerring taste, she delights in the creations of their imagining—leaving things of lesser worth to those who are satisfied with endless experiment.

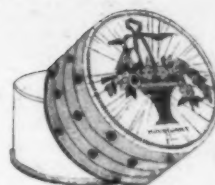
Thus, on the dressing tables of Park Avenue, as on those of the Riviera, one notes a variety of odors—Subtilité, Mon Boudoir, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas—all Houbigant Perfumes.

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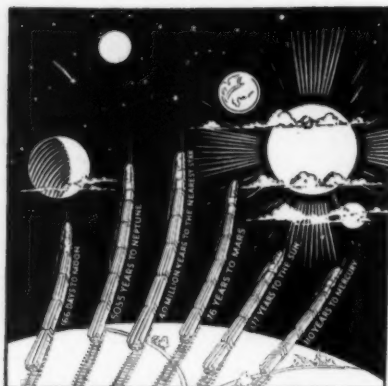


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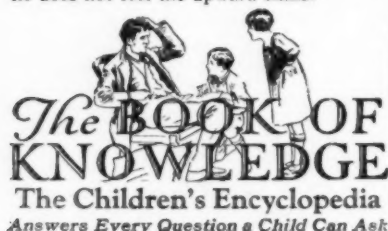
Houbigant Perfumes are obtainable in purse-size quarter ounce bottles, so that you may try many different fragrances. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—\$1.25; Le Parfum Ideal, Quelques Fleurs, and Le Temps des Lilas—\$1.00. La Rose France and Quelques Violettes—\$1.00.

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R. B. 11-26

So I took a taxicab to Mr. Guliver's rooming-house, just praying he would be home. His landlady gave me a searching look, thinking the worst out of her narrow mind when an actor came to call on a gentleman, but I returned her gaze evenly and I said: "I am here on business only." So she called Mr. G.

He said he would take the part, though it was not the kind he had come to Hollywood to take. I told him it might lead to anything, and that Mr. C. had practically said it was just the beginning of something serious. And then I told him what I had had in my mind from the time I went to the expense of taking a taxicab. I said: "I am a modern girl, Mr. Guliver, and you are looking for a manager. Now I have

managed to get you this part, and it is only fair that I should have half of what you make every day. And furthermore," I told him, "if you do not do this, or try to put anything over such as not giving me half, I will use my influence with L. Mortimer Cecil and have you thrown off the 'lot.'"

So I will be getting five dollars (\$5.00) a day without working, and I am going to see that Mr. G.'s money comes in one-dollar (\$1.00) bills so he will always have some change.

(And then one day the Dear Diary girl was taken out "on location," where many and strange things happened, all of which is recorded in further extracts from this Diary which will be published in an early issue.)

## THE TRAGEDY OF GILDED YOUTH

(Continued from page 73)

One of the strangest products of these loveless homes is the son of a beautiful girl who married for money and subsequently killed herself. Her husband was a stupidly self-righteous and domineering man who transferred his crushing weight of authority to his children when his wife escaped him. The boy, raised in terror of the father, was befriended only by a Japanese valet who became a sort of bodyguard and slave to him as he grew up. This faithful servant was finally discharged, of course, by the father, and the boy all but died of it. He came out of adolescence with what the psychiatrists call "an inferiority." He was never happy except in low and stupid company, and he ran away at every opportunity to pass his time with the most disreputable associates. As soon as he came of age, he married secretly an Oriental-looking low-class girl who proved to be the daughter of a Chinese laundryman and a woman of the streets. Everybody was horrified. Nobody understood that it was perfectly natural for him to fall in love with such a girl after a childhood in which a Japanese valet had been his only object of affection. His father has practically disowned him, and he has now disappeared, on a small allowance, into the life of a degraded "remittance man."

He is typical to me of those neglected children of the rich whose affections get fixed on a "servile image," as the psychiatrists say. The other two boys, Haviland and Roger—are examples of the way in which many of these boys grow up without any real affection for anybody, even in their sexual relations. They have no sympathy, no generous emotions, no imaginative response to anybody else's sufferings, and no sense of responsibility for the unhappiness which they cause.

I KNOW at least one conspicuous woman who has grown up like that too. I've known her since her childhood, and she was certainly the most disagreeable little girl I've ever seen. Her father bore a famous Southern name that had been made distinguished by a succession of patriots, statesmen, judges and public men. Needing money as a youth, he had married a rather simple-minded girl with a good estate, and they had set up a fashionable home to which he invited only the most narrowly select of social circles. He was an amazingly self-satisfied and unpleasant person, living on his wife's money, preserving his self-respect by treating her with the cool insolence of his assumed superiority, and looking down on everybody else. His two children, a boy and a girl, both imitated him. I didn't know the boy, but the girl, Eleanor, felt as superior as if she belonged to a higher order of creation than anyone she met. A tight-lipped, cold-eyed little blonde, she intimidated most of us by that unpleasant form of frankness which consists in saying any disagreeable personal thing that

comes into the mind. But she was not quick-witted—she was, in fact, quite stupid; and if you did not allow yourself to be hurt by her, you could easily silence her with sarcasm. After some encounters of that kind, she accepted me as a friend, but with no faintest trace of affection as far as I could see. She had none for anybody, unless it was for her father. She treated her mother as contemptuously as if the poor woman were an old servant. She and her brother seemed to be not so much friends as "intimate enemies." She overrode everybody else.

She was, of course, excessively ambitious, and when she became engaged to a rather ridiculous young man with an immense fortune, she made no secret of the fact that she was marrying for money. His father was delighted. The boy had been dissolute. To have him marry a girl of Eleanor's birth and breeding was apparently to save him from a real social disaster, and the father insisted on it, made a handsome settlement on Eleanor, and took the boy back into his favor as soon as the marriage was achieved.

Eleanor now became one of the richest and certainly the haughtiest woman in New York. Unfortunately, she had no taste. She did not at all know how to spend money prettily. She overpressed. Her house was furnished in a hodge-podge and confusion of expensive ugliness. She filled every room, for instance, with that flower of the *parvenu*, the orchid. She did not know how to manage servants. Her housekeeping was atrocious and her dinners were worse. The whole thing was stupid, and she was most stupid of all in her management of her husband, for she treated him very much as her father had treated her mother.

He was a prematurely bald, clean-shaven, little, fat young man who proved to have an idea that he was Napoleonic. He was certainly a ruthless and able man of business, and when his father died, he set himself up as head of his father's gigantic industrial plant, which he managed efficiently from a palatial office in New York, sitting at a huge flat desk large enough to give a dance on, surrounded by relics and portraits and busts of Napoleon. Eleanor persecuted him with ridicule. He replied by taking on a number of mistresses in the true Napoleonic manner. She retaliated by getting herself a lover, but I think that, in the way she behaved about the lover, she too was typical of the sons and daughters of the fashionable rich, who, because of their frustrated childhood, have no affection in what they call their love. Certainly Eleanor, in all her *liaisons*, was merely cruel and predatory. She never showed a gentle thought that I could ever see, nor a moment's consideration for the man's happiness or his welfare.

She was lucky in one thing—her husband had sense enough to keep his marital troubles out of court. The scandal of their lives

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was a private scandal, but it was none the less appalling. She destroyed a half-dozen men in her secret campaigns against her husband, entering into intrigues with his business rivals, his associates, even his confidential employees, in an effort to ruin him, and setting up against him lawyers and politicians and business competitors whose quarrels with him began in a procured attempt to champion her. Her ability in working up these intrigues was Machiavellian. He defeated her, at last, by getting her enticed into a speculative enterprise that threatened to strip her of her private fortune; and in return for saving her, she had to give him a divorce on his own terms. She is now a wholly frustrated woman, ostracized by all her old circle, living alone in Paris in a proud isolation, poisoned with malevolence, hateful and ill.

When I say that to me she is typical of many of the children of fashionable homes in which habits of magnificence prevent the growth of natural affection, and that she is typical in her later lack of affection in love, I do not mean, of course, that all the children of fashionable homes are like her. Where the family is large, the children often have an affection for each other that keeps them more normal. One of the most charming girls I have ever known came from a fashionable home where she was the youngest child and an only daughter in a family of boys. Her affection for her brothers, I think, saved her. At least they gave her the boyish ideals of loyalty and gameness that have made her life, to me, a noble example.

Her mother died when she was an infant, and she was practically brought up by her brothers, athletes, champion swimmers, and famous in their day as tennis-players. I knew her first at Newport, where we all envied her swimming, her dancing and her tennis. She was not very good-looking. She was heavy-set, with the shoulder slouch of an expert with the racquet, but she was irresistibly frank and healthy and high-minded. She married one of her brother's college friends, an ambitious boy who was making a fortune in Wall Street, and she began her married life in the fashionable circles where she had all her girlhood friends. Then her husband got caught in a stock panic and lost everything, including her dowry, which he had invested for her.

TO our surprise, he refused to take money from her family, and she acquiesced in the refusal. They sold their house to pay their last debts, moved into a shabby little flat with their two children, and started life over again, on nothing. His struggle to get back into affluence took him about ten years. It was a real struggle, against real poverty, and they carried it off with extraordinary spirit. Indeed, it was their spirit that made the whole thing possible. She, especially, was a marvel to me. She had no false pride. She continued to see all her old friends without embarrassment, to visit them and receive them in her little flat, with no self-consciousness, if they wished to come.

And it was much more fun to climb the four flights of awful stairs to dine with her and her husband and their two little boys than it had ever been to visit them in the days of their magnificence. They had saved some of their furniture and dishes from the wreck, and she served the simplest of dinners with good taste, helping the maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, a cigarette in her mouth, and letting you join her in preparing the food while she laughed and chatted. There was nothing sentimental about either him or her, but it did not take any clairvoyance to see that he adored her. And he had reason to. I never knew a woman who exhibited to better advantage the aristocratic ideals of courage and loyalty that are supposed to come from birth and breed-

ing—although, as I say, I believe that in her case those ideals were merely the sporting ideals that she had imitated from her brothers.

Her husband is now conspicuously prosperous again, and they are living in high style, but they complain that they are not really as happy as they were in their funny little flat. "And none of the friends who come to see us," she says, "seem to enjoy themselves as much as they did down there. It makes them feel more formal, I suppose. They never let themselves go—and cut up—the way they used to."

ONE of the saddest men I know was the only child of one of the wealthiest Fifth Avenue homes in my young days. Some attempt was made to kidnap him in his infancy, and his mother, panic-stricken, never let him go outside the house, as a boy, without a bodyguard. Raised in this suspicion and distrust of the world, his fear has become almost a phobia. Any heir to an enviable fortune is sure to have his share of such distrust. He soon learns that every other person who approaches him has a plan to take advantage of him. He suspects all friendly advances and looks more than twice at any gift of affection. With poor Waldo—let me call him—it amounts to a mania. He married the only girl in New York who had as much money as he, and I believe he did it because she was the one young woman among us whom even he could not suspect of accepting him out of any self-interest. As a matter of fact, she is quite as unemotional, as cautious, as inhibited by distrust, as he, and their marriage looks like an intimate formality.

With no great love to comfort him at home, and mortally shy of strangers, he is pathetically dependent on his friends. He has a certain winning charm, an appearance of modest diffidence that attracts men to him, but he seems unable to distinguish between his real friends and the sycophants who surrounded him,—perhaps because he distrusts them both equally,—and he remains pitifully lonely everywhere. He appears miserly because he has a fear of being "done" by everybody, and he will haggle over a purchase like an old woman of the Ghetto. He has such a morbid horror of publicity that when he gives anything to charity he does it privately and gets no credit for it. He moves about with as much secrecy as an outlaw, in private cars and special suites and his private yacht, isolated from his kind and avoiding crowds and social gatherings and public functions as if he were afraid of the plague. His one amusement really seems to be solitary. He has invented an intricate variation of "Canfield," which he mulls over incessantly. I once crossed the ocean with him on a liner, when his yacht was out of commission, and it was tragic to see him, day after day, sitting by the window of his deck-cabin, playing that game.

He exhibits a sad exaggeration of qualities that are common handicaps among the fashionable rich. Born to a marriage without great love, raised in a home without demonstrative affection, cut off from friends and companions by fear and distrust, they come to maturity in a world of people of whom they are afraid, stared at with envy, as timid and worried as any other gregarious animal can be in the midst of a herd that is unfriendly. It was touching to see how happy some of them were during the recent war when the nation needed them and accepted them in service, either in uniform or as dollar-a-year men in Washington. For many of them, it was the first time in their lives that they had been on friendly terms with the great mass of the people around them, and they delighted in it like the cow that is described in Professor McDougall's book on Social Psychology—the cow that had been separated

from its herd for weeks and ran about among them excitedly rubbing against every animal in the pasture before it could settle down to graze. It was touching to see how happy they were, and it was even more touching to see how their old terrors returned when the war was over and some interested gentlemen began to play on their fear of the herd in order to raise money for a crusade against Bolshevism. Poor Waldo gave to that campaign of propaganda enough money to have reformed many of the social grievances on which Bolshevism thrives.

There is an obvious aspect of the failure in life of the fashionable rich, and that is their inability to build a family home. It is, of course, the first ambition of every founder of a great fortune, this desire to give himself a sort of immortality by erecting as a monument to himself, a magnificent house that shall be the ancestral home of a long line of later generations. He erects the house, preferably on Fifth Avenue. It is as beautiful as millions can make it. It looks like one of those mansions that have sheltered an aristocratic family in France or England for hundreds of years. Unfortunately, it is not a home. For the reasons of which I have been writing, there is no love in it, no family affection, no happiness, and therefore no sentimental attachment to it on the part of anyone who lives in it. When the man who built it dies, it usually stands empty, or it is only occupied infrequently by his widow, who has never liked it. At her death, it is either sold to some new millionaire who aspires to live among the fashionable rich, or it is torn down. The children never preserve it. Fifteen years ago, Fifth Avenue below Fifty-ninth Street was lined with such houses; now they are disappearing as fast as the men who built them. All through Westchester there are country estates, founded by these same men, now owned by strangers. Recently the widow of one Fifth Avenue millionaire even moved him out of a tomb on which he had spent several hundred thousand dollars, buried him in a modest plot, and sold his mausoleum to a *parvenu*.

IN England the fashionable rich acquire titles, and with their titles they take a definite place in the social system, with class responsibilities and public duties to attend to. They can become useful members of society—free of the popular suspicion which, in America, keeps the rich man out of public life. Also, as aristocrats, they enter into a tradition which governs the education of their children and brings those children up with ideals of loyalty and service and good sportsmanship. It is astonishing to see what a good English school will do for the son of a rich "boulder." It commonly makes a trustworthy and courageous gentleman out of him as easily as the public school in the United States makes "a good American" out of the immigrant's son.

Here in America, though it is almost everybody's ambition to become rich and live in fashionable circles, the nation seems to have made no provision for using the rich or protecting their children from the evil consequences of riches. Moneyed men are allowed only a sort of illegal power in politics. Surrounded by the inevitable envies and animosities which their wealth arouses, they tend to become isolated in a self-interest that makes them as dangerous as outlaws to themselves and everybody else. Without the English law of primogeniture and the entailed estate, the rich family has no enduring foundation, and an American fortune is usually dissipated within three or four generations. It follows that there is no body of wise tradition, such as the English have, to govern the wealthy in their difficult relations with life. Our fashionable set is continually recruited from the *parvenus*, and it is consequently as disorderly as one of those

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early Colonial regiments in which the soldier's term of enlistment was shorter than the campaign he had to fight.

To sum it all up, I find, in my experience, that in fashionable life the marriage without love makes a home without affection, and out of that home there come only stupid or unhappy children. The stupid ones grow up selfish and cruel, without any sympathetic imagination, and with no loyalty in their love, which is commonly only a sex impulse that lacks tenderness. The unhappy ones either kill themselves in the melancholy of their starved affections during adolescence, or they become wild and dissolute

in their revolt against unhappiness, and destroy themselves with dissipation. There is no saving tradition here, such as the British have, to combat these destructive influences. And I wish to point out, in my next articles, why there is usually no escape for the victims of these conditions into the common forms of culture which brighten many unsatisfactory lives, or into the consolations of religion which provide a refuge for most human unhappiness.

(Another and even more interesting revelation of ultra-smart society by Mrs. Lydig, will appear in the next, the December, issue.)

## THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 49)

Henry could imagine me being even that wicked. That's one trouble. A woman should never allow herself to seem *too* dependable in such matters. Certainties are so uninteresting."

"I think," I replied, "that both of you may be rather missing the point. Let's get this clear. Doesn't this philosophy of yours after all mean that you would discard or discount monogamy?"

"I don't think it does," she answered, "though perhaps it sounds so."

"Very much so," I commented.

"Please understand me," she said. "I haven't thought it through. I'm floundering about in an effort to be honest. If I run into an occasional logical *impasse*, I can't help it. I refuse to give up monogamy, Judge. That's what I've been trying to say all along."

"WELL," I said, "let's see first what can be said for monogamy. For my part, I think monogamy is the ideal for people to work toward in marriage. They should achieve monogamy, both physically and spiritually, if possible. I think that in a marriage which represents the *real* union of a man and woman they find each other so evidently preferable to anybody else, both physically and spiritually, that they feel no inclination for experiences outside their own marriage. They uniquely fill each other's lives. They are connoisseurs in love; they are so particular that nothing short of the authentic best, created by themselves to suit their own need and their own taste, can satisfy them. And such an authentic best, of course, is not often built out of casual or varied contacts; it isn't the growth of an hour or of a whim. It usually comes to perfection slowly, like a tree. A lot of people discover for themselves the inferiority of substitutes for this slow-grown thing, and they quit their foolishness after a very little experimenting. I have known many such. They seem to want to experiment largely because they have been told they mustn't. They think they feel a need, a 'repression,' but that feeling is mostly illusion, a warped state of mind."

"I agree—absolutely!" she exclaimed.

"I'm glad you see it," I continued. "But if that is your ideal, why do you compromise with it? Why not live up to it? Personally, I have found it very satisfactory in my own marriage."

"Yes," she retorted, "but that is because you and your wife wish it so, and not because society wishes it on you. That's what I want. But my idea is that such an end can't be achieved by coercion, by prohibitions, by society saying, 'You shall,' or by wives and husbands saying to each other, 'You shall not.' The first thing to be had is freedom of choice. Everything valuable in human conduct has to flow from that. Am I not right? If Henry and I achieve the kind of monogamy you speak of, it must be a genuine achievement;

it must come into being because we genuinely want it, and not merely because society says we must have it whether we want it or not. People who hold themselves to a technical monogamy when the hearts and souls don't prompt them to it, are not finding monogamy. Their hearts are not in it, whatever may be said of their bodies. They fool themselves; they shut their eyes to the facts because society tells them it would be sinful candidly to admit the truth. Thus they achieve a fake. That's the way with thousands of marriages today. I simply won't have it that way. I don't like paste jewelry or other imitations of precious things. Monogamy is precious, and in its most perfect form it is rare. It isn't to be had for the asking. It is a product of culture and of educated preference. It must be *made*. It is therefore difficult; but I think most persons could achieve genuinely monogamous marriages—spiritually monogamous marriages—if society would give them a chance. I want such a marriage in my own life, and I refuse to be fully content with less. I think it can be attained by freedom of choice, and the freedom, if necessary, to make mistakes—yes, even polygamous mistakes. I'd rather arrive at a monogamous marriage with my husband by that road than not arrive at all. Besides, I don't think either of us would run to the making of mistakes if we were free to make them. Freedom is the best preventive for that sort of thing."

"OF course you realize that given that sort of freedom, a lot of people would run amok," I observed.

"It would have to come gradually," she answered. "In the meantime, why not reckon with people and their tastes and capacities as they are? I dote on Brahms and Beethoven; but I don't expect everybody else to conform to my musical standards. And so I say, why compel monogamy on people who either want it in some modified form, or who don't want it at all, or who just naturally object to being *made* to do things? Their tastes may not be highly cultured tastes, but they have a right to them. Also, they may not have married just the right person, and so circumstances may prevent them from achieving a truly monogamous marriage. If so, why deny them the right to better their condition if they can, so long as they don't violate other people's rights? It's all terribly complex, Judge; but freedom—surely that is simple."

"Your idea, then," I said, "is that if the bars could be let down, everybody would stop jumping fences and would stay in the pasture. Is that it?"

"They would find the right pasture, and then they would stay there," she answered. "They would stay because they liked the pasture. Why not?"

"I think," I answered, "that a long talk between you and Henry might serve a useful and possibly a monogamic purpose. I



prescribe it. I shall be interested to learn the outcome."

"Thank you, Judge," she smiled. "And if we are not down here before long, you may infer that it is all right."

Some months have passed; I have not seen them since.

IN this incident there is, I think, food for thought. I am constantly amazed at the indications which show the tendency of apparently conservative and conventional persons to experiment with certain sex traditions in an effort to make them more workable and more in accord with human needs. It has never occurred before on such a scale, with any background comparable to our present highly mechanized and complicated civilization. It is impossible to doubt that it has an enormous significance.

These are facts, which have to be faced. I strongly disagree with those who maintain that they must be faced in a hostile spirit. It does little good to face wide social changes in a hostile spirit. They come anyway; it is better to accept them rather in a spirit of constructive appraisal and criticism.

Sex freedom prior to marriage has always been a more or less common thing on the part of men, and is becoming not uncommon on the part of women—particularly those taking a hand in the revolt of Youth.

Custom has in a measure winked at it. It has said in effect: "All this is improper, of course, but we won't say too much about it. After marriage, however, everybody must be good."

But today this verdict of custom against liaisons in marriage obtains no such unqualified support from society as it once had. I repeat the assertion I have already made, that marital "infidelity" is increasing, and that an increasingly large number of persons are reasoning themselves into the belief that while marriage should be permanent if possible, it need not necessarily preclude outside sex affairs. The incidents I already related point to this change. I can recall many others of similar import. Let me emphasize again that this tolerance by the parties to the marriage involved is something I seldom or never used to encounter, and now I encounter it on every hand. Such a fact will be repugnant and distasteful to many of my readers; but I can't help that. The point is that it is evidently a fact, and that its importance is such that I can't well avoid recording it.

It may interest the reader to know that this social change finds expression, not merely in the conduct and talk of obscure persons who are amateurs and novices in the field of ethics, but also in the writings of persons whose opinions are of the highest import. Bertrand Russell, for example, is one of the finest scientific and philosophic minds in England. One might disagree with his opinions, but nobody of any discrimination could treat them lightly. I quote from his recent book, "Education and the Good Life:"

"One other thing in teaching (children) about sex-love. Jealousy must not be regarded as a justifiable insistence upon right, but as a misfortune to the one who feels it, and a wrong toward its object. Where possessive elements intrude upon love, it loses its vivifying power and eats up personality; where they are absent, it fulfills personality and brings a greater intensity of life. In former days parents ruined their relations with their children by preaching love as a duty; husbands and wives still too often ruin their relations to each other by the same mistake. Love cannot be a duty, because it is not subject to the will. It is a gift from heaven, the best that heaven has to bestow. Those who shut it up in a cage destroy the beauty and joy which it can only display while it is free and spontaneous. Here again fear is the enemy. He who fears to lose that which makes the



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happiness of his life has already lost it. In this, as in other things, fearlessness is the essence of wisdom.

"For this reason, in teaching my own children, I shall try to prevent them from learning a moral code which I regard as harmful. Some people who themselves hold liberal views are willing that their children shall first acquire conventional morals, and become emancipated later, if at all. I cannot agree to this, because I hold that the traditional code not only forbids what is innocent, but also commands what is harmful. Those who have been taught conventionally will almost inevitably believe themselves justified in indulging jealousy when occasion arises; moreover they will probably be obsessed by sex either positively or negatively. I shall not teach that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way desirable, or that a permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding temporary episodes. So long as jealousy is regarded as virtuous, such episodes cause grave friction; but they do not do so where a less restrictive morality is accepted on both sides. Relations involving children should be permanent if possible, but should not necessarily on that account be exclusive. Where there is mutual freedom and no pecuniary motive, love is good; where these conditions fail, it may often be bad. It is because they fail so frequently in the conventional marriage that a morality which is positive rather than restrictive, based upon hope rather than fear, is compelled, if it is logical, to disagree with the received code in matters of sex. And there can be no excuse for allowing our children to be taught a morality which we ourselves believe to be pernicious."

AMONG persons who have thought out their judgments less clearly than Mr. Russell in the passage I have just quoted, the working of the social change to which he gives such clean-cut expression is a curious thing to watch. Thousands who feel the pull of the new conditions and influences lack the courage to say what they think. In fact they deny that any such change is possible or desirable, and they enroll under the banners of conservatism with an éclat that deceives the very elect.

I know, for example, a physician in Denver who is outwardly one of the pillars of the old order. Women's clubs dote on him; social workers buzz around him; dowagers alarmed about the Younger Generation look upon him as a steadfast and shining light that reveals always which is the path of virtue; he is a pillar of one of the most important churches in Denver and if anyone wants to advance radical ideas sufficiently cloaked in the mantle of respectability to win conservative support, they turn to the eminent Doctor for support—knowing that what he supports will be regarded as somehow safe and conservative by those who would sell their souls to the devil before they would abandon safety and conservatism.

If the worthy Doctor were asked which passage in the above quotation from Bertrand Russell he most disapproved of, he would probably point to the part that reads, "I shall not teach that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way desirable, or that permanent marriage is to be regarded as excluding temporary episodes. So long as jealousy is regarded as virtuous, such episodes cause grave friction; but they do not do so where a less restrictive morality is accepted on both sides."

And he would point to other passages which he would pronounce almost equally offensive, and equally evidential that the home is in grave peril. He would add that unless something is done about it, society is going to the bow-wows.

I recall that once when a certain other local physician was prosecuted and convicted on the charge of having performed

a criminal operation, this Doctor was a leader among the physicians of Denver in encouraging the prosecution that finally resulted in the man's conviction.

A few months after this criminal practitioner was safely behind the bars, where he could no longer be a social menace, the holier Doctor himself personally performed a similar operation on a young married woman he had himself "betrayed." He performed the operation in a very respectable Denver hospital, and he gave out to those who knew about it that the girl had been consorting with her divorced husband. He continued till recently his intimacy with this girl, whom I know very well, and who confided in me.

He has a wife and a family of very fine children. His home is a happy one, so far as I know.

His relations with the girl of whom I have been telling arose as the result of her going to him for treatment. He thereby violated not merely the social code, but the ethical code of his own profession, of which he is a leading light. And by loudly demanding vigorous prosecution, he helped send another man to prison for doing unintelligently and clumsily what he himself thinks nothing of doing intelligently and skillfully.

As a matter of fact the real reason the other doctor was convicted by the jury was not that he had broken the law but that he had recklessly performed the operation on a woman so far advanced in pregnancy that she died. "We just figured," said one of the jurors afterward, "that if he was such a reckless fool as that, we'd better send him up."

I shall have something to say on this subject of so-called criminal operations later. I am strongly against them except when for certain clear reasons connected usually with health they are unmistakably indicated as necessary. In the meantime the reader will not fail to note two things—first, that the jury was very little concerned with punishing for the operation, but sentenced the doctor for his recklessness in practicing it; second, that the better known doctor himself is apparently as little opposed to such operating as he is to other breaks with our established ways of thought and conduct. Thirteen men, one of them a reputable doctor, you see, *secretly at odds with a code to which they still give outward assent.*

I know a doctor who performs in Denver an average of one such operation a day, mostly on married women, and I haven't a doubt that at an extremely conservative estimate, there are a thousand such operations a year performed in Denver.

For the benefit of readers who demand why the doctors who perform these operations are not prosecuted, let me say it is practically impossible to get women to testify in such prosecutions, and that district attorneys give it up as a bad job—except when the operation results, or threatens to result, fatally.

NOW, in setting down the facts just given I do it without the slightest animus toward the distinguished doctor. Indeed, I regard him as an asset to the community; for he is an extremely competent physician. I have told about him because his case is typical. He is like many others, in that his inner life, be it right or wrong, is different from his outer life. This fact he conceals. He has to. If he didn't, he would lose caste. So he keeps up the sham. He secretly lives the thing he outwardly denies. He accepts and practices, in private, the views for which he would pillory a man like Bertrand Russell for boldly expressing in public.

In his secret conduct and in his secret convictions he conforms, for instance, to what Mr. Russell suggests as feasible and possibly desirable in permanent marriage.

In practice he regards faithfulness to one's partner in life as in no way desirable, and he thinks permanent marriage should not be regarded as excluding temporary episodes. It is true that he apparently rejects Mr. Russell's suggestion that such episodes should be based on an honest mutual understanding between husbands and wives, and that a less restrictive morality be accepted on both sides. But possibly that is not because he dissents from this view, but rather because he fears the consequences of trying to convert his wife. Like my friend E—, he would doubtless convert her if he could—unless, as is quite likely, he is one of those males who hold to the double standard.

THE point I want to make is this: that people are *doing* these things, and that what they are *doing* constitutes the reality of this matter—not what they *profess* in order that they may avoid social destruction. If this reasoning is correct, then I believe I have enough evidence to justify the conclusion, not that this change in our sex morals is going to take place at some time in the future, but that it has already largely taken place, and is developing and crystallizing into a tacitly recognized and increasingly tolerated code. It is not that such practices are new, or have never been known before, but that they have support from such a large segment of society.

We have this thing among us *now*. It can't be stopped. And to me it seems evident that the only course open to persons who are capable of rational thought is to accept the change, help guide it wisely, and transform it into a social asset as quickly as possible. In my judgment it is capable of becoming a social asset, and it is capable of bringing happiness rather than destruction into human life. It has done it already in the lives of scores and hundreds of persons known to me personally.

Even the most casual survey of social history, and of the growth and development of folk-ways into moral customs, demonstrates conclusively not only that such changes can't be stopped, but that they usually meet some established social need, and are therefore beneficent. They are not to be feared but to be welcomed.

I don't see how anyone with the least capacity for honest thinking can ignore the fact that it is custom that makes this or that line of conduct "right," and that nothing else does. Here, within the last ten years, we have had changes in women's dress, for instance, that were unthinkable "wrong" formerly. Only "fast" women wore clothes then which are accepted now as a matter of course by the most conservative and conventional persons.

Fifteen or twenty years ago no decent woman could appear in a one-piece bathing-suit. The police would have arrested her if she had. I remember how back in those days a well-known actress appeared in a play, during one episode of which she was supposed to wear a bathing-suit—a heavily skirted and properly elongated bathing-suit, on the stage. Dramatic critics mentioned it. Great excitement along the Great White Way! New York, that now yawns at the nude beauties in the revues, was interested. Would she dare do it? After getting a generous lot of publicity out of what her press agent had skillfully conveyed to the newspapers, the lady got around the difficulty by wearing a dressing-gown, through the folds of which the bathing-suit occasionally and coyly showed. None of us thought we were prurient fools, but that is the only word, I think, that can describe such a state of public opinion.

Today a one-piece bathing-suit could be used in any play on any stage in New York if the drama called for it, and it wouldn't bring a comment from anybody except hopeless cases that belong in asylums, or in psy-

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chiatric clinics. Young girls clad in one-piece bathing-suits now swarm our beaches, glowing with health, brown from the sun, lovely in their unhampered grace, chaste in the unashamed and unafraid uses of their bodies. Nor do they bring umbrellas for fear it will rain on their bathing-suits. Rather they swim and dive in a way that should bring clean delight to the heart and mind of any healthy-minded person. But who started it all—and in the teeth of what protests from the virtuous pruders who today follow suit, now that some one else has had the fortitude to make it easy and safe?

It was "flappers" who made these innovations in dress. Historians of the future will make due record of this fact, and will trace many a vital social change back to it. The derided flapper has turned out to be a major determining factor in the changes I am discussing in this book.

Who can forget the roar of disapproval the virtuous raised when the flappers raised their skirts even above the ankle line? How the morals of the innovators were called into question; and how, as we got used to it, we gradually discovered that we had been uttering a lot of unclean nonsense, and that this change in women's clothing was sane, reasonable, and clearly in the interest both of health and morals!

Clothes, when used for concealment, are one of the most fruitful sources of the sex obsessions that possess us. If it were customary to expose the human body to public view, some of us would take better care of it who need to, and would be less like what Carlyle called forked radishes.

Women and men bathe together nude in Japan. It is "right" there because it is the custom. In this country some people are said to do it at wild parties. Thus, what is clean and lovely in Japan we transform into obscurity perpetrated in silver pig-sties.

It is interesting to note in this connection that thousands of ministers all over this country are beginning to defend the "flapper" and her innovations from the pulpit. I continually see in the newspapers accounts of sermons in which the Reverend Mr. So-and-So has pronounced the Younger Generation on the right track. There is hope for the church in that attitude of mind; and it is growing. What I am wondering is how long it will take the clergy to support other changes which they denounce as fiercely today as they once did those now "moral" modes of dress.

Thus changes still go on, both in dress and in conduct; and still we have people who learn no lesson from the past, who absorb no wisdom from history, and who protest consistently and steadily and stupidly at every latest phase of change.

**WHAT** applies so clearly in women's dress applies as clearly in our sex code. That code is changing. In a few years the people who are holding up their hands in speechless horror at the "demoralization" which they see around them, will accept that "demoralization" as a matter of course; and in the same breath they will turn the guns of their wrath on some other change which is recent and therefore "wrong."

The facts which I am constantly observing lead me to believe that the day is not far off when these protesters will find themselves acquiescing in a revolutionary conception of what marriage is and what it is for. They will acquiesce in it because it will be "custom" and therefore right; and they won't have the least notion of the slow stages by which they got there after a lot of "immoral" people had blazed the trail and made a broad highway for their tender feet, and their flabby moral sinews.

In that perhaps not very distant day, I think it quite possible that society at large will accept Mr. Russell's drastic statement, which seems so significant of the present so-

cial drift that I do not apologize for quoting it once again: "I shall not teach that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way desirable, or that permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding temporary episodes. So long as jealousy is regarded as virtuous, such episodes cause grave friction; but they do not do so where a less restrictive morality is accepted on both sides."

Note the force of the words "in any way." I don't see how Mr. Russell could have stated his view more uncompromisingly.

**I** THINK society will sometime accept that view of the matter, because what I see happening around me points that way. If society does accept it, then it will be the accepted custom and will be "right."

At the same time, there will come other changes. The conservatives of that day will accept as a matter of course the view that unmarried women should, without social stigma, be permitted to have children out of wedlock if they choose.

They may even accept the notion that people should be taught "the facts of life;" and that since love is what makes the world go round, it might be well to turn its enormous energy to some rational use, and that people should therefore be taught love as an art—not sex love merely, but Love. For Mrs. E— spoke truly when she suggested that sex love is a worthless thing unless Love be the source of it; and that men and women must love each other as personalities first, and as men and women second.

Since Love is an art, sex love is likewise an art. All persons, particularly young persons, should know this, and they should know the biological and psychological essentials on which the activities of sex are based. To some the suggestion that sex love is an art and should be taught as such, will seem shocking. But the evidence that passes before me daily of the bungling, terrible stupidity and ignorance of men and women in their physical and spiritual relationships is a far more shocking thing than would be a Temple of Venus in every town—I sometimes feel that ninety per cent of the misery in the world is due to our lack of education in these matters.

The ancients were not so wholly lacking in common sense about some things as are we, with our puritan civilization, and the tangle of pseudo-Christian theology which we are pleased to call religion. The ancients—some of them at least—perfectly understood the importance of giving some practical, direct, and unashamed attention to making effective, rather than abortive, the fact of sex.

We have quite different notions, but the problem of sex ignorance is none the less with us. Some day we shall solve it, in our own fashion. And at present it is impossible to forecast what that solution will be. All that is certain is that some scientific and rational solution is needed.

In "The Revolt of Modern Youth," recently written with the assistance of my collaborator Wainwright Evans, I have indicated how the Younger Generation seems to be pointing the way toward some such outcome. And the facts I have been giving here seem to show that the Older Generation is inclined to take a hand.

In the meantime let us courageously, and without superstitious fear, face honestly the fact that the change is manifestly coming. Let us all candidly admit that, along with a degree of sex freedom prior to marriage such as we have not hitherto known, the drastic alterations in our marriage code of which I have been giving some examples are demonstrably here, working like leaven in every channel of our social life.

(New and yet more startling chapters in Judge Lindsey's "The Moral Revolt" will appear in the next, the December, issue.)

## THE BRIDE BOOK

(Continued from page 85)

snappy stuff?" asked Jerrold. "Now aren't you glad you came?"

"The music," thought Lucia, "means as much to him as I do." . . .

They were to motor through Europe. Lucia was glad of that. She was fond of the silver-gray car that her father had given her and which she had just broken in to its first five hundred miles. They were to go alone, without maid or chauffeur, and Lucia had fancied how it would be. Inns and moonlight nights and encounters with strange and romantic people were part of it. All her life she had wanted such things dimly, leaning across the barriers of wealth and publicity to gaze at them wistfully as she read about them in books.

But it wasn't as she had planned. They had two rainy days in Surrey, and Jerry swore laughingly that he had had enough of rural England. Something went wrong with the car, and after they had waited two days longer for repairs and a proper mechanic, they drove back to London. There they spent a week dining and dancing with people who happened to be in London. The newspapers mentioned them, not as loudly as American newspapers had, but it was sufficient to make them conspicuous in the places Jerry seemed to prefer to frequent. In all these places were people who advised them where to go on the Continent, and nobody spoke of taking chances and driving picturesquely along with only a road-map for guidance. They knew exactly when Jerry and his wife should be in Paris and in Italy and in Switzerland, and who would be there when they were.

THEY did try Brittany at Lucia's request, and Jerrold was charming and affectionate but obviously bored. He was frankly unaware of what to do with himself for any long period of time without an orchestra or a horse or a golf-course. Beauty for him divided itself rather sharply into two halves—good-looking girls and scenery. He called it scenery. As for the subtle relationships between love and its setting, the things Lucia fumbled after with her child's waking emotions, he did not know that they existed. He was willing to do what Lucia wanted, but she could not tell him that her pleasure hung upon his, and that one cannot romance alone. So they went to Paris; and that was different, for there were people and races and fast drives to definite places in the country where they could be sure of what they were going to get to eat. Jerrold was proud of Lucia. In every smart costume she seemed to look more lovely. More tired, perhaps, but Jerrold did not notice that.

In Paris, too, was Miriam Kane, looking as unsophisticated as ever except for those cool eyes which recognized no property rights and observed no taboos. Lucia began to realize the extent of Jerrold's simplicity. He wanted to be in action, and in all his healthy careless life he had not bothered with reflection except during the few restless stammering days when he had decided to ask Lucia to marry him. That being over, he was done with reflection. He had Lucia, and life was to be a colored picture of amusing incidents and healthy exercise and simple business plans. Miriam Kane seemed, as far as he could tell, to have much the same idea.

But it seemed to Lucia, after ten weeks of it, that the sight of another crowded dining-room, the presence of the next waiter bending obsequiously over her chair, the cracking blare of the next orchestra, would be the breaking-point. The weeks before her marriage had been crowded with the same things, only varied by the company. But then she had been more sheltered. Now she was alone with Jerrold and expected to



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manage things for herself. No one asked her if she was tired, for everyone laid gay claim to being "dead" all the time. Jerrold never seemed tired. He was always gay, always ready for the next event until fatigue struck him hard, and then he wasted no words but went to sleep. Lucia couldn't do it so easily. But she could not complain of Jerrold. He was unendingly fond of his wife, and he had a hundred endearing ways she had never guessed until she married him. The freshness with which he woke in the morning, the generosity and tolerance which never failed him, the easy way he joined in everything, the boyish laugh and dancing face—Lucia loved all of him. He did not get drunk as so many of the others did, following a collegiate habit of training which was deep in him. He took care of himself and was a trifle vain about it. Only it did not occur to him to take care of Lucia. It seemed to her that if he could only once see that she was tired, that alone would rest her.

"Who's going?" she asked as he came in one morning with a fresh plan for an excursion by motor.

"The usual crowd—the Dickeys and the Cottons and Miriam and Delacroix—maybe young Dwight."

Lucia had been up until three o'clock the night before. It seemed to her that she had just gone to sleep, and here was day again—midday, at that, and she must buy some clothes, for everything she had was out of whack. The world seemed very hot and pressing.

"Why do we go?"

"No reason. Only there's nothing to do here. Just as you say, Lulu."

"Do you want to go?"

"As you say. Of course, I did say I thought we'd go—there's some nice fountains there or something like that—"

"What do we see of fountains?" said Lucia suddenly. "What do we see of anything—except people, people, people—all the kind we've seen before all our lives. People, food, clothes—I'm tired of it—"

"You've got an awful grouch, Lulu."

"I suppose. Miriam Kane never has one, though!"

That was out before she meant to say it.

"Well, as a matter of fact, she hasn't," he replied. "She's a very even-tempered girl."

"She has an awful reputation."

"Oh, I don't know. Some people think she had a rough time and is doing pretty well."

"You're one of those people."

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Well, I'm not," said Lucia. "I don't like her type. I don't like being with her."

JERROLD made no response. His big body seemed to shrug off her prejudices, and Lucia felt more weary than before.

She turned her back on her husband and tried to quiet herself, brushing her hair in quick even strokes. Even her hair wouldn't lie right. It seemed dead and spiritless. Jerrold went out and closed the door, and she wanted to scream after him, to go down the hall after him, hotel or no hotel. How could he go away like that, silently disapproving? Why didn't he tell her she was right and take her away from all these noisy people, away from her weary self?

### MRS. LYDIG

has written another article for the next issue that you can't afford to miss, for all over America people are talking about these immensely frank disclosures of hers. It has to do with the tragic attempt of the very rich to escape from the boredom their lives induce.

The society magazines were still carrying pictures of the Farwell-Wilton wedding, and all over the States shop-girls and suburban girls, women who were through with the breakfast dishes, and listening to babies crying, or who were suffering in hospitals, looked at the pictures of Lucia Wilton in her rose-point bridal veil and envied her and wondered what a girl felt like who had everything. She had even had the luck to marry a young man who was as handsome as she! They read that the young Wiltons were "touring the Continent" on their honeymoon, and to some of them that meant one grandiose thing and to some another, but all of their pictures were out of drawing. For Lucia's head was down on her arms, as nearly every bride's head is, once or twice during her honeymoon.

SOON she dried her eyes and had a cold bath; then with her nerves still jumping, drove to a dressmaking establishment which she and her mother always patronized, and bought two thousand dollars' worth of clothes. That did not help her nerves, but it gave her fresh armor, and she decided to go to Versailles or wherever it was they wanted to drive. She started rather spiritedly, but Miriam Kane was in one of her most experimental moods, and Jerrold was the subject of the experiment. Miriam had been boiled in publicity and had the sensitiveness taken out of her own nerves by cruelty. Life had been rough on her, and she was too young to be generous or forgiving. She met it with frank antagonism and was out for every bit of payment she could extract in excitement or interest.

They dined, danced and drove at mad American speed over the highways and country roads and danced again. The blended intoxication of speed and music and wine made reality dim to all of them. They had lost what little conception they had of those parts of the world which did not concern them. The Dickeys and the Cottons were smart and expensive young people like the Wiltons, though not quite so notable. There was young Dwight, who had crossed with Lucia and Jerrold, who had no money, but a gift for spending that of other people admirably, and Eugene Delacroix, product of French and American divorces, who, like Miriam, had a history of escapade. They all called Lucia "the bride," and the term, particularly on Miriam's lips, or on Dwight's, became offensive and derisive. Miriam had a way of saying "bride" which seemed to mock at Lucia.

That was the prelude. The little drama itself was quickly over.

Miriam, leaning on a perfectly modeled elbow, her shoulder shrugging away a fragment of pale green chiffon, had the center of the stage. Her face was clear and interesting, with its indifference which yet was not quite indifference. They were all seated around two tables which the waiter had joined at their demand, and the perfection of the autumn night hung sweetly around them in the outdoor restaurant, but they were unaware of it. The discussion had crept into heat, following some rumor that Miriam contemplated marriage again.

"Not I!" declared Miriam insolently. "Marriage is on its last legs! If there weren't a fool born every minute—"

Then Lucia's voice, lifted high and swinging against Miriam's:

"What do you know about it?"

Miriam laughed.

"I know a lot about it. And so will you. And so, apparently, will Jerry."

Lucia was standing, and even in the dim lights her face was pallid.

"You've failed," said Lucia, "so you want everyone else to fail. You're jealous—that's your trouble: jealous of happiness, jealous of decency—"

Jerrold was pulling his wife down. In a



moment she would have struck that mocking face opposite her.

"The bride must have had a drop too much," said Miriam, "or is it merely the inflammation of young love?"

But only one person laughed. And strangely enough, it was not Delacroix, who usually found Miriam funny. Delacroix's eyes followed Jerrold and Lucia going through the arched colonnade of the restaurant, and while they were hopeless eyes, they were somber. He leaned forward and deftly drew the tangled talk away from the couple.

Jerrold was embarrassed to the point of anger.

"There's no use in letting her get your goat like that," he said to Lucia. "She talks rot, but she doesn't mean half she says. And what if she does? There's no point in tearing up the earth and acting crazy!"

But that did not soothe Lucia. When they got back to their hotel, Jerrold, bewildered and shamefaced by his first encounter with hysteria, called a doctor. The Frenchman took the hysteria calmly and quieted Lucia with a drug. But before he left, he took Jerrold aside and told him news that left him groping among undeveloped feelings and more embarrassed than ever.

THERE are certain births which seem almost royal, even in America. Children are born now and then who mean that a lineage, superdistinguished by wealth and benevolence for two or three generations, is to be carried on. The fur-trader with a vision, the logger with the keen brain of a financier, the coal-miner who conquered his craft, is to be perpetuated again in American social and financial history. There is a famous doctor or two, several irreproachable nurses, incredibly soft and beautiful baby-clothes—and in the midst of all the excitement is a frightened girl, suffering perhaps a little less than her grandmother had suffered, but not so much less that her experience does not seem enormous and terrible to her sheltered nerves and body. Again Lucia rose to the peak of experience, unconscious as she had been on her wedding-day of the millions of other women in whose procession she took her place.

The great doctor, used to the interferences of wealth, had insisted on a hospital; so Lucia opened her eyes upon the perfectly tinted walls of a strange room and felt herself smiling, knowing instantly that this peace would be permanent.

"Are you comfortable?" asked the nurse.

Her voice was young, and when Lucia turned her head, she saw that the nurse was young too.

"Miss Hitchcock?" she asked.

"Miss Hitchcock couldn't come at the last minute. Her mother is ill, and she had to go to her. So I took her place. I'm Miss Raymond, and I'm to take care of you. The other nurse has the baby."

Miss Raymond's eyes were very blue, and her hair was dark and smooth under her scrap of a cap. She looked no older than Lucia, but she had strong arms that lifted her patient easily, and she held the baby, when she had a chance, as competently as if she had no fears of babies. There was love in her competence also, as she held Lucia's child.

Jerrold came in. Lucia saw him coming awkwardly across the room, so unsure of himself in this place. He didn't look like a father.

"Hello, Lulu! Are you all right?"

She nodded.

"You're a great little sport," he said. "I'm sure glad it's over."

"You look cheerful," said Lucia weakly.

He bent down and kissed her as if he were afraid she might dissolve under a caress.

"I feel it. Well, I mustn't stay. They won't want you disturbed. He's a cute kid,

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*No more oily skins. Your make-up holds  
hours longer than before. Instead of towels,  
cloths, or paper makeshifts, you use this de-  
liciously soft new, wholly different material  
—27 times as absorbent!*

Please accept a 7-day supply to try



MODERN beauty science has discovered that the way you remove cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found—one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

## The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

## No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty. It avoids the harshness of paper makeshift ways.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

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ABSORBENT  
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To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

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A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it.

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Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—  
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Boudoir size, sheets  
6 x 7 inches . 35c

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**M**ORE precious than her lovely frock and jewels, is the *intangible magic* of her beauty—achieved by the clever use of Djer-Kiss Toilettries.

Wherever the demands of social and professional leadership are highest—wherever bodies flower-fresh, and faces radiantly young are the "open sesame" to happiness and popularity—there you find women most fastidious in their selection of beauty aids—most insistent upon the Djer-Kiss *odeur* in Parfum, Face Powder, Talcum, Sachet, Bath Crystals, and Toilet Water—as created by M. Kerkoff of Paris.

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*Djer-Kiss*  
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"Silver" Double Vanity—nickel-silver, with two mirrors. Carries without spilling loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder, also Rouge.

isn't he? I saw him outside in that bullpen they've got for babies."

He was uncomfortable in the hospital room, which was so strange and seemed to demand emotions and such things from him.

"The doctor says you're a wonder," he added from the doorway. She watched him stop to say something to the nurse, make some joke perhaps, for she could hear the light laugh of the nurse in return. He was just the same today as yesterday, as he had been on their honeymoon—cheerful, ready to please, dodging expressed emotion, gay at heart. Miss Raymond was still smiling when she came back to Lucia's side. Jerrold usually left a smile on people's faces. Lucia turned away. She could imagine Jerry, running down the hospital steps, jumping into his car and driving away, tremendously relieved that the to-do was all over and that he could be easy and cheerful again. Lucia sighed. She had hoped again for something that hadn't happened, hoped that this experience would change Jerry, wake him into a new kind of love for her. But apparently it had not.

**L**UCIA began to feel strength come back into her, to sit up with pillows adjusted magically behind her. There were roses and orchids and baskets of forget-me-nots and every sort of hothouse flower. Sometimes Miss Raymond looked at them a little oddly as she unpacked the glowing baskets. People presently began to come to see Lucia, and every night Jerry dropped in, gay and restless, joking with the nurse. He liked Miss Raymond; the other nurse annoyed him.

Then one night he came later, dressed for dinner, and Lucia caught the odor of cocktails. He had not bothered to dress since she had been ill, and she wondered.

"Where's the party?"

"The Jaffreys. They needed an extra man, so I said I'd breeze in. You don't mind, do you, Lulu?"

"Of course not."

She thought she did not mind, but as the evening wore on, she seemed to hear the music and see, again, Jerry's dancing face. The next day some caller, dropping in for a few minutes, brought the word of the Jaffrey party. It had been very gay, ending with a prolonged treasure-hunt in mad places.

"Who was there?"

"Miriam Kane; in the limelight, of course. All pressed and Parisian. She had some man with her—Délacroix—do you know him? Good-looking—sort of. They say a lot of things about him and Miriam. Miriam picked up Jerry, though."

"She did?" asked Lucia coolly.

"They looked pretty chummy," said her friend. "However, you don't have to worry. You'll be out of this place soon, and then all you need is a fly-swatter."

When Lucia's mother came in, she thought Lucia looked tired. So did the nurse. Miss Raymond promptly ordered no more company and pulled down window-shades and told Jerry, when he came, that he must not stay long.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry.

"She's tired."

He knew it was more than that when he tried to kiss Lucia and she made no response.

"Have a good time?" she asked, because she couldn't help it.

"Great party," he said negligently.

"Who was there?"

"Oh, lots of people. Everybody."

"Miriam Kane?"

"Yep."

"Dance with her?"

"Once or twice."

Lucia turned on her side and was silent.

"Lulu," said Jerrold, putting his hand on her hair, "you aren't sore, are you? What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

He shifted his feet. "When you get well, Lulu, we'll show them what a party is," he promised.

That wasn't what she wanted. She wanted him alone, passionate, articulate, adoring—unhappy away from her. But he wasn't like that. He was never going to be like that! The tears came into her eyes.

"Lulu, dear," he protested, "shall I call the nurse? Or would you like me to telephone to your mother?"

"Yes—get rid of me and run back to Miriam Kane!"

THAT was unfair. The sudden attack somehow established a defense for Miriam in Jerry's mind. In his halting way he tried to see justice done.

"But Lulu, that's not fair. You told me it was all right to go to that party. And I don't see why everybody's out to lynch Miriam. You jumped down her throat there in Paris, and she's never held it against you. Asked about you last night. In a way, she's really generous. She hasn't got much except a few disapproving relatives and a check-book they all want to use. It wasn't her fault that Gondi bird she picked up abroad had been careless about listening to his previous wedding-bells. She took him in good faith. She never talks about her troubles. All she needs is a hand-up."

Lucia's pretty, arrogant face went white.

"Why don't you go see her, take her out some place, if you're so keen about her? You needn't come here and rave about her. She and Delacroix!"

Miss Raymond, entering, paused hesitant in the doorway.

Lucia flung herself down again deep in her pillows.

"But Lulu," Jerrold protested, "Delacroix is all right. He's one of your best boosters. He's—"

Miss Raymond seemed to sense the situation. A light hand on Jerry's arm warned him, and she motioned him to leave the room. He went, miserably, and yet with a touch of defiance.

"You mustn't work yourself up, Mrs. Wilton."

"Leave me alone," mumbled Lucia.

But the nurse would not. She became a figure of authority—straightening the tumbled bed, making Lucia lie still. The air of the soft May evening crept into the hospital room, and Lucia felt spent and weary as she relaxed under the gentle massage of the nurse's fingers on her forehead.

"Just forget everything," said Miss Raymond.

Lucia stirred restlessly. "I never knew until I was married how things hurt," she said, half to herself, half to the dim figure of the girl beside her.

"No one does," said Miss Raymond.

Something in her tone aroused Lucia.

"How do you know? You're not."

"Married, you mean? Oh, yes, nearly a year now. I don't use my name here in the hospital, because they all know me as Miss Raymond. But I was married last June—last June at St. Chrysostom's."

"Why, so was I," said Lucia, "—on the twentieth."

The nurse started and laughed.

"They were putting up the flowers for your wedding, then, when we were married. Mine was the nineteenth. I always wondered whom I had to thank for those flowers. Yours must have been the big wedding."

"That was it," said Lucia, and had a sudden recollection. "But I think I saw your name in the book the old man had. I turned back. I think I remember your handwriting—Catherine Raymond—is that right?"

"The Bride Book, the sacristan called it," said Catherine.



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**Including  
TREASURE CHEST**



"The Treasure Chest of Today"

"You know," said Lucia, "sometimes I wondered about you. I wondered where you went and who you were. I always felt sort of intimate, because we began together. And I wondered how things struck *you*. Isn't it strange that we turned up like this? Your husband isn't—"

"No," laughed the nurse, "he's very much alive. He's angry with me for being here."

"Doesn't he want you to work?"

"He hates to have me away from him," said Catherine. "That's the trouble. It's always the trouble."

Something in that statement reminded Lucia of her own mood.

"You ought to be glad. I shouldn't think you would work, then."

"But I need to. There's not much money if I don't. You see, my husband—" She stopped, and her voice fell again into the quiet nurse's composure from which it had been startled. "But you're not interested in all that."

"Yes, I am!" protested Lucia. "Tell me, please."

**T**HE room was very dim now, and across its shadows the two girls groped toward each other, bolder than in daylight.

"I might tell you how like a fairy-tale you seem," began Catherine Raymond; "all the things you have and do, all the people who come to see you, the flowers and luxuries. It's like a different world from the one I see when I leave the hospital. I go home to the tiny flat that we are always afraid we aren't going to be able to afford for another month, and it seems as if you can't be quite real. It's not just wealth. Of course I've seen plenty of wealthy people in the hospital before; but your baby is so perfect, and your husband— You have everything!"

"I haven't everything," said Lucia slowly. "You said a moment ago that your husband couldn't bear to have you away from him, that he cared too much. Mine doesn't care like that. I—wish he did."

"If he did," said the nurse, "maybe he would have moods, jealous, angry moods. If he did, maybe he wouldn't always have a smile for you, and perhaps there would be long ugly struggles with temperament. My husband is an artist. I don't know whether he's good or not. I doubt his 'goodness,' rather. But he wants to do fine work, and he doesn't sell it, and it rankles and eats into him and makes him wretched. He hates my working, and yet if I don't, there isn't going to be any chance of keeping the flat. *Your* husband is happy. You ought to be glad he's happy. If you only knew how I wish mine could wear his smile!"

Lucia flung out an impatient arm.

"I suppose the thing I want is what you're getting," she said. "I've always wanted it, and I never have had it. I want Jerry to care more. It's only a kind of schoolboy's love that I get, and all the rest that other women have has slipped by me. And I wonder if some day the smile will change to a foolish grin, the kind his uncle had."

"He didn't have to do anything for you. You had everything," Catherine Raymond reminded her. "The other kind of love grows with obstacles and hindrances, with responsibility and with fear. I like his light, clean attention to you. And it seems to me that, if you try, you can keep him really happy, so there will never be a foolish grin. That's all you have to do—and you've everything to do it with. I've seen things in hospitals that would make you appreciate what you have. You should have seen the Kane girl!"

Lucia's body grew tense.

"Miriam Kane?"

"Yes—the one who was written up in the papers all over. I won't tell you too much, because it's hospital stuff, but I can tell you a little. I was on night duty in that corner

of the hall, and sometimes when her specials were off or busy, I used to have to look in to see how she was. There she was, alone, the newspapers reeking with her story, and her relatives didn't even come near her. The husband—anyway, she thought he was her husband—never showed up at all. The baby died, and she lay there with her head turned to the wall, and it was so clear that she wanted to die too, that we all knew it. I never saw anyone so desolate. But she never cried. I guess she isn't the crying kind. You couldn't help being sorry for her, so pretty and so game and so sort of hard, as if she'd been frozen in trouble."

"My husband's sorry for her," said Lucia; "he likes her, too."

"I suppose he would. We all liked her here. But I was so sorry for her that love seemed rather precious, and I told Arnold I'd marry him. And a few months later I did."

"But you're happy?"

"Of course I'm madly happy sometimes—but then I never know what's going to happen next. Arnold doesn't think of what's going to happen, even when it's a baby. It's just a gorgeous emotional poem to him, having a baby."

"It must be rather wonderful to have a child like that!" exclaimed Lucia.

Catherine Raymond made a little gesture of distress.

"It is. But you see, I'd worked all my life. I wanted the man who loved me to take care of me, and—he doesn't know how."

"You know," said Lucia dreamily, "it's quite wrong about my having everything. Nobody has everything. You remember the little man watching us write in the registry. He knew that. He wished me luck, and I need it."

A HESITANT knock came on the door, followed by a shadow of a knock. The nurse pressed the light button and went to see who it was. Outside stood Jerrold.

"Did she get to sleep all right?" he asked.

"She's awake. Go and see her."

"Oh, I won't disturb her," said Jerrold, shying away from any display of feeling.

Catherine Raymond's firm hand touched his arm.

"Go in—for a minute," she said.

Then she closed the door and went down the hall. For a space she hesitated as Jerrold had; then she went into a public telephone booth and called a number.

"Hello," said Catherine.

There was a smile in the voice that answered her at the other end of the line.

"Sweetheart," he said, "how fine of you to call me!"

"I just have a minute," answered Catherine, "but I thought I'd like to tell you I am sorry I was cross this afternoon."

"You're never cross, and if you were, I deserved it. I'm so incompetent. But I had a good idea tonight."

"Don't worry. We'll manage somehow. Are you all right? Happy?"

"I am now."

"Good night."

She hung up the receiver and stood there a moment, catching her lip between her even teeth. Then she went back to the room of her patient. Jerry was already at the door, uncomfortable as usual in the hospital surroundings.

"I broke all the rules getting up here," he was saying. "I'll have to get out quick, or they'll operate on me or something. Good-night, Lulu."

It was a boy's voice, shy and unemotional, but the girl's voice met it on its own note, cheerfully.

"Nice of you to come, Jerry. I'm sorry I was cross this afternoon. Tell Miriam we're going to have a big party for her when I get out of here! Good night."



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## CHILDREN OF

(Continued from

"Can't guess? Ted Larrabee."

"Oh, really."

"Is that all it excites you?"

"How do you know?"

"Met him on a party in New York. Crazy about him. My dear, he's perfectly divine."

"When did he get back?"

"Two weeks ago."

"Oh!"

Somewhat later she came to the door.

"I'm sleepy, Kitty. Do you mind if I shut myself up for a nap?" She closed the door but instead of throwing herself on the lounge, she stood a long moment, her glance set in seriousness, gazing down the valley.

### Chapter Four

IT was now almost ten years since she had met Ted Larrabee on the great steamer which was bringing her back to America from the long drab exile of her childhood. Ahead, the mystery of divided households and strange parents. Behind, five years of banishment, which had suddenly effaced home and childish happiness; years without a break, long flights of days that resembled one another like the beads of her rosary, life run out slowly, indubitably, unrelieved, flat and monotonous. Five years of loneliness without comprehension, leaving a rebellion indelibly written in her character against this inexplicable thing called Divorce which had robbed her of her childhood.

On the steamer a queer, bewildered gray figure, brooding over the reason of her exile, wondering what solution of the mystery was ahead of her—retreating into her shell the moment she was spoken to, taking refuge in her steamer chair, whence she peered out over her rug, her large eyes seeking to understand.

Near her a group about whom the deck stewards hovered obsequiously; the women young, daintily dressed, enveloped in clouds of perfume, wearing a profusion of jewels, laughing uproariously at some whispered joke. Colonel Larrabee, an enormous man of forty-five or fifty, very straight and tall, with powerful shoulders, a deep, roaring voice, thick cheeks and a silvery mustache that twisted into points, perpetually in good humor, paying for everything, regulating everything.

From time to time a boy who appeared older than his years on account of his size—resembling his father Colonel Larrabee in that—passed by, stopped for a greeting and went on, but never remained. At his approach the father would call out:

"Teddy, you ruffian, what are you doing?"

Or more often one of the ladies would sing out:

"Teddy, darling, you haven't been near us today!"

Then the boy would stop, snatch off his cap, flush at some teasing remark and balance from heel to heel until the moment arrived to escape. She liked him because his hair, tawny and stubbornly uplifted from his square, good-humored face, was always in disorder; because he did not wear close-shaped, tailored clothes with a colored handkerchief pendant from the pocket; because he did not smell of perfume; because his hazel-blue eyes never stared at her impertinently but held in them something kind and impulsive as there was something kind in the rise of the lips and the upward-pointing nose, something simple and kind in the whole of the broad-spaced, square-hewn features that were full of the sheer delight of being alive and in motion. Once or twice in passing he had looked at her in a friendly way. Once she had seen



## DIVORCE

page 43)

him hesitate with a box of candy in his hand. Each time in terror she had dropped her glance, hoping, fearing, longing for him to speak to her.

ONE morning Jean came upon him doing tricks to the exceeding delectation of a crowd of small children who were enjoying the circus. She stopped short, astonished. He was standing on his head, waving his legs in the most extraordinary way, occasionally varying it by clapping his heels together. Suddenly he rolled over and came to a sitting position at her feet, red and puffing. She burst into laughter.

"Hello, it's you!" he exclaimed, surprised. A little tot with her arms about his neck kept begging for an encore.

"Teddy Bear, do it again!"

The nickname struck her as being so ridiculously appropriate, as he sat there looking up at her, rough, shaggy and grinning, that she clung to a post in delight.

"Why, you're laughing," he remarked; "didn't think you could!"

When she could get her breath, she repeated mischievously: "Teddy Bear, do it again!"

"Sure, I will. Here goes!"

A second time he rose on his hands, and, growling furiously, pursued the tiny audience which scattered with shrieks of terror and delight. Then springing to his feet, he cried: "Circus over—skidoo!"

He came to her, holding out his hand.

"How are you? My name's Edward Larrabee. What's yours?"

"Jean Waddington."

"Glad to know you. Liked your looks but you were so stand-offish."

"I?"

"Sure, you."

"I didn't mean to be."

"Well, I made you laugh, didn't I?"

She was still smiling. The need of sunlight to dispel the fog of years!

"How old are you?"

"How old are *you*?" she said, with the proper sense of dignity.

"Oh, all right—I'm sixteen."

"I'm fourteen."

"That all?"

"Yes."

"You look older. What's that dress you wear? Sort of uniform, isn't it?"

"It's what we all wear at the Santissima Annunciata—that's a convent—at Florence."

"You all alone?"

"I'm going back with Mrs. Katts. She's taking me. But she's seasick."

"Oh!"

He stopped and for a moment she was afraid that was to be all. But the face into which he was looking was no longer clouded. Sudden lights now in the full, dark eyes, a flush of color in the cheek, lips smiling, appealing; such a look of happiness suffusing every feature that he almost exclaimed: "Jiminy, how pretty you are!"

"Don't go away," she said suddenly.

"I thought you might think it fresh—"

"No, no. I want to talk to you!"

"Fine. How would you like to explore?"

"I'd love it."

"Come on, then."

TEN minutes later they were up in the bow, camped on the deck, pillowed against a pile of rope; the world shut out behind them, a clear sky ahead, the whistle of the wind in the rigging, and the hiss and slap of spray against the steel-sheathed sides.

"Bully here, isn't it?"

"It's wonderful."

"How long have you been over there, in the convent?"

TRADE

# YALE

MARK

## DOOR CLOSERS

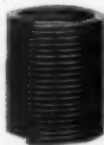
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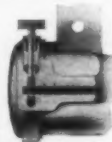


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## PICTURES OF LIFE

THE Transcontinental was standing in the Regina station. Four horsemen came trotting smartly up the street and drew up at the station entrance. Three of them wore the red tunics and broad sombreros of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The fourth was bareheaded, swarthy and wore a stained mackinaw, nondescript trousers and moccasins. An Indian or breed apparently.

When the four dismounted, the group of travelers on the observation car platform saw that the Indian was handcuffed. Once more the R. N. W. M. P. *had got its man.*

"Well," said the middle-aged man in the gray polo coat, "that makes it perfect."

"What makes what perfect?" asked one of the group on the platform.

"Seeing the Royal Northwest police come in with a prisoner."

"You see," he went on, "I'm just returning from a trip around the world. I've been tied down to my desk for years and my traveling had been confined to business trips or an occasional vacation jaunt."

"Well, three months ago I cut loose and took the missus and signed up for one of these round the world cruises. I swore I'd forget business and have a good time."

"I've had it all right. And do you know why? It's because I've felt all along that I've been moving through a series of interesting novels. I haven't had the slightest interest in the economic customs of the countries I've seen. But believe me, I've got a great kick out of seeing some of the things that I've been reading about all my life in fiction."

"Venetian gondoliers, Arabs, Swiss yodelers and mountain climbers, Student Corps at Heidelberg, London Bobbies, Scotland Yard, natives diving for coins in tropical waters, Bedouins, flowers in Kew, British Army posts in India—these are some of the pictures which have been photographed on my brain and that I'll never forget."

"And to top it all, here, a few miles from home, I see the mounties bring in a man. As I said, that makes it perfect."

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Travel makes the heart young and imparts a vibrant spirit to the mind and body.

"Five—almost five years."  
 "But you've been back?"  
 She shook her head.  
 "Not all alone?"  
 "They never came."  
 "What! Five years! Good Lord!" He stopped awkwardly. "I say, your father and mother aren't dead?"  
 "Divorced. And they married again."  
 "Beasts! I beg your pardon—I oughtn't to say that, ought I?"  
 She shrugged, looking away.  
 "Beastly, but—that's my trouble too."  
 She looked at him, startled. "Divorced?"  
 "No. Live apart. They fight over me. You know, six months here and six months there." His face clouded. "There was a nasty time, a rotten time. All in the papers."  
 He stopped, looked at her.  
 "No wonder it's hard to get a laugh out of you."

Then impulsively, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, as though they had known each other for years, they poured out their confidences to each other. And he looked to her so like the race of legendary champions who were once born to redress wrongs and succor distress, that from that moment she felt as though she had been miraculously put under his protection. . . . Sharing of secrets!

"Tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "No one knows. Got it all planned out with a couple of fellows, friends of mine, working their way back in the steerage. We're shipping as waiters next summer—Panama, Philippines, China. Glorious lark. No dangle around Southampton for me! Dancing and talking to girls and all that sort of stuff! Well, you know what I mean!" His face grew serious with purpose. "Want to be doing things—roughing it. I'm going to be an engineer."

"What's that?"  
 "Fellow who builds bridges, big dams, lays out railroads. Big things. That's the life. If they think I'm going to sit around living on their money, they're mistaken. They're going to have an awful surprise some day!"

**L**IFTING of clouds, moments of rapture, moments of sunshine, all too brief. The last day, standing in the bow together, sobered and regretful. Then strips of sand on the horizon—America. A sudden drawing together.

"I say, 'Jean' is too grown up. I'm going to call you Jinny."

"I like that." She looked at him. Beginning of coquetry, one eyebrow arched. "Teddy Bear!"

"That's me!"

They broke out laughing.

"Look here, how about being friends, real friends?" He was looking past her, down at the curving spray. "No nonsense—chums, you know, through thick and thin? How about it?"

Her eyes dimmed. "I'd like it—terribly."

"I say, you're not going to cry?"

A determined shake of the head.

"I never cry."

"By Jiminy, I think you're altogether—altogether bully."

He held out his hand. Her hand slipped into it. She looked at him, smiled, couldn't tell him what she thought of him.

"Well, at any rate, I've made you smile a lot, haven't I? Remember now, I'm com-

#### LEROY SCOTT

There's a man who can write detective stories. You've read some of them in this magazine, but there are more and even better ones coming. Have an eye out, for instance, for "The Strange Disappearance of Mollie Corbin," in an early issue.



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The new ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, overlooking Waikiki Beach, will be open early in 1927. The golf course in connection with the hotel was laid out by the late Seth L. Saynor.

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ing round to see you, right off. But don't you worry! Understand?"

He said it so pugnaciously that she felt a new confidence. If anything were wrong, he'd set it right.

### Chapter Five

WHERE was she going? To her father or to her mother? Which would meet her at the dock? Which would mean home? Confusion of towers and sounds, strange new smells, shouted commands, crowds on the pier end, strange happy crowds, frantic wavings. Seeking for a face that might be her mother, or a tall form—her father. The huddled descending rush, clinging to the frantic Mrs. Katts, lately resuscitated.

"Miss Waddington?"

A footman and a trim young woman in black. A special inspector plying her with questions. Mr. Waddington was delayed, would be there presently. Her baggage?

Her baggage consisted of two valises.

Her father at last; worried, out of breath, arms that hurt her deliciously. Then out of the clamoring crowd into a great limousine, chauffeur and footman in front; Mrs. Katts and the maid opposite—a maid who stared at her uncomfortably. Her hand clutched tightly in her father's. So up through strident cañons, through polyglot crowds; soaring in the air over a great bridge—open country—home.

She sat up eagerly as they rolled into the great estate, peering out the window in an effort to recall some familiar landmark. What had become of the dogs she used to romp with, and the doll's house? Was it still there in the little clump of beeches by the shore? Then high wrought-iron doors swinging open. More footmen. A familiar face at last—Manning, the butler, with his Gladstonian nose.

"Praise God, you've come back, Miss Jean. You haven't changed a bit."

"Mrs. Waddington home, Manning?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Take Miss Jean to her apartment and bring her down to the library afterward."

A bedroom and sitting-room, overlooking the Sound, all to herself.

"Can't I sleep in my old room, Manning?"

"Sorry, Miss, that's taken now."

"Oh! And the dogs? Are any left?"

"Old Gyp went last summer."

"And my playhouse? You remember that, Manning?"

"That's gone, too."

She was downstairs, later, in the library, curled in her father's lap, tired with many emotions, but happy, tremendously happy, when her stepmother came in. He put her from him guiltily, at the approach of the pale-blond, anæmic little woman with restless eyes and ready smile.

"So this is my big daughter?"

Cold lips on her forehead and eyes still blazing with jealousy.

"Heavens, what has she got on?"

"It's the convent uniform, my dear."

"Hideous! She looks like an orphan asylum. What was the matter with Mrs. Katts to let her come over like that? Have you seen your lovely room, my dear?"

"It's very big," she answered, looking at her fixedly.

"We must go right up tomorrow and get you some clothes. One of the maids must lend her something for tonight. Thank heaven her mother hasn't seen her yet. Wouldn't she love to blame me for it!"

"She's very tall," said her father, with a nervous twitch of his hand; "perhaps one of your dresses might fit her, my dear."

"Why, yes, of course!"

An hour later, wandering aimlessly about

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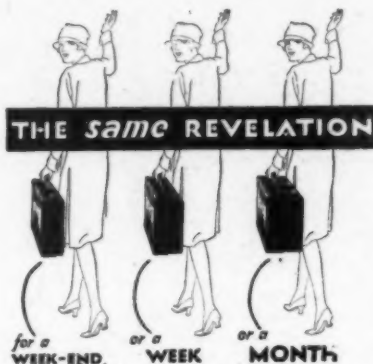
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the second floor, she heard Mrs. Waddington's voice in shrill hysteria. Broken phrases, terrible phrases, revealing phrases:

"You love her better than you do me! You always have! You've made me believe . . . she will always come between us. In your arms! I can't bear it!"

She opened the door and marched in, her head high. Mrs. Waddington in a dressing-gown, handkerchief in hand, stopped with a gasp, gazing fearfully at her.

"You are a wicked woman," said the child, in cold fury. "You make everyone unhappy. I will never live with you. I'm going to my mother!"

She refused to be won over, refused to listen to the halting explanations her father made her an hour later. Of what use were explanations? One part of the mystery was clear. She understood her father now. A weak man, a man seeking the easiest way, twice a victim of stronger feminine natures. Yet she felt he at least loved her, would never have put her from him, that his love was his enduring remorse, his neglect an attempt to escape from it.

The old sense of loneliness and a new ache—the longing for her mother. Perhaps her mother too had been sacrificed? Perhaps she was poor, or helpless or married to some one with other children, who would resent her too?

"Your mother gets back from Newport tomorrow," her father had said, looking away.

Newport meant nothing to Jean.

"When can I see her?"

"You can go up tomorrow afternoon."

#### Chapter Six

A VAST corner house on lower Park Avenue,—home, perhaps,—her mother. Six or seven trunks in the great hall, footmen and maids busy with valises, hat-boxes, shoe-boxes, toilet-bags. Huge crystal chandeliers through long vistas of salons as she was ushered in. Sound of feminine voices.

A sudden descending silence as she stood, gray and stiff, in the doorway. Before her three women, smoking cigarettes about a tea-table. She took a step forward, stopped in perplexity, turned impulsively and put out a timid, questioning hand.

The dark lady jumped up. She heard a voice: "Good heavens, she thinks I'm her mother!"

There was a moment of gripping stillness, then the dark lady calling frantically:

"Louise! Louise! Come down!"

"What is it?"

"It's your daughter."

Sudden descending rush of steps, flurry of skirts, a small woman in a negligee running in, catching her in her arms.

"My daughter, my beautiful daughter!"

In the room, heavy embarrassed silence, feeling of intrusion, risings, hurried departures.

"How wonderful, how beautiful you are!"

Enveloped in perfumed arms, carried off to a jewel-box of a room, the boudoir of the famous, the beautiful Mrs. Chastaine, whose social activities were a matter of public record. Maids passing to and fro, unpacking, sorting, arranging armfuls of lingerie in special closets. The closing of doors, the sound of her mother's voice angrily upraised:

"Who sent that child in to them in that hideous dress? Didn't I give orders to have her brought to me at once? Nice story!"

Murmurs—angry, explanatory. Silence. Her mother back again, slender, still beautiful in an operatic, brilliant way. Sudden feeling of dismay at this living challenge.

"Heavens, my child, you're enormous! You're big enough to be seventeen."

The child stood stiffly looking at her, trying to readjust the picture she had created

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in her passionate need of some justifying explanation. All that puzzled her, all the gorgeous vision of feminine charm and luxury closing in between them, driving them apart. Mrs. Chastaine, ill at ease before this wondering, hurt look, feeling sudden need of winning her by flattery.

"Good gracious, what an ugly dress! But you look as pretty as Cinderella. Why didn't they put something decent on you?"

"My stepmother wanted me to wear one of the maid's dresses. I wouldn't. I hate her."

Mrs. Chastaine, who had been examining her underwear, gave a cry:

"My poor child! I can't bear it! Thank heaven you can wear my things. Josephine, we must dress this child properly!"

**S**HE went to the door, gave orders, shut it again, came back cheerfully.

"I can't get over it— You are so tall! How old are you? Thirteen, fourteen? Why yes, fourteen! Is it possible? You must do your hair differently. It's lovely, dear, prettier than mine. That shade of tea-brown can't be imitated. But it's too rigid—too obvious. . . . Josephine is wonderful at dressing hair. You must have lots of pretty dresses. You have my eyes—darker, but formed the same way. Wait till we get you something pretty to put on your back."

"How long am I to stay with you?"

Taken aback by the abruptness of the question the mother hesitated and equivocated:

"Of course you must visit your father—naturally."

"I won't go back there. I won't live with her." Sudden drawing to her mother, in a passionate, proud need. "Don't make me go back!"

"But your father has a right, my dear."

"Do I belong to you or to my father?"

"Good gracious, what a child! You belong to both—of course, you belong to us both. But don't bother your head about such things. Everything will be arranged properly."

"I must go to school—an American school," said the child with a dignity that never left her. "I have so much to learn."

"Of course you must. But we'll talk of that later."

"I want to go right away. I want to go where my cousin Kitty is."

"Very well, my dear. I don't see why not."

"I have already told my father so. It is arranged."

Mrs. Chastaine, to cover her confusion, said:

"What a lovely speaking voice you have! It's the Italian inflection, of course. You will be very glad of that later on. What a lot of things you must have learned over there."

"I can embroider and make lace and I can play on the piano. Would you like to hear me, signora?"

"I should love to, but you mustn't call me 'signora!'" Mrs. Chastaine actually found herself blushing. "You must call me Mother."

"But I don't know you well enough."

Mrs. Chastaine sat down and gasped: "You extraordinary child!" She glanced around hurriedly to make sure that Josephine had not heard. "But I am your mother, and I love you very much."

The child looked at her from out her great dark eyes, eyes harder and harder to meet.

"Didn't you hear me, dear?"

"No, signora, you do not love me very much or you wouldn't have put me away all this time."

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"It is very hard to explain to a child,"



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Mrs. Chastaine began, taking her hand. "You belong to your father as well, and I mustn't criticize your father, must I? It was very difficult to know what to do. Some day when you are older we will have a long talk together and then you will understand."

"I don't understand now." She drew her hands together, sharp pain in her heart. "I want to understand so."

"And now, darling, your mother wants to do lots and lots for you," Mrs. Chastaine urged, desperate at the thought of such an attitude becoming public. "I'm dining out tonight. I couldn't get out of it. But tomorrow my whole day will be given to my pretty daughter. And we'll do a lot of shopping. I'll be so proud of you. Put your arms around your mother, dear."

A little frightened, a little dismayed, with a little touch of real yearning, she held her daughter in her arms and kissed her.

The child submitted to the embrace.

TEA time. Jean, erect and still, her hair transformed by Josephine's art, dressed as Mrs. Chastaine felt her daughter should be dressed. Everyone watching her curiously, surprised at her poise and unconsciousness, her silence without embarrassment, her answers without effort, direct and candid. Many men arriving. When she had been introduced the first time, she made a little curtsy as she had been taught to do in the convent. Everyone smiled.

"Have I done something wrong?"

"You are too big a girl, my dear,"—Mrs. Chastaine's arm around her protectingly, in a charming pose, a real Romney—"too big to curtsy to gentlemen, now. They should be at your feet."

"Oh! And the ladies?"

"That will be all right."

"I'll remember, signora."

She said it thoughtlessly, without intention. A little quick interchange of smiles. Mrs. Chastaine, untroubled, laughing as she bent over to kiss her pretty daughter.

"That's very charming, my dear, for Italy, where children are taught to be deferential to their parents. But you are a little American now."

"Always called my father 'sir' to the day of his death. He'd have caned me if I hadn't."

Mrs. Chastaine gave General Fitzhugh a grateful look, but her fingers had closed cruelly over the child's arm, leaving marks that went deeper than the skin. . . .

"Once and for all, I will not have you call me 'signora,' do you understand?"

No smiling now, no one present to act up to. Something blazed up in the child's eyes, and before it Mrs. Chastaine's mood turned to weak tears.

"You make me ridiculous before my friends. What can the servants think? How can you be so hard-hearted—so cruel!"

The child laid her hand over the ache in her arm. So many things she could have said—so many things repressed, fought down!

"I am going to school now—right away."

That and nothing more.

Even to Ted, to whom she recounted her meeting with Mrs. Waddington, she had never referred to what had passed between her mother and her. Pride and a curious sense of dignity forbade.

BOARDING school and Kitty; astonished to find that her lot was not exceptional. There were a score of her companions whose homes had also been torn asunder by divorce. Some were reconciled, transferring part of their affections to a new father or mother. Some sided with one or the other. Some remained neutral, clinging in their need to each. Then there were a few who rebelled as she rebelled, knowing that what

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was offered was offered perfunctorily, knowing that the word "home" did not exist for them—that always, whenever they would return, their presence would be an embarrassment and a complication.

Vacations in camps, visits to new friends, occasional house-parties on Long Island when, parents away, the great house was turned over to her. Reluctant or perfunctory hospitality. Repeated public comedies. The war intervening to solve the complication of her presentation to society. Independence at last, due to a legacy from her grandmother, an income which her father wished to quadruple. Refused. New life of independence and study, contentment, new interests, sudden introduction to a world of varied pleasures, admired, sought after, courted. Sudden excited feeling of her own attraction.

But the shadow of her early years lay always in the dark background of her eyes. The old feeling of rebellion flamed up from time to time. Back of the young loveliness in her face there was an abiding scorn of the society that took marriage as a social excursion, and forgot the side of the children, robbing them of something that nothing later could replace—the memory of a home.

She would ask a great deal of marriage, for she was resolved to give a great deal, and come what might, if it failed, it would be her failure. She would never admit divorce. This idea was, with her, more than an obsession; it was an article of faith, grounded on the accumulated inhibitions of her childhood, that made her a little afraid of life, as she was afraid of loving. From the day when first he had come tumbling into her existence, she had loved but one man, Ted Larrabee. She loved him, and yet she was afraid to marry him.

## Chapter Seven

THE two cousins were breakfasting on the esplanade when Henriette Ranney drove up with Victor Daggett.

"Well, of all the lazy people! It's ten o'clock! I'm collecting plates and bouillon cups for tonight. My party's grown to a riot."

Kitty jumped up with a sidelong glance at Daggett, who interested her because he interested Jean. Manifestly brainy, horn spectacles and Boston forehead, not very good legs or shoulders, a little out of place in golf-trousers, the sort of dancer who wants to talk about books! She disappeared in the direction of the pantry with Henriette.

"Have you recovered from our strenuous day?"

"Very quickly."

He stood watching Jean as she rose and moved to an easier chair, a black-and-white scarf around her throat falling loosely over the slender length of her body.

"Like a cool shadow along some garden wall," he thought appreciatively. Aloud he said:

"You've not forgotten you promised me the morning. What do you want to do?"

"Let's just be lazy." She saw him looking at her with his shrewd, curious eyes.

"What is it?"

"Are you a person of moods?"

"Why?"

"I feel a change. You're looking at me through the wrong end of the telescope."

"Only sleepy. Kitty and I gossiped all night long. There are some nice cigarettes on the library table. Would you mind?"

She sent him away to prepare herself for his examination. There was a mental challenge about him that she enjoyed, but he had a way of forcing her confidences that was disconcerting. She had met him a few

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times in the last month, at a moment when she had begun to tire of the inanities of the men of her own age. The first time he had studied her at a distance, spoken but half a dozen words, interested her quickly in his point of view and left her with a desire to know him better. He was already somewhat of a public figure, a brilliant prosecutor in the district-attorney's office, one of the younger men in politics, of whom much was prophesied—a man of tremendous driving ambition, the man with a career seeking the woman to fit into it. She was aware of all this, felt in fact that he had dispassionately made up his mind to marry her, but that he would never make an overt act unless he was certain of her. It was the method which amused and interested her.

He drew up, lit his pipe and studied her. "Well, what's happened?"

"You imagine too much."

"No. I feel the difference at once," he said, slowly.

She invented a reason.

"We went back to old days at the convent. Not very happy days."

He reflected.

"I wonder if that's the background in you that puzzles me!"

"Perhaps, but I don't like to talk about that."

"Queer contradiction."

"Meaning me?"

"Yes. You've got a man's point of view, a straight cutting-through way of looking at things, and with it a mass of impulses, very much of a woman."

She frowned.

"Personalities are a dreadful bore."

"On the contrary, they're the only thing that is interesting. We change as we come into different contacts. This is the setting I see for you."

"I'm not in the mood." She threw away the cigarette and rose. "Let's go in. There is a fine old portrait by Deakin you ought to see."

HE stood a moment in appreciation of the great library, with its deep, reposeful tones, its black-and-white Georgian mantel and colored book-shelves that clothed it with the richness of animated tapestries.

"What a relief!"

"I knew you'd like it!"

"At last something personal, something lived in! There's always a feeling of unrest and impermanence about those gorgeous, manufactured palaces, turned out for people who don't belong in them. How bewildered they must be!"

"Houses without ancestors."

"Exactly. Or other persons' ancestors bought up and put on the walls. What real charm there is here! People have lived here for generations. There's a feeling of tradition. Remarkably good portrait, by the way. Imagine putting family portraits in a modern Louis XVI salon. Can you imagine what their expressions would be?"

"I like the room because it has individuality. But then I don't like fashions."

"Then you're not a moral person."

"What paradox now?"

Satisfied with the smile and the response, he continued lightly:

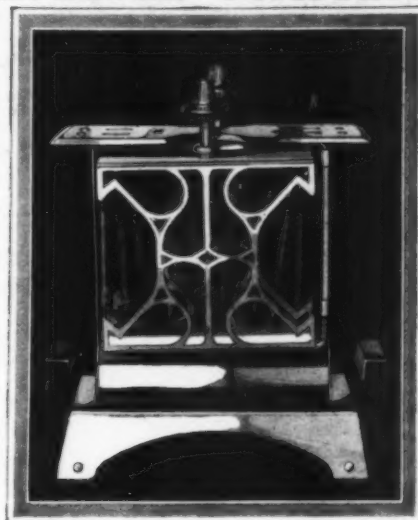
"Why, you must be in the fashion if you're going in for morality, you know. What are our standards but the fashion of the day? Modesty today—immodesty ten years ago. That's obvious, but the same thing is true of our ideals, opinions and prejudices. We don't think. We follow the fashion of thinking. Radicalism, Freudism, social standards, marriage, divorce, sex relations—*cherchez le style!* Spring styles—fall styles!" He paused, looked at her. "I wonder if you know what sheer delight it is to me to find some one like yourself who keeps to her traditions and doesn't swing with the tide!"

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"It isn't always a happy feeling to feel that you are going against the current. Do I give such an impression?"

"Instantly." Kitty and Henriette appeared with arms laden. "Tray and coffee-cups in the dining-room. New York papers please copy."

"Can I help?" Jean followed them outside as Daggett took the hint.

"Only if I stub my toe. For the love of Mike, what is it?"

Kitty in her amazement staggered, with a perilous rattling of dishes, and came up against a table for support.

"Hello, people!"

"Ted! You crazy idiot! Oh, my grandmother's flower-beds and lawns!"

LARRABEE towered above them from the back of a magnificent roan hunter flecked with foam; hot, dusty, grinning with delight at the trick he had performed, a derby hat attached to his lapel by a shoestring, puttees which had worked around backward, tie afloat and a baggy Norfolk jacket which already had a button torn from it.

"Kitty, darling, something cool to drink! Never touched a flower! Hello, Henriette!"

"Ted, what in the world have you done to him?" exclaimed Henriette Ranney, looking in disapproval at his horse.

"What has he done to me?" He looked ruefully at the disorder of his clothes. "We've had a difference of opinion, but that's all—isn't it, old Beelzebub?"

Kitty burst out laughing.

"Ted, you're a sight!"

"I always am."

At this moment Jean came out of the shadow of the door. He saw her and his face changed. The hand on the rein twitched so sharply that his horse began to caper.

"For heaven's sake keep him out of the crockery!"

He brought him to rest with a pressure of his knees and a touch of his hand.

"Got to keep old Beelzebub here until I get a drink. Money on it." He drew his sleeve over his perspiring face, leaving a smudge of dust to complete the picture, looked up, affected surprise, cried in his bluff, rumbling voice:

"Bless my eyes, it's Jean! What luck! How are you?"

She saw that he had had no knowledge of her coming, felt the sudden pain in his eyes, was grateful for the way he had carried off the situation.

"I'm glad to see you, Ted."

SHE came forward, reached up a hand and touched the hot head of the roan. Neither looked at the other. Henriette, tactfully, had gone down the steps. Kitty had disappeared within.

"Look out, the beast's a brute," he said in warning. "Guess he's too tired for mischief, though." He looked around, saw they were alone. "I didn't know you were here, Jinny. I wouldn't have come."

"I didn't know either."

Her glance still down.

"I'm at Mrs. DeLancey's for a week. If it is going to be embarrassing, I'll cut."

"No, no! Don't do that. That would hurt me." She raised her eyes to him at last. "I want to see you, Ted."

He shook his head, met the inquiry in her look, sobered and wistful. "What's the use? It won't help anybody."

At this moment Mr. Daggett came out balancing a tray. She made the introductions impatiently. Kitty arrived with a cool tumbler. He drank it off with a gulp.

"Wow! That was a drink. I win."

"How much?"

"A hundred. Enough to buy another suit. The hat's part of the bet. Well, you're my witnesses. See you tonight. Good-by, Kitty. Good-by, Jean."

He turned the horse's head, coaxed it down the steps, waved his hand and cantered off.

"What did you do to him, anyhow?" Kitty was looking at her sharply. "He looked as though some one had hit him over the head. Say, is it on or off? Well, what?"

She evaded Kitty's eyes, stood a moment breathing deeply.

"Don't ask me any questions. Make some excuse for me, like a dear. . . . Or—no, I'll be down in a moment."

She ran up to her room. The sensation she had experienced in seeing him again was too acute to mask it with a social attitude. Their eyes had met but once. Everything she was afraid of was there in his face—and everything she saw drew her blindly back to him.

### Chapter Eight

THE unexpected appearance of Jean had so upset Larrabee that the roan, sensing his abstraction, gave a sudden malicious jump that flung him out of his stirrups.

"What! Still a bit of fight in you, is there?"

The grip of his knees and the weight of his hand quickly dominated the animal.

"So you thought you'd caught me napping? Well, you pretty near did. Lucky you're tired too. . . . Rather in, myself. Stiff drink Kitty gave me."

He rode back slowly, to give the horse a chance to cool off. The sight of Jean had disturbed him, profoundly disturbed him. He'd been going a hard pace for the last weeks—not much chance to rest up. His body felt it. His head was foggy. It was not like this that Jean should have seen him. He remembered the searching look of pity in her eyes and the memory hurt him.

She wouldn't understand. She'd think he was going to pieces on her account.

At Mrs. DeLancey's, fortunately, everyone was out, golfing or tennis. A groom took his horse.

He went to his room, where Briggs was waiting to run his bath and pour out a stiff drink from a waiting decanter.

"Just a mild one," he said, raising a warning hand. "I've a lot of drinking to do tonight. No, no, Briggs, you flatter me. Half of that."

"Very well, sir."

"You don't often see anyone turned out as smartly as this, do you, Briggs?" he said, yawning. "That's all right. It's a joke. You can laugh. I suppose my wardrobe is in a ghastly state."

"Well, it does need a bit of going over, sir."

"I appreciate your reticence."

"I took the liberty, sir, of exchanging a button for the safety pin on your evening trousers."

"Quite right." He yawned again. "Briggs, what I need is sleep. How's that bath—hot?"

"Quite hot, sir."

"I'd like to boil for an hour or two. Now, Briggs, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to sleep until dinner. Cut out the lunch. Don't let Mr. Steele or Mr. Lancaster annoy me. Tell 'em I'm out. I'll lock the door. Wake me up at eight o'clock. You may have to make an awful racket. Better yet, take the key with you. Shake me if you have to."

"Very well, sir, at eight o'clock."

He sank gratefully into a hot bath.

"By Jove, this is better than fifty drinks! Now if I can get a bit of sleep—Funny head I've got."

He began to reflect in a foggy, drowsy way. "Not enough sleep—that's the trouble. Too many parties. Well, it was good fun all the same."



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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He came into the bedroom, considered the decanter a moment, shook his head and went to bed.

"Don't think I've had three hours' sleep a night for, for—let's see how long—"

While he was trying to remember he fell asleep.

HE woke to find Briggs decorously shaking his shoulder. "Beg pardon, sir, eight o'clock."

"The devil, you say!"

"Dinner at nine o'clock, sir."

He sprang up, took a cold shower and began to dress. The rest, and his still unsapped vitality, restored him. He was surprised to find how well he felt. It seemed almost a moral indication. He was proud of his strength, of his tremendous power of recuperation. There couldn't have been much harm done if he could feel so keen.

The dissipation into which Ted had plunged for months—only he did not give it that name—had been a sort of contest, like football, hunting over a stiff country, or losing at cards without emotion. He had matched himself against others, proud of his ability to outlast them. Others had succumbed. Others had to be carried off to bed, but always alone and unaided he had marched to his room, erect and without faltering. Personally, he saw no harm in it, so long as no harm was done. Not to be continued indefinitely; but a phase to go through when youth was too imperious in your veins. The trouble was Jean would ascribe it to another motive: the act of a weak man when a girl had thrown him over. After all, there was a certain amount of truth in it. He had gone a bit to pieces, since the day—the still incomprehensible day—when she had refused to marry him.

There had never been between them that young period of mawkish sentimentality. The isolation of the girl had appealed to his chivalry. All that was denied her of home and parents he had tried to replace by his devotion. He had never had an instant's doubt that they were destined for each other, an abiding feeling of something secure, calm, final. It had restored his faith when his pride was suffering and an ugly mood was on him.

The marital infelicities of Colonel Larrabee and his wife had been the delectation of a scandal-loving public. It had been a romantic marriage, she a debutante, he just out of college, and paid for in quick disillusionment. Colonel Larrabee had speedily discovered that the last thing in the world he desired was domesticity, or any limitation of his interest in the other sex. He lived hard, worked hard, made a great deal of money in traction enterprises, grew into the political leadership of a district in Pennsylvania where business and political interests were identical and mutually profitable. He fought down his enemies, receiving certain ugly scars which remained associated with his name. The friends and rigid social interests of his wife quickly bored him. Easily led, he became the prey of many women of a *déclassé* international society. It was a rough and ready milieu, a facile morality that exactly suited him, that was perhaps a part of his inheritance from the rough, contemptuous Irish miner Tim Larrabee, his father, who had made and dissipated three fortunes in the buccaneering days of the Bonanza period.

On her side, Mrs. Larrabee, brought up in the traditions of old New York,—intelligent, ambitious, willful,—discovered that the picturesque hero who had so confidently carried her off at the age of nineteen was the last man in the world she would have chosen for a husband at thirty. They had not a thought or a standard in common.

## "Coughing spells almost made me stop theatre-going."



## then I discovered LUDEN'S

Perhaps you, too, have experienced the embarrassment mentioned in this letter from a woman in Paterson, N. J.

"My throat caused annoyance for years. In crowded places, I would cough and choke because of 'tickling' in my throat. One day in a theatre it became so embarrassing to me and to others that a woman nearby took from her bag a package of Luden's. She offered it, explaining how helpful Luden's had been in her case. Instantly the irritation was relieved. I now suffer no throat discomfort."

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She abhorred his political affiliations, detested his business activities. There was a period of pretense, of mutual deception, more or less on the surface. Then a public scandal and a final cleavage of ways.

A chorus girl, instigated by a celebrated firm of lawyers, who had raised to a fine art the study of the foibles of wealthy men, had attempted to blackmail Colonel Larrabee for an extortionate amount. He was no coward, and he had a fierce contempt for weakness, as for hypocrisy. He had the courage, if not the wisdom, to fight back. The public gloated over the noxious details. An impressionable jury, pitying the innocence of the young lady who danced nightly in the chorus, credited her profession of ignorance of Colonel Larrabee's marriage and awarded her substantial damages.

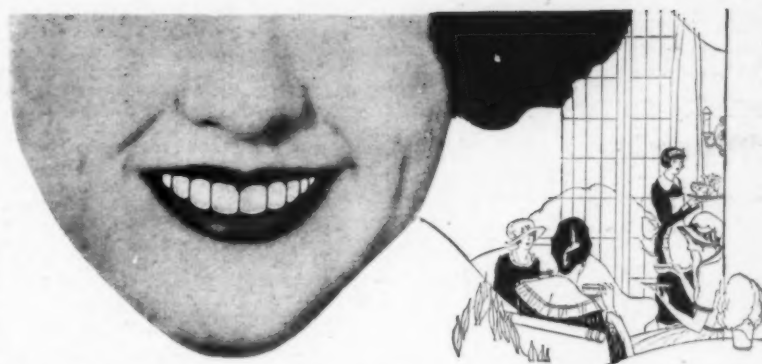
THE blow to Ted's pride was terrific.

He had adored both parents impartially, each an ideal to his young imagination. Suddenly illusion was stripped from him. He beheld his father in his humiliation and in his vices. He saw the hatred and contempt in the heart of his mother. Instead of the old atmosphere of affection he was surrounded by suspicion and recriminations. When he spent six months with his mother, his father was held up to him as an example of all that was debauched, venal and profligate. When he went to Colonel Larrabee's he heard nothing but sneers for the smugness and hypocrisy of his mother. Each adored him, courted him, fought openly as well as insidiously for his entire affection.

The boy resisted, loyal to each, suffering to see his parents in their moral nakedness, with a precocious knowledge unnatural in a child. The physical vitality in him, the need of being constantly in motion, need of new friends, new experiences, had fortunately filled his life. In school and college he had been in every scrape and adventure. When the war broke out he had enlisted with the Canadian forces, throwing up his college career in the impelling lure of a great adventure. Four years of this—not of sheltered privilege, but of daily contact with the soul-depressing grind of war, not much of the romance he had dreamed of; twice wounded, decorated, promoted to a commission, wearily thankful when it was all over.

He came out of it with the fierce reaction back to living which swept Paris like a pagan orgy. Of what use to have emerged from the maelstrom with a young body intact unless one steeped oneself in the pure riotous joy of living? The long political arm of his father had had him assigned to the Peace Commission, his father who sent him a check in five figures and told him to go out and amuse himself. Rather dangerous moment—four years of war's subjection behind you, ten thousand dollars in your pocket and access to a society which had yielded to a wave of emotional hysteria!

He remembered as yesterday his return home, the long delay of the trip from Canada, the final breathless entry into the thronged station, his mother and father standing side by side in their common thankfulness, his mother's arms about him, and beyond her, the look in Jean's eyes. That day there had been no doubt, no indecision. That day no need of spoken words; the clinging of a hand was sufficient. What had happened afterward? He remembered the strange shyness that had fallen between them when, at last, they had been left alone. Over four years had elapsed since the day when he had said good-by to her, a girl of eighteen. Each was conscious of change. They had sat and looked at each other wonderingly, man and woman, met for the first time; diffident, saying little, knowing there was so much to say; new points of view, intangi-



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R. B.-419

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ble new forces awakening; feeling the need of new knowledge of each other.

Perhaps he had not allowed enough time for the readjustment, not sufficiently understood the imbedded shyness of her nature, the ingrained inhibitions of her early days. At any rate, a month after his return he had confidently asked her to marry him and she had refused. What had frightened her? What had she seen in him to make her hesitate? She had asked for time to consider. He had been hurt, showed it. Then she had explained lamely, not saying perhaps all that was in her mind; spoken of new phases, the need of testing out each other, the time for him to see life, to know what he wanted, to know himself. He had lost patience.

"In other words, you are afraid of me?"

She had acknowledged it in a low voice.

"No, not you. Of things around you—influences. I want to be sure—so sure."

"The whole question is, do you love me?"

She shook her head.

"No, that's not it. I have always loved you, Ted."

HE had taken a step toward her. She had raised her eyes in a frightened appeal. Impatient at unessentials, he had lost his head, caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately, possessively. She had not resisted; had hung so still in his arms that at last, frightened, he had released her, caught her as she tottered, placed her in an armchair; stood helplessly watching her as she lay inert, eyes closed, struggling for breath. When she had recovered herself she had refused to answer his distracted questions, begged him in charity to leave. He had tried desperately to justify himself, felt that he was only floundering, had gone out completely mystified. She loved him but had refused to marry him. What could that mean?

Her letter left him in the same quandary. She did not reproach him; she understood his mystification, but held to her resolve to come to a decision deliberately, suggesting that for a while it would be better not to see each other. This last imposition hurt him profoundly. He had written briefly, accepting her terms.

That had been almost six months ago. A dozen suppositions had come to him to explain her action. Some one had told her lies about him, stories of Paris. She was afraid to trust him, believed he would go the way his father had gone. She was interested in some one else. She had outgrown him, found other tastes, other points of view beyond him. He even tortured himself with the thought that this first physical contact had violently repelled her. At any rate, whatever the depth of her love, it was the affection of old companionship, not the love of man and woman. That much was evident.

As he stood gloomily at the window, necktie still untied, staring out, he remembered the slimness of her figure, the depth of her great black eyes, the first contact of their glances that morning. She wished to see him again.

He shrugged his shoulders, drew a long breath. What was the use? She would never understand his point of view. He felt that if they talked now the break might be final.

"If I see her it will only start it all up over again."

The trouble was he had seen her!

### Chapter Nine

"I'M not much worried over this Daggett man," said Kitty as they drove over to the Ranneys' for the buffet supper which was to precede Mrs. DeLancey's dance.



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"Don't you like him?"

"Ee-normously. Solid, steady, home model—but the kind of husband you marry the second time."

Jean laughed. A little too close to the mark!

"If you're still in love with Ted, what's the idea in letting him around loose for some desperate woman to grab?"

Silence.

"Well?"

"I can't talk about it, Kitty."

"Jean, are you engaged?"

"We're not."

"That means nothing either. Well, he's an adorable person. Much too good to be batted around. I warn you, I'm flirting with him myself. Oh, very well—if you don't want to talk—don't!"

"Don't be cross. I've got the blues."

Kitty began to sing to express her irritation.

THE trouble was Jean did not know her own mind. She had told Ted she wanted to see him, was going to see him—and she did not yet know what she wanted to say to him.

In the long months of their estrangement she had suffered keenly, torn by the pangs of uncertainty. Why had she done what she had done? She was not certain of her motives, did not entirely understand the inhibitions that had become implanted in her own character. If he had taken her in his arms the day of his return from the war, she would have gone to him in an emotional outburst. What had aroused in her such fear of the future?

Perhaps, primarily, it was the recognition of a new phase. He was no longer the boy whose every thought and action she had shared. He was a man, very much a man, mysteriously and incalculably a man. Four years of war had intervened, four years in which he had touched experiences and realities that would always remain a closed book to her. What had he done during those four years, when only the daily challenge of death was real and the living so inconsequential, so to change him? There were questions she could not ask him, questions her nature shrank from asking him.

He had come back as men come back, with the feeling that life owed him everything. She felt the imperious strength of this in him and was frightened. She knew his terrific need of movement and excitement. What would he be when he had taken his fill of it? Would the boy in him, the candid, open spirit with old-fashioned ideals and simple ambitions, come back, or would the world he was so determined to impose upon, impose its ways on him? Then there was the father, the ominous figure of Colonel Larrabee, always in the background. She had known the boy; she did not know this man who had returned, could not be sure of him, felt things withheld, new forces that stirred her but alarmed her.

Then he had taken her in his arms and kissed her. Her head had gone round. The sensation which filled her whole being had been so intense, surging up and engulfing her, drowning out all consciousness, that every virginal instinct had reacted. For one exquisite, victorious moment she had yielded herself in a wild tumultuous craving, in a delicious weakness without power of thought, resistance or control; deliriously, frantically awakened.

It had left her in a panic. In that brief moment she had understood many things in herself, seen as in a vision the forces that could draw her to him, realized that if she were to come to him now, she would come without defenses, his to follow, no matter to what suffering and disillusionment. To maintain her independence, to keep her moral ascendancy, which must be

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the foundation of their happiness, she had torn herself violently away. Whatever happened, she must see clearly, be able to reason unemotionally. Fear of sudden leaping happiness, fear of her senses, half-understood, fear of living. Above all, fear of suffering again that collapse of the dream home she so passionately desired for her children, that through them she might recover her lost childhood!

Yet in the months of their separation, the very thing which had frightened her, driven her from him—the tremulous awakening of her lips—was the thing which haunted her, returned again and again to torment her, abided in her imagination. The first upward glance at Ted, towering above her, had stirred the old memory in her. Something leaping, something happy, something radiant had risen in her against the memory of empty, futile days of abnegation.

"Well, here we are," said Kitty, as they turned in to the Ranneys'. "If you're not in love, it must be indigestion. Will you listen to the racket? Party's started all right."

In a moment they were swallowed up in the crowd, dodging footmen with trays laden with cocktails and appetizers. She looked hastily about for sight of high shoulders and shaggy head, hoped, feared—was relieved at last at the postponement of the crisis. After that nothing interested her.

### Chapter Ten

AT eleven o'clock they scrambled out, packed themselves nine and ten to a car; and so, clinging to running-boards, laughing and singing, with shrieks of terror interspersed at sudden curves, raced over to Mrs. DeLancey's, where the dance had already started—"a little impromptu affair"—no more than a hundred guests and only one orchestra imported for the evening from New York.

Jean had been nervous and irritable throughout the dinner. She had snapped up Kitty when that irrepressible young person had started to tease her, snubbed two or three men who bored her, vouchsafed hardly ten words to Daggett, who had wisely devoted himself to her cousin. Now at the thought that in a moment she would see Ted, she felt a sudden weak desire to run away, to do anything to postpone an explanation.

The house, which Mrs. DeLancey already felt was too constricted for her needs, was blazing ahead of them: New England Renaissance, forty bedrooms. They passed through a dozen salons brilliantly lit from the sparkling glass chandeliers of Venice. There were tapestries everywhere, Flemish and Gobelins; marbles of Jean Goujon and Jean de Bologna; Italian primitives, naive, colorful; an Albrecht Dürer, strangely out of place; a somber Rembrandt; Gainsboroughs; tapestried chairs in which princesses had sat; armor that royal knight errands had fought in. All this amassed from a ransacked Europe for the greater glorification of a little, bony, slouching woman with blonde bobbed hair, abbreviated skirts, abundant shoulders and back, who stood receiving her guests, a cigarette pendant from her vermilion lips, among these treasures of a vanished aristocracy. Scrupulously matched footmen in yellow canaries hovered about serving champagne, or waited like caryatids against the walls.

"Bridge or dancing?" the hostess was asking of each arrival, impatient herself to be back at her amusements. A dozen young men buzzed about her, anticipating her wishes, holding her shawl, offering a cigarette, a light, clamoring for a dance. When Daggett was presented, she remembered that he was in the prosecution of a famous murder trial with scandalous details only

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hinted at in open court. She therefore held his hand an extra moment, favored him with a smile, and excited at the prospect of possible revelations, exclaimed:

"Ask me to dance, later. I want to be shocked."

He bowed and passed on, returning to Jean's side.

"Don't forget, popular man, you've asked me for supper," cried Kitty, with a warning finger.

"I'll remember."

JEAN'S glance was still searching the crowd.

"What a glorified junk-shop it is!" Daggett began. "I'd like to spend hours wandering around like a Cook's tourist. What an exquisite thing!" He drew her toward a corner where, beneath a lamp, stood a little writing desk of the 18th Century. "It might have belonged to Madame de Sévigné. Or did some little princess write her love-letters at it?"

She smiled, dextral. They began to dance. Some one approached to cut in, but she shook her head.

"Thank you," he said with mock gravity. "You are different. Look what's happened to your friend, Miss Flanders."

Kitty at that moment was passing from arm to arm like an elusive football fought over by a score of stags.

"But I enjoy dancing."

"You're old-fashioned!" At the last Assembly one girl actually went home in tears because she had danced twice around the room without being cut in on!

They danced in silence for a time.

"I'd rather talk to you than anyone I know," he said, at last. "Please run off for a tramp with me tomorrow, will you?"

"Yes." She hesitated, thinking of Ted.

"But tomorrow—I'm not sure—" "Then or some other time," he interposed quickly.

She knew he had been watching her all evening and resented it, steeling herself against his determined intrusion.

At this moment an elongated young man with his partner crushed against his shoulder, bumped into them. A woman's voice exclaimed in a muffled tone:

"Why, darling, you here?"

Jean acknowledged the greeting with a smile and a wave of the hand.

"Who's that?" he asked curiously, with a glance at the little child body. "Débutante or dowager?"

"My mother."

"Oh! Then that's Mrs. Chastaine."

"Yes."

"The famous Mrs. Chastaine," he remarked softly, following the brilliant red and gold trail she made through the crowd.

In the inflection he gave to his remark she felt his instant comprehension of the situation. Again she was conscious of irritation at his too rapid approach to intimacy, resenting the ease with which he guessed her secrets, his alertness and wakeful curiosity.

"I must go over and say a word to my mother."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. Please don't."

Mrs. Chastaine, in the midst of a group, second in size only to that of her hostess, had been expecting her coming with a furtive attention. She feared always the ridiculous in the situation, knowing the peril of an indiscreet word or gesture. Before the untroubled indifference of her daughter's gaze, her eyes always went down.

WHEN she saw Jean making her way toward her, she discreetly separated herself from the group and advanced to greet her. Of all the social dissimulations she practiced, this was the most difficult. By now she knew that Jean was incapable of a



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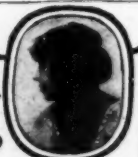
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social vulgarity and that openly she would do nothing to destroy the fiction, but she had an uncomfortable feeling that despite all her own self-possession, this was the one moment when she was not quite equal to her part.

She saw Jean moving lightly toward her, young, fresh, graceful, and she felt as though she were looking into some old mirror that still retained the reflection of her once uncounterfeited youth. She put her arm quickly around her daughter and kissed her on the cheek which was submitted.

"Why, Jean, how lovely you look in white!" she said hastily. "I had no idea you were here!"

"I'm at the Arbuthnots' with Kitty."

"When did you come?"

"Three days ago."

The mother checked the natural exclamation which came to her. Instead, she asked solicitously, "Are you staying long?"

"A week—ten days."

"What bad luck! Our house is full up or I'd have you both at once. In the fall you must come up for a long visit. I'll give you a house-party in September. Would you like that?"

"Thanks."

Who could read the expression in the dark eyes?

"Of course you must come to dinner right away. We have some nice men staying with us. Captain Hereford of the British Embassy, and the Marquis de St. Polle, who is charming, my dear, charming! Have you seen your father lately?"

"No, not lately."

"They say he is looking desperately," continued Mrs. Chastaine, who, despite the late unpleasantness, remained curiously interested in her former husband's infelicity. "I hadn't heard."

The Marquis de St. Polle came up, obviously attracted, and asked to be presented. Mrs. Chastaine nervously introduced her daughter. Jean acknowledged the presentation stiffly, but when he asked her to dance, alleged other engagements. The one thing she had no desire to do was to appear as a rival of her mother.

She made her way through the crowd of dancers. Kitty, whirling by with Daggett, exclaimed: "He thinks I'm intelligent—don't tell him."

SOME one asked her to dance, a man whose name she couldn't remember; another cut in, then Charlie Lancaster, laughing and a little over-excited. All at once, over the crowd she saw Ted's square face and tawny hair.

"The devil! Did I miss a step?" asked Charlie.

"No, no—my fault," she said, recovering herself instantly. She closed her eyes. He was in the room—he was near her!

"Sorry. I'm awfully clumsy tonight."

"There's such a crowd."

She found herself actually smiling.

"Champagne? How about a glass?"

"No, thanks."

"Oh, I'm not a bit squiffy," he said indignantly.

She laughed. Ted was coming nearer, dancing atrociously, in his familiar, acrobatic way.

"Not yet."

"That's good. I say, did Ted actually get that devil of a roan up on the esplanade?"

"I'm a witness. So is Henriette," she answered, gayly. "Who lost the hundred?"

"Not me. English chap, after he'd been dumped good and plenty."

She saw whom he was dancing with now—Mrs. DeLancey. Then a sudden meeting. Recognition. Forced greetings.

"Hello, Jean. Where's Kitty?"

Not very good at dissembling, Ted. She saw in his look that he was determined not to ask her to dance. The light went out



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of her eyes. She felt suddenly dispirited and dull.

"I'd like a glass of water," she said suddenly. "That'll give you a chance."

Her intuitions were right. Ted did not come up to her; deliberately, solemnly avoided her. She saw every woman with whom he danced; Kitty, three times; half a dozen of the young married crowd; twice with a slender, dark girl who danced with her head close to his. But she knew that he was watching her, openly, miserably, when he danced or when he stood with the stags; watching her only. All at once she found herself dancing with the Marquis de St. Polle, who had cut in, saw a look in her mother's eyes, resented the impertinence, sought desperately a way out, caught Ted's glance. Instinctively she sent him a quick signal, one they had used a hundred times, the palm of her right hand turned out, thumb and little finger touching.

A quick look of remembrance, hesitation, and then the welcome sound of his voice:

"Sorry—cutting in."

His arm around her. Sudden wave of well-being that his presence, the vibrant sound of his voice, the first grip of his hand, always brought her.

"Ted, you are a dear!"

"Lady-in-distress!" He laughed, embarrassed, happy. "My dancing has improved, don't you think?"

"You funny old Ted!"

Some one started to cut in; she shook her head determinedly.

"Sorry, old man, she's doing this on a bet." He announced it defiantly, radiantly.

"Don't go away."

"I won't."

He began to spin around with terrific energy. Other dancers, bumped and jostled, started to protest and then seeing who it was, began to laugh.

"Ted, Ted—my head's turning!"

In more ways than one. . . .

The music stopped.

"Come. Let's get out of this!"

(An exceptionally dramatic situation follows. Do not fail to read the next installment—in the forthcoming December issue.)

## THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 81)

to read every book she can lay her hands on, who devotes her spare hours to voice-culture and dancing and acting, who asks constant questions, and who spends ages with a talkative old ass like Vizately.

"You wont say that," commanded Mercedes angrily. "He's not an ass! He's the kindest and wisest man I know. I adore him."

The lines of Hastings' mouth rippled.

"You really mean that?" he demanded with a curious intentness. "You adore him?"


Mercedes' eyes, wide and contemptuous, met his.

"Yes," she nodded, "I really do. And it's a shame you've got such a horrid mind, because otherwise I like you so much."

Hastings laughed. "Well, that isn't the way I like to be adored," he announced. He arose from the divan on which he had been lolling, and crossing the dusk of the studio, turned on a lamp that touched the darkness into a texture of soft colors: silver and gold and gray and faded black of hangings, tawny tones of cushions and chairs, flesh-color and blue or brown of paintings.

He came back to his place and sitting down, caught up a knee between his hands and grinned at Mercedes again.

"A blue-stocking in reality, my dear," he resumed, "is a woman who makes a mistake of thinking that her brains are more im-



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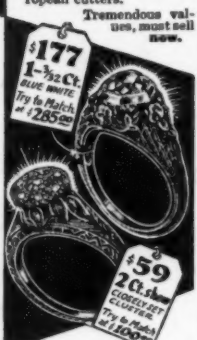
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portant than her feelings. Now, for the past hour, you've been discussing the theater very solemnly with me, but what I've been thinking about all the while was how ravishing—how like a charming little boy—you look in that straight blue jacket and that white blouse. And I claim that what I was thinking was more important."

## Chapter Twenty

"THAT'S pretty," said Mercedes thoughtfully.

"What?" Vizately, writing at his cluttered central table, raised his head and peered across the room at Mercedes, who, her legs curled up under her, was sitting on a leather lounge pushed back against the bookshelves, a book open on her lap. "I mean—shut up. I told you if you came down here in the mornings, it was solely on condition that you never spoke. It's only twelve o'clock and I'm not through yet. You spoiled a thought."

"I'm sorry," said Mercedes demurely, "but if I didn't tell you now, I'd forget it. Besides, you oughtn't to be working today; it's a holiday."

"I work every day," retorted Vizately owlishly. "But get on with it."

"I don't know why it is," sighed Mercedes, "that all the men I like especially talk to me so roughly."

"It's because you're small and they love you. Perhaps you're irritating, too—I don't know. What's pretty? Get on with it."

"This," Mercedes began to read:

"By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

"I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.

"The watchmen who go about the city found me: to whom I said, 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'"

She ceased reading and looked thoughtfully at the wall opposite her.

"I didn't know the Bible was like that."

"It's like everything," snorted Vizately, "like everything in the world. There's very little that hasn't been said in it. I wonder what would happen if the present generation with all its common-sense and its scientific point of view, and also all its bumptiousness, would rediscover the Bible? Not especially as a religious document, but as a magnificent work of art and a magnificent repository of wisdom. Read the end of that passage."

"You mean: 'It was but a little—'"

"Yes."

"It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him, and I would not let him go—"

"That's enough. There's no need of 'my mother's house' or 'the chamber of her that conceived me.'"

Mercedes stared at the wall again.

"It's lovely," she murmured. "My, you know a lot about the Bible."

"Of course it's lovely," retorted Vizately harshly, as if dreading emotion. "And now, keep quiet."

He turned to his table, and Mercedes bent once more over her Testaments.

Outside, a fine snow was driving steadily from the northwest toward the harbor, making the houses seen from Vizately's windows and the distant tower of skyscraper seem flowing, like blown wraiths; inside, was the warmth and quiet that only a sense of storm can bring.

Vizately wrote for another twenty minutes and then he lighted a match without looking at it, held it an inch or so away from the bowl of his pipe, and shook it out, evidently under the impression that he

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had accomplished his object, muttering in an undertone the while.

"Here's another lovely thing," said Mercedes suddenly.

Vizately started indignantly, stared at her with blinking glasses, arose, piled his manuscript in a neat heap, slapped a book on top of it, and sat down again.

"There's no use trying to work," he said. "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop—"

Mercedes' red lips parted in amazement at the injustice of this charge.

"Why, but you spoke first. You've been talking for the last two minutes."

"I was talking to myself—that's a very different thing. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"It was merely something I came across in Proverbs. But I won't read it to you now."

"Don't be silly. I've finished my work."

"I thought it applied to me."

"What was it?"

Mercedes read:

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." That applies to me, doesn't it?"

"To most people. It ought to be stamped on every letter by the Post Office Department instead of notices of conventions and military training-camps. Well,"—Vizately looked at the clock and stood up,—“how about going out to lunch?”

Mercedes nodded her approval.

"I'm most uncommonly grateful to you,"

Vizately said as they descended the stairs. "If it wasn't for you, I'd be going to some desolate club to sit by myself and hate anniversaries. Do you know that, outside of some good friends, I haven't a person to spend New Year's with except a bad-tempered brother in a small town near Philadelphia."

Mercedes was looking at him with bright eyes. She shook her head as if to shake back the feeling she wished to show, and smiled, and turned away.

IN the street the wind caught them and pushed them along, while the snow transformed Vizately into something that resembled a bear in an early storm and Mercedes into something that resembled the bear's small black cub.

"Want a taxi?" asked Vizately.

"No, I love it."

"It's extraordinarily isolating, isn't it? I feel as if we were the only people celebrating."

Mercedes squeezed his arm. "We are."

"There's a place around the corner that's good. A hotel would be dreary. This is a smoky Rathskeller place downstairs. We'll have oysters and clam-soup and turkey and cranberry sauce and potatoes and lettuce and ice-cream. That suit you?"

Mercedes squeezed his arm again.

They came to some steps and descended them and pushed open a revolving door that brought with it as it turned a rich smell of cooking. Beyond was a long room paneled off into cubicles for tables and filled with hurrying waiters and people engrossed with food.

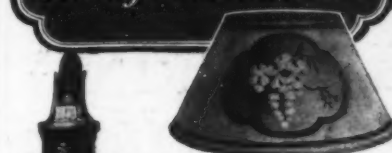
"Bless their souls!" sighed Vizately, choosing an empty cubicle. "One of the few times they're completely harmless. Animal and innocent."

He took out a case of some dull metal with a curious snakeskin pattern of lighter metal embedded in it, and extracted a cigarette. "Ever see that before?" he asked.

"No."

"It was given me by a Russian in Moscow—Tula ware; Damascus steel with silver beaten into it. Look." He pointed to a dent in the resilient material. "That's where a man struck him with a knife. It must have been quite a blow to dent Damascus steel."

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"I never knew you were in Russia."  
"Oh, yes, three years. I was in the revolution of nineteen-five just after I left college. . . . You knew Stephen was in the East, of course?" he asked suddenly.  
Mercedes' long eyelashes fluttered.  
"Yes." She obviously lied. "He wrote me."

"I had a note from him; he got back Saturday. You expect to see him soon?" Mercedes spoke coldly and bravely: "Very soon." She crossed a hazard. "He is very busy, of course."

"Yes, he seems to have gone into some enterprise of his father's." Vizately laughed dryly. "Motorcars. That's the most curious thing Stephen ever did. Imagine Stephen selling motorcars!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Young married people are very strange nowadays. I suppose you both know what you are doing, however. And perhaps the strangest thing about you personally is that in an age when everybody tells their most intimate secrets, you never open your lips."

"There's nothing to tell," said Mercedes obstinately, but with starry eyes.

"Isn't there? Well, here come our oysters."

They sat smoking and talking until four o'clock—until the restaurant was empty except for themselves and the rearranging waiters, moving slowly now, like soft-flipped trained seals.

"And so you've come to the conclusion again, have you," asked Vizately, "that people should love you exactly as you are, without any effort on your part?"

"You don't make an effort for that purpose. You make an effort for yourself—so that you can do the things you want; but not to increase a love that either is there or isn't," Mercedes replied slowly.

Vizately rubbed out his cigarette on an ash-tray. "Well," he said, smiling, "it doesn't make much difference, so long as the end is the same. But I think in ten years or so you'll change your opinion. What do you want to do until six? Unfortunately at six I must get ready to dine with the Hasbroucks. I always dine with them New Year's night. Have you got an engagement too?"

Mercedes shook her head.  
"No, and I'm glad. I've eaten too much as it is. I'll go to bed early."

"Do you want to come back to my rooms? I'll play you some music."

"I'd love to."

"Good. We'll get our hats and coats, then, and go."

MERCEDES, descending the stairs after leaving Vizately's apartment, emerging into the street, felt as if she were walking in some gentle clear medium that surrounded and protected her happily. The snow touched her warm cheeks with cool small fingers. Still in her dreams she climbed into a bus and sank into a corner. When the conductor came for her fare, she smiled at him with a vague radiance that left him pleased but puzzled. "But I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him, and I would not let him go. . . . I held him, and I would not let him go." Stephen was back East. He would have to come over to see her soon—of his own accord, his own desire. And this time she would know better what to do. She had been learning a great deal lately. . . . "Apples of gold in pictures of silver. . . . I held him, and I would not let him go." . . . She would make Stephen so happy that he would never want to go away again for so long a time, and there would be no need of words. He would just understand. . . . That music—some of it—was like trails in Wyoming.

Dimly she was aware of Forty-sixth Street, and leaving her rubber-tired ship of visions, she turned west. The dull light

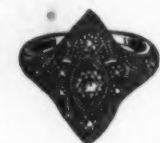
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over Mrs. Tatnall's door looked out gloomily at weather that made its feeble efforts of small avail. Mercedes used her latch-key and found herself in a dark hall that smelled of cooking. She went to the card-board letter-rack. There was a telegram for her. It was from Stephen.

"Could not get away until tomorrow," it read. "Will be over at four. Telegraph if convenient, and also your present address. Happy New Year."

Mercedes was suddenly wide-awake.

### Chapter Twenty-one

ONE thing was obvious. Mercedes had sat up until eleven o'clock thinking about it and then had lain awake a couple of hours longer. Stephen must not be allowed to come to Mrs. Tatnall's. Mrs. Tatnall's—Mercedes' third-story front room—was much too sordid a place to receive Stephen in—too gloomy, too cramped for the necessary illumination of such a week-end. Besides, for him to find her there would be to destroy the illusion of herself she wished to create in his mind, an illusion that, she told herself, before very long would turn into a reality. Stephen must believe that she was already embarked upon a successful journey toward reputation and money. Indeed, as already stated, she had conveyed this impression in the letters she had written him, and the vagueness about her address shown in his telegram had been due to a paragraph in her last letter, a letter that must have reached him just before he had left the ranch.

Now, his boast, an essential boast it had seemed at the time, rose up both to perplex and incite her. She would have to embark upon a rather elaborate course of deception, for a short time, anyhow. Within a few weeks—with the opening of the new picture in which they had promised her a part—the movie people would have to pay her a higher salary, and then everything would be all right. But meanwhile, over this week-end, she would have to make some plans and those speedily.

She counted her money. She had laid aside just enough to pay Mrs. Tatnall for the past two weeks' board and to keep herself in comfort until Saturday, eight days off, when she would receive a further check from the motion-picture studio. That was all she had, but she owed no bills. Humiliating as it would be, she could persuade Mrs. Tatnall to trust her for a while longer, and by going to cheap restaurants and eating conservatively, she would be able to stretch her surplus to the required thin limit.

Lies increase in the mind as a puff of smoke widens to a cloud where fire starts in trees. Mercedes foresaw and forestalled contingencies. Vizately and Hastings, should they be met,—and Stephen would surely want to see the former,—could be off-handedly and coolly informed that Mercedes had left Mrs. Tatnall's, and then, later on, could be reinforced that Mercedes, temporarily, had returned to Mrs. Tatnall's. Stephen's letters, letters that from now on would be frequent and warm, could continue to be sent to Mrs. Tatnall's, for Mercedes would tell her vagrant husband with a fine carelessness that she had kept a room at the boarding-house to study in and be away from people. That would be splendidly impressive. If Stephen wanted to repeat his visit shortly, if he wanted to come over for the following week-end—if he wanted to come over every week-end—that too could be easily taken care of, or rather would take care of itself. Some permanent arrangement could be made.

She fell asleep at one o'clock, happily clear in her mind, happily tired, happily rid at last of the wildness in her heart that

Dr. George Bogovic



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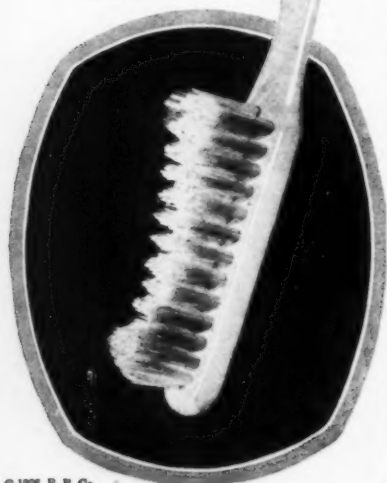
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Stephen's message and her own wild final decision had caused her.

The next morning she was up fairly early, before eight, for there was a great deal to do. She found herself in an imponderable, heady mood, that hurt a little and yet made her feel gay and incapable of fatigue. Life was sharpened, but so sharpened that it was difficult to concentrate for long upon any particular aspect of it. One's vision slid along the shining edge.

She counted her money again, put on her hat and coat, took her little patent-leather purse-bag firmly by its handle, and departing from Mrs. Tatnall's, walked half a block east to the entrance of a small but excellent hotel she had often passed on her way to Fifth Avenue. As she went through the door, held open for her by a delightful man in sky-blue uniform, she slipped her glove from her hand so that her wedding ring could be plainly seen.

She approached a suave young clerk, writing in a ledger behind the desk, and inquired if he had any vacant rooms. She laid her bare hand casually on the counter.

"When would you want a room, madam?"

"Tonight—until Monday morning. You see, I am Mrs. Stephen Londreth of Philadelphia,"—it was the first time she had ever used the full title,—“and I've been staying over here at another hotel, but I can only get a single room there and my husband joins me this afternoon.”

"You want a double room and bath?" Mercedes' head swam, but there was no sign of her perturbation.

"I would like a sitting-room too," she said, "if you have it."

The clerk consulted his board. "There's one on the third floor, back. You'll find it nice and quiet."

"How much will it be?" Mercedes asked the question in the disinterested voice of the class which asks such questions merely as a matter of form.

"Fourteen dollars a day, madam." Mercedes made a rapid calculation. She could just afford that.

"All right, I'll take it. Reserve it for me, please. I'll be back with my bags in an hour or so."

SHE languidly repassed the stately doorman, thanked him graciously, and making her way to her favorite telephoning drug-store on Sixth Avenue, looked up the name Londreth in the Philadelphia book and asked to speak to Stephen. Presently Stephen's voice, quite clear—so clear that for a moment she could not speak and the telephone booth went black—was talking to her.

"Who is it?"

"It's me— It's I—" Mercedes choked.

"It's—" Stephen seemed to be having difficulty with his own breathing. "Is that you, Mercedes?"

"Yes."

"Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year! You—you're coming over this afternoon?"

"Ab-solutely."

"I thought I'd call you up to give you my address. I was afraid a telegram might miss you. I'm living at the Avignon on Forty-sixth Street—it's just off Fifth Avenue."

"Good. I'll be there."

"When?"

"My train gets in at four. About half-past, I imagine."

"All right, I'll be waiting for you."

How horrid telephones were! They were so neutral.

"You—you are all right?"

"Perfectly."

"You've got rid of that cold?"

"What cold?"

"The one you had in Wyoming."



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Stephen laughed.  
 "Oh, yes! That was three months ago.  
 At half-past four, then?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Good-by."  
 "Good-by."  
 There was silence.  
 The bell rang, and a woman's voice said:  
 "Three minutes, please."

MERCEDES paid her toll and went back to Mrs. Tatnall's, where she packed two bags with the greatest care. In one she put her new kasha-cloth dress, her new evening gown, another evening gown, not too bad, a new hat, and various other articles of clothing; the other she filled mostly with books, adding several framed photographs—photographs of Stephen, of Hazel Tourneur, signed photographs of various actors and actresses she had known—and domestic contrivances like a clock, a sewing basket, a lacquered box, that would give an air of solidity to the new apartment. She left only enough trinkets and ornaments to prevent Mrs. Tatnall from imagining that she was taking the easy but dishonest method of avoiding her unsettled bill.

A fairly bewildered taxicab driver motored her the five hundred yards or so to the entrance of the Avignon, and the stately doorman took her bags and handed them to an equally stately bellboy, who conducted her to the elevator and the third floor.

Mercedes tipped the bellboy, took off her hat and coat, and unpacking her bags, arranged her clothes in the bedroom and her photographs and books and the other things she had brought with her in the sitting-room. When she had finished, it was half-past twelve. Once again her Presbyterian blood had betrayed her into allowing an absurd amount of time to accomplish fairly simple tasks. Four hours to wait!

Mercedes took an elaborate bath. Half-past one. She went out and lunched on practically nothing. Half-past two. She returned to the hotel, changed into a negligee, and rearranged four times in succession the photographs, the books, the work-basket, the clock and the lacquered box. Three-twenty. At four, having wandered for fifteen minutes aimlessly about the apartment, she stared out of the window down into the courtyard upon which it gave. It was a gray day. Perhaps Stephen wouldn't like these rooms. They were dreadfully shut in. She wished she had gone somewhere else. This was a dreadfully quiet little hotel. No, that was what he liked. He had said so a dozen times. She arranged the books and photographs once more, polished her nails and powdered her nose. Too much—she rubbed it off. And then, hearing a knock, Stephen arriving a few minutes ahead of his schedule, she seized a book, and held it in her hand, a finger between the leaves; then quietly and gravely, as if she had been reading a long time in rooms to which for a long time she had been accustomed, she opened the door. Stephen, in his slouch hat and the fur-collared coat she remembered so well, was standing in the hall.

He stepped across the threshold and closed the door behind him, an uncertain little smile on his lips.

"You really wanted me to come?"

Mercedes nodded.

"You are glad?"

Mercedes drew a deep sighing breath.

"Come here," he said. "Come here, quickly!"

And that was all very well. You stroked Stephen's hair—dear Stephen! He knelt down and put his head in your lap, like a little boy, and kept it there for perhaps five delicious comprehending moments. And then he looked up at you and laughed, and you smiled back. With which, the positions were reversed and it was you who had be-



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**Defendant:** But... my family... my whole life... I'm in my prime... I can't afford...

**Judge:** Next case.

.....

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"Don't you?"

"I mean—one will do."

"No, two."

Stephen, who had a passion for neckties, controlled his vice and selected as moderate priced examples as possible, but they were in the most expensive shop in New York. Mercedes paid the large bill gravely out of her patent-leather bag.

THEY had tea and danced together in another restaurant, softly lit and filled with the sound of thrumming violins. The music, the hour, the tea, the fragrant closeness of Mercedes, stirred Stephen to a dangerous, bright-eyed, voluble mood. He paid Mercedes compliments now, winged and slightly wicked ones. She had not heard such talk since her marriage. She was excited, she was enraptured; later on, she was depressed.

That night they dined with Vizately and went to a play with him and had supper with him in a third restaurant, and the following night, Sunday night, they met him again at ten o'clock for supper. He beamed upon them and ordered dishes with anunction he reserved for great occasions.

"What are your plans now?" he asked.

Stephen shrugged his shoulders.

"They're up to Mercedes." Stephen realized how little he and Mercedes so far had discussed this question.

"You're quite settled in Philadelphia, selling the—the—"

Stephen laughed.

"The Pompadour. Oh, I hope that's not to be my complete future. However, I've only been at it a few days."

"I don't see how you can leave the West."

A shadow crossed Stephen's face.

"Maybe I haven't."

Vizately turned the battery of his convex glasses upon Mercedes.

"And as for you, Mary Pickford, what do you intend to do?"

Mercedes, absent-mindedly listening to the orchestra, which was playing the languorous waltzes considered proper for a day of religion, lifted vague eyes to his.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean do you intend to pursue all your life your career as an actress?"

Mercedes, confronted by a direct question, hesitated. Then her face hardened. She saw an attack upon her position that if not met promptly would destroy all her elaborate plans for the creation of a much desired, not easily won, personality. The moment appeared to her important.

"Why not?" she asked carelessly.

SHE sank back into her reverie. Why not, indeed? Stephen loved her for one thing—one thing only. She understood that clearly now. She had always understood it, as a matter of fact. That had been the secret of all the trouble. How could it have been otherwise, when a man asked you to marry him only a few hours after he had met you? How could it be otherwise with a man like Stephen and a girl like herself? Stephen loved her body and nothing else. Already he was eager to get home again. Well, that was cheap love, easily found. But her love for Stephen was not cheap. She would continue to give him just what he wanted always, uncomplainingly, just as she had been doing for the past three days, but she would continue at the same time to keep her mind set upon a future when, perhaps, he would want something else—a hope that now, however, seemed to her increasingly faint. She would be a quiet, acquiescent priestess tending a smoky flame and longing, dry-eyed, for some clarification. Yet she could not forbear the sentences that came to her wounded lips.

"We are going to arrange all that," she said easily. "We're going to take an apartment, and Stephen will come over every



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It is a pleasant tasting dentifrice the entire family likes. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and gives them that sparkling whiteness which is such an asset to your smile.

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## FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE • • IT CHECKS PYORRHEA







**When fatigue hits a man, he slows up. Candy is quick energy! That is why the English Channel swimmers are fed chocolate, and why the college athlete gets candy before a race.**

**That, too, is why so many men keep Oh Henry! in the office . . . often lunch on it! It is highly nourishing food . . . milk, sugar, nuts, chocolate . . . pure . . . concentrated . . . energy making!**

**For mid-afternoon pep, slice Oh Henry!**

now and then. A night or two about once a month is enough for you, isn't it, Stephen?"

She laughed, and her eyes, staring and contemptuous, slid from Vizately's and met those of Stephen. He had not missed her meaning. His gray-green pupils dilated and narrowed, and a dull flush spread up his cheeks under his sunburn. He turned his head away. Mercedes was frightened—this was not exactly being a priestess! She chattered irrelevantly to Vizately, who appeared to be, as she had wanted him, innocent of the import of her words. In the few remarks that Stephen made from now on, she felt the cruel edge of a seldom-awakened scorn.

She had never before seen Stephen really angry. They said good-by to Vizately and walked back to their hotel through the brilliant darkness of midnight streets. Mercedes took Stephen's arm and clung to it, altering her steps to his long slow stride. She shook the sleeve of his overcoat, unable to bear any longer the silence.

"Are you very cross with me?"

Stephen was not to be placated.

"No," he said dryly, "not cross exactly." He paused and then continued: "And outside of everything else, even if it's being increasingly done, I have an old-fashioned prejudice against domestic frankness in speech."

The drowsily illuminated door of the Avignon appeared before them, the deserted lobby, the narrow elevator, the door of the apartment. Stephen shut the door and locked it, and began thoughtfully and methodically to put away his things. Mercedes, the priestess, crept timidly up to him. He took her in his arms gently. "Good night," he said. "I'll have to be getting back early tomorrow morning. I don't want to be late just when I'm starting on a new job."

"What time?" asked Mercedes faintly. "There's a train at seven. I'll get up without waking you."

"I want to be wakened."

"I'll see."

Mercedes crawled into her bed like a pen-sive and corrected child. Stephen turned off the lights and opened a window. He knew that Mercedes was not sleeping, although she made no sound. Neither was he sleeping. He had never felt more wide-awake. He was no longer angry. Anger was swallowed up in a new feeling. He was viscerately sorry for himself, for Mercedes, as if he were empty of all but this dry ache. He knew that if he got up and went over to Mercedes in the darkness, she would be kind to him, and temporarily this miserable business would be patched up. But what use was there in patching it up? It would only become progressively worse. He had brought nothing to this girl but unhappiness, anyway. The only intelligent thing to do, the only kind thing really, was to get out of her life for good. Give her a chance. Remove from her the shadow of himself before he hurt her further. She was still a child; she would forget him and find some actual contentment. And modern surgery cut definitely—it did not boggle. She would never understand him; he had made his final heartbreaking effort.

He listened. Two hours or so must have passed. He heard Mercedes' breathing. She had fallen asleep at last. He put on his dressing-gown, and went into the room beyond, and sat in the darkness smoking. He must have sat there a long time, for he smoked three cigarettes. Talk—how he hated talk! And explanations that weren't explanations because they never could be explanations. Between people who thought alike, explanations were very little needed. Between people who did not think alike,

they were useless. He could not face the morning and further talk—or lack of it. He turned on a desk lamp, and bringing his clothes out of the bedroom, began softly to pack his bags. When these were finished, he dressed and went to the desk and wrote Mercedes a letter. It was after five o'clock. Secretiveness, flight, did not please him. He felt cowardly, but he told himself it was a cowardliness that this time was necessary. All the while he was afraid that Mercedes might awake and forgive him, and he dreaded his own weakness.

"I AM going away," he wrote, finding difficulty with his pen and in concentrating his thoughts, "and I am not disturbing you, because you are tired, and because I do not see any use in so doing. Nor is there any use in fooling ourselves any longer. I cannot make you happy, and so I am not going to ruin your life. Try absolutely and completely to forget me. After a while, if you want it, get a divorce. You will want it, of course."

"But do not forget this: I want to be, and will be, the best sort of friend to you, and until you find some other man, you must let me help you. It is my duty to do so, as well as my earnest desire." (How formal words were when you tried to say anything in them!) "In any need or perplexity I will come immediately to you. Meanwhile I will arrange to send you an allowance which will be forwarded to you once a month whether you want it or not. You had best take it, for the money will not be used otherwise, and your refusal will make me very unhappy. Also, I am going to make over one-half of my interest in the ranch to you. As a matter of fact, you own this one-half already under the Wyoming laws. I know you love that country and are happy there when I don't interfere with that happiness. It's yours—one-half of my interest. Should you ever want to go back there, I will see that I am not there at the same time. At all events, the thought of the place will stand in your mind as a refuge. Ranches are that way."

"God bless you. I mean every word of that. You have made me at times happier than I have ever been before or expect to be again. And I think—in fact, I am sure—that in you there is a large element of greatness. Once you are rid of me, you will have a fine life and achieve almost all you want. After a while,"—men persist in predicting such idyls, never, apparently, realizing how impossible they are,—“when things have straightened out, I want to see a great deal of you again, and this time as the real friend I can be.”

Stephen arose and turned out the lamp and put the letter on the table where Mercedes would see it. He stood for a moment in the doorway between the two rooms. The darkness was beginning to lighten a little. The vague outline of Mercedes' figure and the shadow of her head were dimly visible. The infinite loneliness, the compassion, with which a person awake watches a person asleep, surrounded Stephen.

He turned away, took his two bags, and left the sitting-room, closing without sound the door behind him.

#### Chapter Twenty-two

THERE was no particular sense in quarreling with the individual; this man or that was not to be blamed, for they were all creatures caught in a web of circumstances too strong for them—gasping fish betrayed by their bellies. Although one could quarrel with the fact that they had allowed the web to become so strong, since it was a web of their own making, and one could especially quarrel with their lack of intent to destroy the net.

The average man had to do what he had to do, whether it was being a banker or a collector of starvation; but there was no reason why he should not spend his spare moments in earnest thought and endeavor leading toward the creation some day of a world empty both of beggars and financiers. Within his own lifetime he could accomplish very little; within the lifetime of generation after generation nothing markedly visible would be accomplished; but eventually, if humanity would only turn that way, a desirable end might be reached.

Stephen was unhappy in his private life, but he saw in that no reason to alter his general point of view, and he knew that he would not always be so acutely unhappy, and he was wise enough to realize that his unhappiness was largely his own fault. Meanwhile he was ironically and deeply interested in the career of the Pompadour and the habits of thought of most of the citizens of his native town, especially those of his own family. During January and the first part of February he collected instances. He received no word from Mercedes, and this convinced him that he had taken the right course of action where she was concerned. Through Vizately, however, he heard that she was doing well in the motion pictures and was acting in a new film called "Passionate Purity," the title indicating that it was designed both to attract the public and satisfy the censors. He did not go over to New York—he particularly avoided going there despite Vizately's urging.

For one thing Stephen was unfeignedly thankful: Mary Ward was in Egypt. In his present mood he was proof against any ordinary blandishments, not infrequently offered, but he was not at all sure what he would have done had Mary Ward been upon the scene and still interested in experiments. Back of their relationship was Wyoming and the memory of numerous possibilities not even attempted. He was aware that most people knew he was not successfully married—he suspected his family of disseminating this news; therefore at any moment some woman other than Mary Ward might take it into her head to try to make him marry again.

WHAT he was eventually to do was no more clear to him than ever. He trusted that before too long he would graduate from the disingenuous glorification of the Pompadour, and meanwhile the only course seemed to be to cherish vaguely the idea of putting into effect when he could, here or somewhere else, some of his visions having to do with better conditions of living. He supposed that some day he would be a fairly rich man. Toward the end of January, alarmed by news from the West of an attempt to seize two more lakes in his country, he went to Washington. His visit of four days depressed him. He should not have been depressed; he had been to Washington before and should have known better.

Washington is a city built from fantasies and remains forever unsubstantial, the most remote capital, spiritually, in the world. But Stephen, although he knew Washington well, could not rid himself wholly, in company with millions of deluded fellow-citizens, of the notion that if you had a good cause and pleaded it with some degree of eloquence and cogency, you might produce some effect.

Stephen saw several Senators and Congressmen.

"I agree with you, Mr. Londreth. I see your point, sir. I think in the main you are right. This company, sir, at least as you describe things, hasn't a leg to stand on. No sir, not a leg—although there are very fine men in it, Mr. Londreth, and it's very powerful—very powerful, indeed. I'll



## "I Wanted to Smile Right Back..."

"I knew he meant it when he told me I danced beautifully. I just wanted to smile right back and say something nice to him, too. But . . ."

\* \* \*

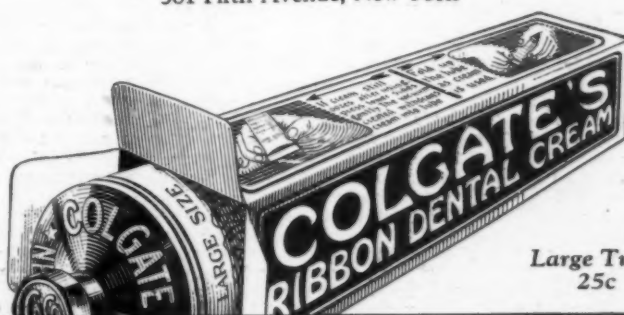
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C I R O



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GLOWING... A PERFUME  
THAT KINDLES MEMORIES—  
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tell you what I'll do, Mr. Londreth." A powerful fist was usually brought down on a shining desk. "I'll back you to the limit, sir, if you'll get the majority of the citizens of your country to say the same thing. Yes sir—to the limit."

Of course. Who wouldn't? But imagine interesting the majority of the citizens of any country in a movement that dealt only with the future and the prevention of despoliation.

Like many another honest man, Stephen was left with the bitterest of all feelings that, trying to tell the plain truth, he had merely succeeded in creating the impression that he was a more than ordinarily adroit concealer of his real purpose.

One especial friend Stephen sought out, a tall, straight-speaking, occasionally swearing Californian. This man had a history Stephen liked to recall. The Californian's grandfather had been a pioneer lumberman, and as a little boy the Californian had been brought up on the slopes of a mountain where, as he expressed it, he had seen "hell in the making." He had been born to great trees and an odorous coolness of leaves, to broken sunlight, to shy deer and cold waters full of trout; and before he was twenty, he had seen all this turned to a waste of blackened stumps.

"And that was where," he said, "I made up my mind to spend the rest of my life going after the fellows who did such things."

"I wish you hadn't quit," said this Cali-

fornian now, "that is, quit as much as you have. We need every good man. Our grandsons will still be fighting."

Stephen felt uncomfortable, excited, stirred, as if he had heard a faint bugle-call.

HIS indecision about his future was given a new direction shortly after his return to Philadelphia. Unexpectedly and without consulting anybody, as was his habit, Mr. Londreth died. He came back from his office on a wet and cold afternoon, and all that evening sat about pulling at his side-whiskers in a puzzled manner and leaving the latest volume of biography unread on his knees. There was a flush in his sal-low cheeks, and his opaque eyes wore a further film of opacity. At ten o'clock he arose, sighed, and said to Mrs. Londreth, who was placidly embroidering: "I think I must have a little fever."

The next morning he tried to get up from his bed and fell back again. He was heard to complain: "This is ridiculous." And those were the last intelligible words he spoke. Five days later he died of pneumonia.

Stephen was shocked. As one of his cowboy friends had said, you couldn't laugh death off—no, not the death of anything; and the finality of the act, the impossibility of reconstructing the intricate thing broken, always frightened Stephen.

He lived through a week of condolences and wrote innumerable letters for his

mother. The sight of everybody in black, especially the sight of Joan, annoyed him. He knew Joan had not liked her father any better than he had, although she had concealed this fact with a soft, cruel, wise femininity. Mrs. Londreth seemed entirely occupied with memories of her own perfection as a wife during the long years of her marriage. At the end of the week Stephen felt closer to the dead man and more sympathetic toward him than he had ever felt while the dead man was living.

Mr. Oldren, the family lawyer, came up and read the will. Mr. Londreth had left a much greater fortune than anyone had anticipated. This he had divided into five equal parts. Stephen, to his awed and rather fearful astonishment, found himself, not a fairly rich man, but a really rich man. Then another thought occurred to him. "But isn't there some mis-mistake?" he demanded. "There are six of us."

Mr. Oldren peered over his glasses. "You are referring to Mrs. Orpen? I'm to continue to pay her allowance out of the estate as usual until her death. You may recall a clause to that effect." "A da-damn' small allowance," muttered Stephen.

Mrs. Londreth spoke sharply: "Stephen!" The reading of a will should be met with the same respectful hush as the reading of a funeral service.

Stephen shook his head. "No, it's rotten." He looked around the circle of his family, at James, buttoned into a tight morning coat, at the red face of Ralph, at Joan, slim and dark and secretly delighted, at his mother, proudly upright and immobile, at the various in-laws. "Don't you think we'd better chip in something," he suggested, "so that Molly'll get the same as all of us?"

He could see that his words were not welcome. James alone answered.

"It's all very well for you," he said in his precise voice. "You've no responsibilities."

"May I suggest," observed Mr. Oldren, "that that would not be following Mr. Londreth's intentions?"

Disgusting intentions, thought Stephen, whatever they were. He perceived something in the air, however, a secrecy, a coldness, that transcended even his belief in his family's niggardliness, so he remained silent.

That night at dinner he questioned his mother directly:

"Wha-what's the matter with Molly?"

He had of course inquired about Molly from time to time—he had received no letters from her himself, and so had supposed she was doing exceptionally well—and had been granted the usual curt bits of news to which he was accustomed: She was quite all right. No, she wasn't going to marry that Frenchman. She hardly ever wrote.

Mrs. Londreth, from the other end of the table, raised blue eyes and Stephen knew what she was going to say before she spoke.

"Why ha-haven't I been told this before?" he asked sternly. "You mean, she's living with some one?"

Mrs. Londreth flushed.

"How dreadful you are!"

"No, I'm not. It's wha-what you would say yourself if you belonged to a younger generation. Who is it?"

"The man she was engaged to. The—"

"Oh, that fellow?" Stephen brooded. "Well, we ou-ought to do something about it, ou-oughtn't we? It's obvious that it's from no particular choice on her part."

"What is there to be done, except what your father did and what we have all done, keep it as quiet as possible? Although everybody in Europe seems to know! Our friends come back and tell us. Of course, I will send her money from time to time."

Mrs. Londreth raised a slim white hand



and brought it down on the shining tablecloth, and she used a sentence Stephen knew existed in the world, but had never heard until that moment. And how could his mother use it so near to the actual presence of death? "I would rather see Molly lying dead in her grave before me, than doing what she is doing now," she said.

Well, he wouldn't. Warm, sweet, lovely Molly!

STEPHEN relinquished his job with the Pompadour in a spirit of decisive levity, and then he went off to a club for lunch and to send off a brief letter to Vizately.

"I am sailing for Europe," he wrote, "on the first boat I can catch. I think I'll stay over for about two years. I want to study the curious and perverted customs of other peoples, and find out just why we are so perfect. Everybody recently around here has been telling me we were. I'm going to investigate all sorts of conditions and, as a base, I will find a quiet spot where I can read history, philosophy, biology, sociology and psycho-analysis, and all the things I've never had time to read before. Incidentally, I like, anyhow, either great civilization or else wildness. The last few months have convinced me for all time that I prefer Wyoming or Paris or London to anything in between. That, however, will not condition my residence upon my return. The latter will depend upon where I think I can be most useful. I have a good deal of money now, and I want to learn how to spend it. If at any time you can get off, come over and join me for a while."

He was glad that Vizately was out of New York just then on a lecturing tour. He did not want to see Vizately, much as he loved him.

#### Chapter Twenty-three

IT was on a Thursday—Thursday the twelfth of February—that Stephen sailed for France. And it was on Wednesday, the eleventh of February, Stephen being in New York for that night but Mercedes not knowing it, that Hastings, after the theater, took Mercedes back to her new apartment, on Fifty-fourth Street near Park Avenue. And it was on Friday, the day following Stephen's departure, that Vizately returned from his three weeks' trip through the Middle West—through the soft-voiced drawing-rooms of Cincinnati, the alert intelligence of St. Louis, and the naive and brutal ignorance of Pittsburgh.

"Friday the thirteenth," Vizately told himself, "a blamed ticklish day. Glad I've reached home safely." He was not superstitious—not theoretically, but practically; and to his irritation, he discovered many shadowy race memories.

Two days earlier, on the night of the eleventh, Mercedes after long hours at the motion-picture studio out on Long Island, had dined with Hastings and gone with him later to a musical comedy. Recently she had dined with Hastings two or three times a week. Sometimes they went to a play; sometimes they went back to his studio and talked; sometimes they danced.

She was beginning to find his company an oasis in the unaccustomed isolation in which she was now living, an isolation in marked contrast to her warm, careless and crowded earlier years, through which had flowed a stream of acquaintances, summarily considered. Not that she couldn't have had much the same sort of life now if she wanted, but she avoided, as much as was compatible with not getting herself disliked, intimacies with the actors and actresses and directors she met in the course of her work. She had to dine with some

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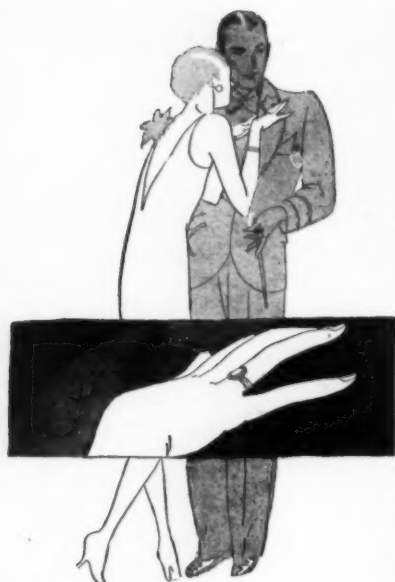


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of them occasionally; she had at other times to go to their unreal parties; she had to conform while she was with them to their ideas and conversations; it was necessary to insist good-naturedly, in order to stave off the constant restless attention of the sleek-haired males, that she was living on the most intimate terms with her husband; but underneath these compulsions she preserved her original ideas. She disliked the men even more than the women, and that was saying a great deal. To meet Hastings at seven o'clock was like coming from a desert of Mongolian enchantment into the lighted known streets of a friendly town.

And all the while he was so amusing, so sympathetic, so ready to listen to her plans, her irritations, her rare enthusiasms, so careful to keep himself in the background, despite the fact that his talk was always personal and his attitude always tender, and that she knew a great deal of the time what he was thinking. But her loneliness forbade her from foregoing a companionship so relieving, and her independence told her she could take care of any situation as it arose, and her desperation frequently said: "What difference does it make anyhow?" The last, however, did not prevent at times a touch of alarm as she realized that Hastings was growing about her as a vine grows about a tree, and that their friendship was reaching that most dangerous point where nothing that one or the other can do can result in real anger. She couldn't imagine herself angry with Hastings.

She wasn't in the least angry with him that night when, in the bronze and white shadows of the taxicab coming back from the theater, he took her hand and held it. Her first impulse was to take her hand away, but instead she let it lie where it was with a slight knowledge of sorrow but one also of comfort and protection, saying to herself with a feeling of finality she did not struggle against: "I suppose this had to happen."

Hastings did not speak or move, merely held the small hand in his strong adept fingers.

WHEN they came to the entrance of the soaring village on end, with its doors of grilled ironwork and glass softly luminous with milky light, to which Mercedes had moved three weeks earlier, he sighed and let go of her hand and got out with her and went up in the elevator to her door. She turned her key in the lock, and he followed her into the hall, paneled in gray woodwork and paved with squares of black and white marble. She was still pursued by the sense of a crisis to be avoided.

"Would you like to have a drink or something?" she asked.

He did not answer, and she turned about. He was staring at her, his hat in his hand, his dark eyes searching her. She felt confused and inadequate. The light and necessary sentences died on her lips.

"Oh, my dear!" said Hastings unexpectedly and painfully.

"What?" The foolish question was all she could think of at the moment. Now that this had arrived, stark and no longer playfully concealed, how was she going to act? Her fur cloak had fallen back from her shoulders, leaving them bare above her dress of blue satin.

"Come closer to me."

Mercedes' hesitation was imperceptible; she stepped forward smiling, although she did not want to smile very much. Hastings put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head toward her, a smile on his lips too. The cloak slipped to the ground.

"Is this to go on forever?"

"Is what to go on forever?"

His fingers tightened impatiently.

"This business between you and me? I



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You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send any direct to J.W. Koss Co., 672 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse

FROM the standpoint of modern social life, with its activities and full days, its filmy frocks and often ill-timed exactments, millions of women urge this new way.

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It ends the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time methods, the use of which is a great mistake. Largely on expert advice, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life now employ it.

You wear sheerest things without a second thought. You meet every day unhandicapped. It is making a great difference in the lives of women.

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This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new dis-

This NEW way solves woman's most important hygienic problem scientifically, providing charm and immaculacy beyond all doubt, and at all times, by banishing the insecurity of old ways... by giving the convenience of disposability.



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② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

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If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods. Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

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## for Rheumatic Pain

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Apply Absorbine, Jr. when the first warning twinges come. It rouses the circulation, and brings quick relief to the congested area. Following the relaxed tension of the muscles, the pain and ache quickly disappear.

Absorbine, Jr. keeps muscles and joints limber and free from stiffness. Apply freely—it does not burn!

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**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

—you know without my telling you how much I love you.”

She could feel her heart beating like round stones dropped into a well. She lowered her head, pensive. She had visualized exactly this situation, but she had put the thought of it constantly away from her. She raised her head, her eyes brilliant, the smile once more upon her lips.

“You want me very much?” she asked softly.

“Want?” Hastings twisted his head slowly from side to side as if the agony of his thoughts prevented him from speaking. “Want?” And suddenly Mercedes found herself deep in his arms, blind and crushed to him. “Want?” he whispered. “Oh, my dear—my love!” She could feel him put out a hand to close the door she had purposely left open behind them; and into her paralysis, until then not unwelcome, surged a wave of trapped anger, illogical and, as she knew, unfair, and totally unexpected. She struggled free and leaned, panting, against the hall table, her hands behind her. It was difficult to keep the smile on her lips, to preserve any sort of friendliness in her eyes.

HASTINGS, his hand still on the door-knob, watched her, the expression of his face changing. His hand dropped wearily to his side.

“I thought,” he said, with a trace of bitterness, “that perhaps you loved me a little too. I was even prepared to ask you to marry me eventually, if you couldn’t get over the idea that that made a difference. . . . Well, I’m sorry. Good-by.” He stooped down and kissed her hand and turned toward the door. Mercedes watched with wide eyes his graceful back. He looked over his shoulder and grinned, his charming, friendly grin. “I’m sorry for my temper as well. Forgive me. Things will be always just as you want them—I won’t bother you again. I dare say you’re quite right. Most of the world doesn’t think the way I do.” He whirled about and strode back to her. “Oh, look here, my dear, please, please don’t be so tragic. Nothing has happened; nothing will happen; everything will be always all right. I assure you that it will. There—that’s better.”

Mercedes lifted her face to him.

“Stoop down,” she said.

She kissed him lightly on the lips and took him by the lapels of his coat. “Listen.” She found difficulty in meeting his eyes, but forced herself to do so. “You must go away now, and I mustn’t see you for a day or so. Will that be all right? No word or message. Not tomorrow at all—or the day after. I have to sort of think things out. You understand, don’t you? But the day after—Saturday—you can come and take me to dinner. . . . Listen.” Her eyes and voice softened. “Whatever you need to make you happy, I’ll do, and I’ll never regret it. No, not for a single moment. Poor Hasty, dear Hasty, you’ve made me so happy when no one else wanted to.” She held out her hand and went to the door with him. “No,” she said, smiling, as he turned toward her. “Saturday, I think. Yes, surely. Good night, dear Hasty.” Then she leaned back against the wall, white and thoughtful.

After a while her mood changed. She felt, now that she had made her decision, that for the first time in her life she was on the point of a forgetfulness of self, extraordinarily wise and kind. She was more content than she had been for months, crushing down another side of her that tried to trouble her with memories.

The next installment of this memorable novel by the author of “The Interpreter’s House” is specially interesting. Watch for it in our forthcoming December issue.

## Banish drudgery from this task



SCRUBBING and scouring the toilet bowl is a most disagreeable task. Yet it is dangerous to neglect it. Let Sani-Flush do this work for you. It cleans quickly and surely. Banishes foul odors. Removes sediment from the hidden unhealthful trap.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. The job is done!

Sani-Flush removes marks, stains and incrustations. No hand work, no dipping water. Harmless to plumbing connections. Always keep it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

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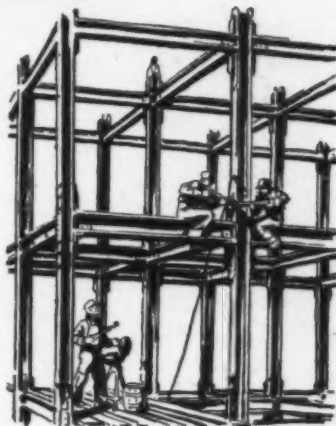
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## MASTERS OF ACHIEVEMENT

### Andrew Carnegie

The tense, steel silhouette stretching high against the sky; the mighty network bridge that binds two distant shores; glistening, ribbon-like rails stretching across the continent; monster steam-belching steeds whose racing wheels pound out their rhythmic song of achievement; all acclaim the reign of steel, and mark the vision of men whose foresight and enterprise gave it birth and development. Among these, the humble bobbin-boy who fought his way up to "iron-master," captain of industry and benefactor, ever will rank commandingly as a master of achievement.



### James Crossley Eno

He, too, was a man endowed with a great vision. His doctrine of Health for Success, and his well-known preparation ENO, for over half a century have been powerful influences in the promotion of health and happiness, ambition and energy in the civilized world.

*"The fight always goes to the fit."*

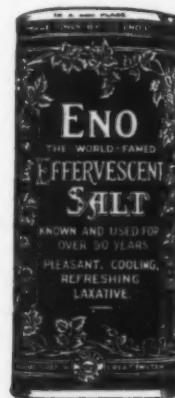
—SAYINGS OF JAMES CROSSLEY ENO

So many people feel just "middlin'"—not bad, but not really "fit." They may never realize how much *better* they might feel, how much *further* in life they might go, how much *easier* achievement might become. The stimulation, born of the internal cleanliness that ENO in a little water or orange juice induces, comes as a revelation to most people.

ENO is a gentle, harmless, sparkling, health drink which encourages the natural processes

of elimination. Neither a tonic nor an intoxicant, ENO is an energizing ally for those who keep it handy while at their work. Taken at the first signs of "slowing up," it tends to restore one's ardor and vivacity.

Children, too, like ENO; it tastes good and keeps them in good condition.



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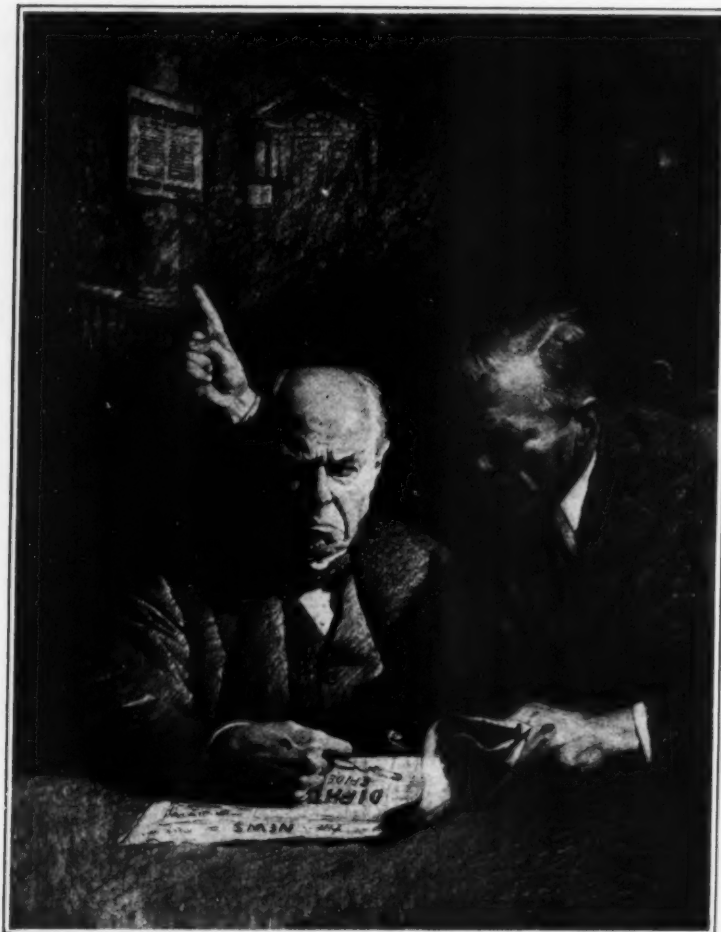
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# No Diphtheria by 1930!



## "I Told You So"

"MONTHS and months ago I presented well-established medical facts about toxin-antitoxin results and begged to have the children of our city immunized against diphtheria. In the towns around us toxin-antitoxin was used and the diphtheria death-rate is practically zero. But here nothing was done and diphtheria is again rampant. Now I appeal again."

Despite the fact that there need be no diphtheria, it is still one of the greatest enemies of childhood—causing more than 11,000 deaths a year in the United States—more than 200,000 cases of suffering.

Diphtheria takes more lives than measles and scarlet fever combined! When it does not kill—it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts and other serious after-effects.

Write to us for detailed reports showing how some cities organized their successful campaigns for

"No More Diphtheria". In one city of nearly 40,000, not a single death from this disease was reported in 1925. In another city of more than 130,000, only one death was reported in the past two years.

The Metropolitan is eager to cooperate, through its local managers, agents and nurses, with state or city authorities, whenever possible. Send for Diphtheria-Prevention literature. It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, President.

NEW YORK aims to stamp out diphtheria by 1930. Several other states and many cities are working toward the same goal. Startling and wonderful news came to millions of people a few years ago. Widespread announcements proclaimed toxin-antitoxin—the sure preventive of diphtheria. Active campaigns to fight this age-old scourge of childhood were started. In those communities where toxin-antitoxin was widely used there began an immediate drop in the death-rate from diphtheria.

But, sad to report, in the majority of communities nothing has been done to prevent diphtheria and the death-rate remained stationary or went up.

Remember what happened in Nome the winter before last? An epidemic of diphtheria swept the little town. Every child was threatened. Mothers were frantic. Then came Balto—that strong-hearted leader of a wonderful dog-team—with the only thing that could check the raging epidemic—antitoxin. Nome would never have needed to send desperate calls for antitoxin treatment if the preventive—toxin-antitoxin—had previously been used.

The same tragedy, without the dramatic setting, is happening in homes all over the country. Needlessly. Do not risk the lives of your children. Take them to your family physician and ask him to inoculate them against diphtheria.

Dangerous at all ages, diphtheria is especially so to children under six years of age. Therefore it is vitally important that babies should be protected with toxin-antitoxin. Most babies are naturally immune during the first few months. But this immunity soon disappears.

If everybody were inoculated, diphtheria would rapidly disappear from the earth.



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